

Chatelaine

The Canadian Woman's Magazine

MAY • 1947

15¢





4205 TESTS*
PROVED

Old Dutch Cleanser SAVES TIME AND WORK

Some speed, eh Sis?

Yipe—Mom's coming! "When Minutes Count" is NOW. And that's when Old Dutch Cleanser's speed pays off best, eh Sis? For look! You're making that tub sparkle like a jewel in double-quick time—and you don't have to rub hard, either. And no wonder—for Old Dutch was proved fastest and easiest

by test. Why—that tub will be so shining clean when Mom sees it, she'll forgive all!

Magic? Nope—grease dissolver!

You see, kids, Old Dutch dissolves grease like magic. Not only that, famous Seismotite in Old Dutch removes dirt with amazing speed. *That's why in 4,205 tests made on soiled, greasy porcelain—tests comparing

cleansers widely known in the U. S. and Canada—Old Dutch was fastest, easiest.

More Moms oughta use it!

In your bathroom and kitchen cleaning jobs—especially when minutes count—see how much time, actual rubbing Old Dutch saves! Note, too, Old Dutch is wonderfully safe—tests proved it! And it's easy on the hands.



When MINUTES Count!



Canada's Favorite Cleanser

FASTEST, EASIEST, SAFEST!

Made in Canada



Did You Ever Hear a Dream Talking?

I DID—WHEN I spent some days recently at Lake Success, N.J., home of the United Nations.

To get to Lake Success, one descends into the lower strata of Pennsylvania Station, New York. At gate number 17 a train leaves every hour for Port Washington. Board it; travel through the rather dreary stretches of New Jersey for 50 minutes; crowd into a bus for 15 minutes—and one stands outside the U.N. headquarters.

The buildings look like any sprawling war plant. Two stories high, they contain, literally, miles of corridors, crisscrossing the tiny, partitioned offices. Standing at the curve of an iron staircase, the panorama before one resembles a great, squared honeycomb. Each little hole is packed with desks and straight-backed chairs. Men and women sit at them talking, reading, writing. The incessant shrilling of the telephones, the tap of typewriters, blur with the sound of many voices into a vague drone.

A restless river of humanity flows through the corridors and in and out the cubbyholes. Traverse them for a few moments and one realizes that here are the "peoples of the world" the Charter talks about—white, black, yellow, red.

These are the men and women, boys and girls, who staff the offices of the United Nations. The accredited representatives of the nations, who sit on the Councils or Commissions, encircle the great conference tables. Their words, patient or impatient, swift or halting, are translated immediately into the five official languages of U.N.—French, Russian, Spanish, Chinese and English. The translators sit in five numbered boxes, with glass fronts, set into the end wall. As a delegate speaks, these men and women listen through their earphones, and translate as they listen. Earphones, and a gadget at each chair which dials any language, are used by delegates and audience.

But whether it's in cubbyhole, corridor or conference room, one is most conscious of talk, talk, talk. Back of every hour of official talk, I learned, lie 80 hours of work, needed for such activity as research, translation, typing, printing.

I felt drowned in words.

Yet there it was—a dream talking. A dream of One World. A dream of nations at peace, and young men part of life, instead of partners in death.

That dream can come true only if we make it come true. The U.N. Charter gives its declaration of hope, not in the names of the governments of the world, but in the name of the peoples of the world.

Unless the people know the facts, and keep pushing their governments for action, we may fail again.

Communities, organizations, individuals, have a chance to get those facts to the people of the country. Words must be used, over and over again, to explain what U.N. is doing; what progress is being made; what phases of its work need community sponsorship. "Face-to-face" contact between a speaker and his audience is all-important. Surveys have shown that once there has been that personal contact, members of the audience will read more about the subject in the press. So education grows.

Speakers are needed. Audiences are needed. Interest, energy and initiative are needed. Plenty of material for study and discussion is available from the Department of Public Information of the United Nations, for those who will study it—and interpret it in words.

For the dream must walk and talk through the schoolhouses, churches, halls, and homes, everywhere.

Byrne Hope Sanders

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Your Purchase "Vote" Decides

For centuries, cotton has been used in the manufacture of men's and boys' shirts and many other articles of clothing.

As a consumer, you belong to the most powerful group of people in Canada, for you hold in the hollow of your hand the welfare of many Canadians.

Why? . . . Because your purchase "vote" decides the amount of income security to be enjoyed by these Canadians.

Week after week, you go to the greatest polling booth known, "the retail store counter." There you "vote" your dollars for some brand of wanted merchandise.

Suitability, Quality and Price influence your choice.

"Wabasso"—Canada's Best—solicits your patronage and your "vote" at the counter of the retail merchant.

Always ask for  Trademarked
WABASSO COTTONS

The right foods can



mean better health! But remember, appetite and taste are not always the best guides to a good diet. Neither is cost,



for some families that spend a lot on food are not as well nourished as those who spend less—but choose more

wisely



Today, medical science  is realizing more and more that food can be helpful in fighting certain physical conditions, such as diabetes, high blood pressure, and overweight.  How-

ever, the main function of your food is to help you keep physically fit. Eating the right amount of the right foods every day can mean *better health and a happier life for you!*

Choose foods to meet the body's needs!

Daily needs in nearly every normal diet include milk or cheese, meat, fish or poultry, vegetables, fruits, cereals or breads, fats, and sweets. You should also drink 4 to 8 glasses of water a day.

How much of each food you should eat for a well-balanced diet depends on your age, your physical condition, and the kind of work you do. Ask your doctor about your own health requirements, and be sure your diet includes all of the essential food elements in the proper amounts.

When and how you eat are nearly as important as what you eat. Have your meals at regular times. Eat them

slowly and enjoy them — for a happy, peaceful atmosphere is helpful to good digestion and good health.

To help guide your choice of foods for a healthy diet, and to help you get the most good from the food you buy, send for your copy of Metropolitan's free booklet, "Three Meals a Day." Address your request to Booklet Dept., 47L, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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TRAINING YOUR CHILD, a department conducted by Dr. William E. Blatz, Director, Institute of Child Study, University of Toronto

ALLOWANCES

ALTHOUGH reliable statistics are not available, it may be stated with a good deal of confidence that as much, if not more, unhappiness in the world centres around the handling of money as around any other single aspect of human behavior. Notice that this concerns the *handling* of money, not either the dearth or the possession in untoward amounts. Since it is a common trait to blame something or someone else for our shortcomings, money has been blamed for many of the ills that plague us. But this is just rationalization, because money itself is inert. It is not the root of all evil, but is a tool which can be used for evil or for good. It is a tool of civilization in the same way that words, saws, hammers, pencils, frying pans and so on are tools.

Children must learn to use this tool in the same way they learn to use the others. Just as some tools are dangerous, such as a sharp chisel, both to the user and to others, so money, although it appears harmless, is a powerful tool for harming others as well as its possessor. It is very important that parents should consider a careful program for training a child how to use money.

There are three things that can be done with this tool. One can get it, get rid of it, or keep it. Or in other words, one earns it, spends it or saves it. These are three distinct aspects of the program.

1. Getting It. Obviously young children cannot be expected to earn money. This requires the rendering of a service for which money as a token is given in exchange so that one may use this token to enjoy the fruits of other peoples' services. The child belongs to a social unit, the family. The wage earner is usually the father, who theoretically supplies the members of the family with their needs and wants. The child participates in this scheme. By the nature of family organization his needs and wants are looked after without any specific rendering of services. And so, beginning at the point where the child realizes that the metal token can be exchanged for things that he wants, such as candy, bubble gum and pencils, parents should supply a small portion of the family income to the child for this purpose. The amount of the allowance is immaterial. At five or six years of age a child should get six cents a week. (It used to be five, but now with the rise in prices five cents will no longer purchase a single unit.) This amount is gradually increased in keeping with the tradition of the community in which the parents live. By the time the child is 10 or 12 years old, he should be made responsible for certain purchases, such as car tickets, school supplies and so on. Later on, at 14, he, and especially she, should take the responsibility for purchasing certain of the clothing accessories.

As the child grows up he can render services in the form of household chores,

running messages, washing the dishes, cutting the lawn, clearing off the snow. These services are attuned to the child's capacities. But it must be made clear that these chores are not paid for in the sense that the father is paid for his services in the factory, office or field. This is a very important consideration. Otherwise the child derives a faulty concept of how money is earned, and also if the child is paid 10 cents for washing the dishes or five cents for running to the store for a pound of butter, it is very easy to slide into a technique of bribery and corruption. The child renders these services because he belongs to the family and he receives an allowance for the same reason. Later on when he renders services outside of the family and receives money in exchange, he must contribute this money to the family budget. His earnings at this stage no more belong to him as an individual than does his father's salary cheque belong exclusively to the father.

The actual amount is not as important as the regularity. In no circumstances should the allowance be used as a club for discipline, any more than the father withholds the wife's weekly household money if she should displease him.

2. Getting Rid of It. Spending is one of the most difficult patterns to acquire. The first rule is that once the money is handed over, the child must accept the consequences of his purchase. The child is learning to make decisions and to abide by them. If, after he has purchased, he finds the article no longer desirable there should be no question as to returning it and hence having a second choice. Nor should the parents, finding the child desolate, supplement his allowance so that he can make another purchase. In this way the child will learn to do his thinking before he finally makes up his mind. The parent should studiously refrain from criticizing the child's purchase. There is no supervision of the spending of an allowance. Otherwise the child cannot learn to accept the consequences of his own mistakes.

Furthermore, there should be no confusion in the child's mind about the allowance. Some parents give a child 25c expect 5c to go to Sunday school, 10c to go into the piggy bank, 8c to be spent for a cultural pamphlet, and with the remaining 2c the child may do as he wishes. This form of supervision teaches the child nothing but deceit. This allowance should be his own, to do with as he sees fit and then take the consequences. The most bizarre case in my experience was that of a family of five children. The father gave each one \$2.50 a week. I thought this was a very generous allowance, but discovered that there was a system of fines in the home whereby 10c was deducted here for failing to make the bed, and 5c deducted there for being late for breakfast, and the final

"Carol Ann is sullen"



JANET POWER
Practical psychologist and
mother of three of the kind of
children you'd like to know

"OUR 4-year old was happy and good — till our baby came 6 months ago. Now she's cross and sullen, not a bit like herself. Of course I DO give a lot of time to the baby.

But it's hard to get help these days, so I just HAVEN'T TIME TO PLAY with Carol. How can I help her? Today she actually said she HATED the baby, imagine! She never used to be naughty."

Carol isn't being naughty, Mother — these temper flares show she's DEEPLY TROUBLED. You see, Carol used to have you and Daddy to herself. Now, she's no longer the center of the family—she feels unwanted and unloved. It's a crisis in her life — Carol's sense of security can be so damaged she'll NEVER recover from it. How she comes through depends on you, Mother . . . her emotional health is so very IMPORTANT to a young child!

Of course, your days are crowded with work. But you can keep Carol from feeling crowded out. Tell her this extra work isn't fun for you, it keeps you from playing with her—but it was the same when she herself was born! Babies make extra work, but they're worth it! Show Carol she is important to you by always being INTERESTED in her activities. And teach her she is grown up, compared to Baby. A new privilege (bedtime half an hour later) and new responsibilities (helping you care for the baby) will help bring back the happy Carol you had!

Of course, this will be of use ONLY if it shows Carol she hasn't been threatened by the baby. When you give her back this security, I'm SURE you'll have no more naughtiness from Carol!

Breakfast Can Be Happy!

If your children fuss with their food at breakfast, don't feel there's no cure for morning gloom. There is a HAPPY way to start the day! Just serve the cereal that's APPETIZING and AMUSING — Kellogg's Rice Krispies! Have them listen to the Snap-Crackle-Pop when you pour on milk or cream. They'll be back for more — and breakfast will be fun! "Rice Krispies" is a registered trade mark of the Kellogg Company of Canada Limited for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice. Made in London, Canada.

Janet Power

THE MOTHERS' FORUM

Kellogg's want to share with others the solutions you mothers have found for your own children's problems. Have you an interesting story? If so—write to Mothers' Forum, Box CH-26, London, Ontario. Kellogg's will pay \$5.00 for each letter used in this column.

"My boys share equally"

writes Mrs. H. L. Brown

"Whenever there is anything—an apple or candy, etc.—to divide between my two children, I have a foolproof method! The oldest boy divides the treat . . . and then the youngest has first choice. The division, therefore, must be half-and-half or the youngest will get the bigger share!"

accounting showed that the children were indebted to their parents to a hopeless amount. Not only did this require a great deal of time for bookkeeping, but obviously the children were not learning to handle the money which they never had.

3. Keeping It. Keeping in mind that money is a tool of civilization and has no value *per se*, it is just as idle to save money for the sake of saving it as to buy a frying pan and leave it hanging on its hook. One only saves money for the purpose of spending it, so one never saves except for a purchase in the future. Young children cannot project their wants far into the future. It is the immediate that is important to them. One sign of maturity is to anticipate a want a week, a month, a year, 10 years into the future. To the child of five the idea of putting money away for a university education is, if not incomprehensible, at least nonsensical.

A child has to learn the hard way. Let us take the case of the boy of seven whose weekly allowance is 10c. He sees in the store a gadget that costs 20c, which at the moment is highly desirable. In order to make this purchase he must keep his 10c for seven long days. Each day he passes the store in which this gadget is displayed. But there are other objects, perhaps less desirable, but available at 10c. He must choose between immediate satisfaction and postponed satisfaction. The dime burns a hole in his pocket and inevitably by Tuesday morning he succumbs. This ritual is repeated again and again and again until there comes a time when he rejects the immediate satisfaction and enjoys the fruits of his self-denial. At this point he has learned to save.

It may take years for him to learn this pattern. Parents, especially the father, must learn to deal with this situation. It is so easy for Dad to put his hand in his pocket and add 10c to the allowance. It is so easy to advance next week's allowance, and, when next week comes, to be "generous." Some parents attempt to stimulate saving by suggesting that if the child puts in 5c a week they will supplement the saving by an equal amount. This just doesn't happen in the world as constituted today and is a poor teaching formula.

To save for saving's sake is the essence of miserliness. To save for a specific purpose is the essence of good judgment.

This is only a very brief outline of a most important training program. A child who learns to give adequate services for the money he receives, who enjoys the purchases that he makes, and who learns that saving is a form of self-denial for the sake of ultimate satisfaction, will have very little unhappiness about money. He will learn to respect its uses and respect its power, but he will never magnify its value. What more can one ask?

We Can Fight Cancer!

If you had a time-bomb ticking around your neck, you'd lose no time in getting someone to remove it. Yet thousands of Canadians, in equal peril of death, neglect to obtain the treatment and diagnosis that's needed to halt cancer in its early stages.

This month the Canadian Cancer Society and its branches in every province are asking your help in their annual drive for funds and new members. Your help may save the life of one of the 14,000 Canadians who otherwise will die from cancer this year.



"Should I leave you on the doorstep, Mom?"



BABY: Shame, Mom—saying you'd leave a nice baby like me on the doorstep, I should

leave you!

MOM: But, lamb—you were driving me wild with your fussing . . .

BABY: That's why you and I are swapping places for a while, Mom. Wait'll you see how miserable a baby's skin gets, from woolies, and wriggling around, and stuff. Sure I fuss—but do you do anything about it?

MOM: Well, I do give you nice baths . . .

BABY: Huh! But I need Johnson's Baby Oil and Johnson's Baby Powder, too. With them to smooth me up,

I'll be a pink-winged cherub!

MOM: Both, honey? How come?

BABY: Johnson's pure, gentle Oil to keep me like satin from topknot to toe, Mom. Remember the Doctor said that it's made of very special, light mineral oils with lanolin. Helps prevent "urine irritation," too! And don't forget—when chafes and prickles make me yip —whisk out soft, silky Johnson's Baby Powder!

MOM: Angel, I'm ashamed of me! No more doorsteps—but let's take the basket to go and get the Johnson's — right now!



Johnson's Baby Oil Johnson's Baby Powder

Johnson & Johnson
LIMITED MONTREAL



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THIRTY-FOUR PIES No. 2206, price 15 cents.	SUPPER DISHES No. 2209, price 15 cents.	WITH A LITTLE MEAT No. 2208, price 15 cents.
SWEET AND SAVORY SAUCES No. 2203, price 5 cents.	TWENTY-EIGHT COOKIE RECIPES No. 2200, price 10 cents.	MAN-MADE MEALS No. 2204, price 5 cents.
WORKERS MUST EAT No. 2207, price 15 cents.	SUGAR-SAVING CAKES AND FROSTINGS No. 2205, price 15 cents.	

Order your copies of these service bulletins today from
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Oh! my Aching Back!



Help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!

● When back muscles seem to shout with pain after unaccustomed exercise, get busy! Help nature feed them a supply of fresh blood for renewed energy. You see tired muscles are often famished muscles—your extra exercise has burned up their nourishment required for your work. But rub those muscles with famous Absorbine Jr. and you step up local circulation. Fresh blood supplies fresh nourishment and at the same time helps carry away irritating fatigue acids. Get Absorbine Jr. today—this famous formula of rare medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients from many lands. Help tired muscles become supple again. You feel relaxed, ready to go. At all drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc.
Lyman House, Montreal

-ah! my Absorbine Jr

CORNS

● BLUE-JAY now has anaesthetic Nupercaine to deaden the pain of corns while the gentle medication softens and loosens the core. Ask your druggist for Blue-Jay.

BLUE-JAY

with **NUPERCINE**



-deaden
the pain
-loosens
the core

Child Health Clinic

Breast Feeding is Best

by **Elizabeth
Chant Robertson, M.D.**

DON'T FOOL yourself that bottle feeding nowadays is just as good for a baby as breast feeding. It is not. We have plenty of scientific evidence that babies who are nursed by their mothers are healthier and less liable to develop serious infections. Unless you are unable to produce breast milk—and this is not usually the case—you should certainly nurse your child. Besides being better for him physically, it is better for both of you psychologically. It establishes an intimate relationship between you and your baby that is very valuable.

As far as trouble is concerned, there is very little to choose, and many mothers claim that making up artificial feedings, warming them and then giving them does. Certainly if you use the latter method you don't have all the irritating bother with rubber nipples. When you are nursing your baby, you usually have to lead a rather quieter life than normal, but that doesn't mean that you can't enjoy a reasonable amount of fun and diversion. You don't need to think that your shape or weight will be affected by the breast feeding. They will not, unless you eat too much, and you

can check that by weighing yourself at intervals. If you find you are putting on weight, cut down on your sugar, candy, cake, cookies, biscuits and fats. However, most nursing mothers don't get heavy during the process.

Don't wean your baby before you have given breast feeding a fair trial. Many babies are weaned too soon. Some mothers claim that their milk doesn't agree with their babies. This is very rarely the case. The trouble is usually due to too little milk and that can often be remedied if you have a little patience. Don't get excited or depressed; the chances are that you can increase your supply if you keep calm and follow some simple directions that we will give you shortly. Some people don't really want to nurse their babies and that is why they give up so easily when things are a little discouraging. Lactation, which is the scientific name for this performance, is a perfectly normal process and therefore you don't need to be in too deadly earnest about it. If you give nature a little help, you'll probably manage it all right.

WHILE YOU are in hospital, have as lazy a time as you can. Don't tire yourself out by entertaining your friends. Most hospitals limit the number of visitors anyway, but if they don't, you should do it. When you come home it is worth a great deal to you to have help in the house. A helper is especially valuable during the first six weeks, but it is better of course to have someone to help you for six months. Make a real effort to arrange this before your baby is born, because if you have too



Keep rashes away from your baby!

By giving your baby a complete oil bath every day with Cuticura Antiseptic Baby Oil you help keep his skin softer, smoother, *healthier*. This pure, mild, delightfully fragrant baby oil is *scientifically* medicated to help safeguard against harmful germs that cause diaper rash, impetigo, buttocks scald, chafing, chapping. Buy at your drug or baby store today.

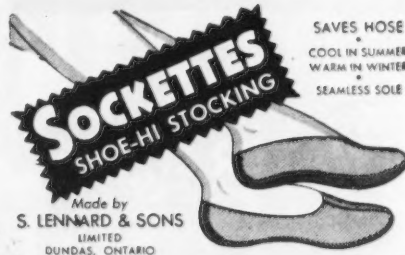


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antiseptic
BABY OIL



Made in Canada
by the makers
of Cuticura Soap,
Ointment and Talcum



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S. LENNARD & SONS
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DUNDAS, ONTARIO

Z. B. T. protects Judy against "ACID-MOISTURE"

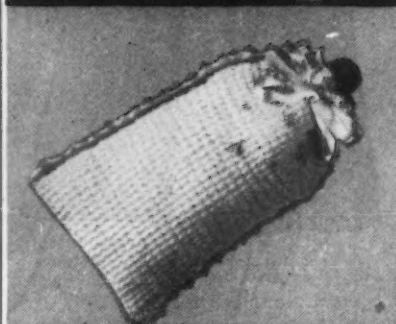


Now Judy's a happy baby. Tears and temper spells are few and far between. Z.B.T. Baby Powder is protecting her tender baby skin from the chafing and irritation of "acid-moisture." Z.B.T. repels "acid-moisture" better. Z.B.T. lets diapers slide, not stick. **Z.B.T.**

**The Baby Powder made
with Olive Oil!**

Youngest Set

Here are three items to help keep life comfy and cosy for very young babies when spring weather turns raw and windy! The little parka is specially planned for plump necks that are still too short to accommodate a scarf. And, for solid carriage comfort, a hot water bottle cover and good-fitting little booties. All in crochet.



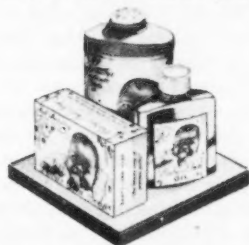
Instructions for making may be obtained from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Order S166 (parka and booties) 10 cents; No. S165 (bottle cover), 5 cents.



A Baby Gift sure to please!

The best gift for Baby is a useful gift!

A Baby's Own Bath Set is particularly useful because it contains all three famous Baby's Own products.



It's sure to please both mother and baby. The mother—because she knows Baby's Own Toiletries are recommended by doctors and nurses. The baby—because the gentle, soothing action of Baby's Own Toiletries prevents irritation of his delicate skin.

Be sure your gift pleases. Give a Baby's Own Bath Set!

On sale in two sizes: 60¢ and \$1.10



**Baby's Own
BATH SET**
containing
**BABY'S OWN SOAP
BABY'S OWN OIL
BABY'S OWN POWDER**

much to do in the first month it will be harder to keep up the nursing. Don't look upon the help situation as hopeless. Make things as easy for yourself as you can. If you can't find anyone to help you, don't do any more housework than is absolutely necessary. Plenty of mothers have run their homes and nursed their babies too.

A good rest or sleep, at least an hour long, after your noon meal or after the two o'clock feeding, is usually a necessity. In addition you need plenty of sleep at night. If you are tired in the early evening probably you can manage a little nap before the 10 or 11 o'clock feeding.

You also need more fluids than usual. It is a good plan to have a glass of water after every nursing. Besides this, you should have about a quart of milk every day. Some of this can be put into milk soups and puddings, but some will need to be taken as a beverage.

AS FOR your meals they should be much as usual, provided you are in the habit of planning them well. Your appetite should dictate the amount—you don't need to stuff yourself. During the day you should take at least one good serving of a food rich in vitamin C, such as an orange, a half grapefruit or 4 ounces (half a regular drinking glass) of canned orange or grapefruit juice. Twice as much is even better. You would be wise to eat an egg as well as a serving of meat, liver, fish or fowl. Two servings of vegetables, preferably colored and often as a salad, are also advisable. Whole-wheat or dark rye bread and whole-grain cereals such as rolled oats or shredded wheat or bran flakes are especially good because they contain the B vitamins, iron and cellulose in such generous amounts. The latter helps to prevent constipation.

When you are nursing your baby, of course, you don't want to take drastic purgatives, but if necessary you can take some milk of magnesia. Also you would be foolish not to take some form of vitamin D every day, as this is always recommended during lactation by the nutrition experts. One of the concentrated fish-liver oils will probably be your choice and if you like you can take it in capsule form.

Fresh air and exercise help to keep you in good shape; and in order to keep happy and normal, a reasonable amount of company and amusement is also advisable. Of course you do not want to overtire yourself, so the amount of exercise you take outside the house depends on how much work you do at home.

Your doctor will tell you how often he wants you to nurse your baby. Nursing him regularly helps to keep up your supply. If he wakes up half an hour or so early and seems ravenously hungry, it won't hurt to nurse him then. If he will sleep until 11 o'clock or so in the evening you can nurse him then, rather than waking him at 10 o'clock if it suits you better. If he will sleep until seven o'clock in the morning, that is a wonderful break for you. In that case, the next feeding might well be at 10.30 a.m. and the following one at 2.00 o'clock—or if it suits your household better, you can feed him at 7.00 a.m.; 11.00 a.m.; 3.00 p.m.; 7.00 p.m. and 11.00 p.m. Plan it out in the way that is most convenient to you all. +

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BACK CHAT . . .

A correspondence department for readers
who feel impelled to take pen in hand

Over a Dishpan

Dear Madam: You may be interested in the thoughts of an average Canadian housewife as she bends over a dishpan three times a day. They aren't mine alone, but those of a group of women in the Sudbury district who look with dismay at our educational facilities, and wonder how on earth our children, equipped with an average high-school training (which is all we shall be able to give them) are going to make out in the fast-moving world of tomorrow. Do other Canadian mothers share this feeling? Do they, too, think that the problems of juvenile delinquency and social reform might be completely solved by proper education?

We common people have had our moment of glory—and effort—in the winning of the war and defeating our enemies. Now we can go back to being insignificant humans—beset by all the nagging fears that have been with us for hundreds of years: fear of poverty, fear of the future, fear of old age.

It is true that we are more fortunate than the people of many other lands. Most of us are thankful, but that does not make us complacent, or even content. What we want is education, the right kind of education. How many of us are really fitted for life? Many a man carries a lunch pail who could have served his country better as a scientist, or a statesman. And many a man turns out mediocre work at a desk who would have been happier as a skilled tradesman. Now, more than ever, the three R's are not enough. Nor is the stilted training of our secondary schools.

Let every child be fitted for his right niche in life. Let him be given the tools, the proper tools, to enable him to take his place and uphold his self-respect. We are all diggers of wells—whether they be wells of industry, of science, of medicine, of beauty, or just plain trenches in the earth. To each and every one of us has been given some talent. If we can dig the right well we shall find happiness and contentment at the bottom. In proper education lies the solution to many of the age-old miseries of man.

We listen eagerly to our politicians, able men many of them. But never do they tell us what we want to hear. Let some leader, some party, promise us the right opportunities for our children, and watch us scramble to vote them into power.

What a country we could have, with every citizen fitted to his right task, his energies and abilities released! Is it so impossible a dream?—Mary R. Johnstone, Ontario.

Race Hatred in Canada

Dear Madam: I was much interested in your editorial, "Race Hatred—and You" in the March number of Chatelaine. That 49.5 Canadians of British origin could be split too, into Scottish, Irish and English—and then split again into various religious groups. I and my family belong to a minority of a minority in Quebec, being English-speaking Catholic. My children attend the English section of a French school which is under a separate board which doesn't include in its number one English-speaking representative. That is due, to a great extent, to disinterestedness on the part

of the English-speaking Catholics. I must say that our children get a very fair deal, too, under the circumstances.

But the point I would like to make is this. That school would be an excellent place to give an example to the rest of the city in a drawing together of English and French. But the two racial groups are kept entirely separate. When I say "kept," I don't think it is intentional at all. I do feel that a great opportunity is being lost and I urge my children to try to make friends with the French children.

It takes all parents working together, however, to accomplish anything. If you fire your child with brotherly love and he goes out and puts it into practice, he is up against the feeling of the pack. Nevertheless, it is in the children where our hopes lie for a truly united Canada. If they can grow up feeling "Canadian" and not hyphenated-Canadian, we shall have accomplished a great deal. But how to set about accomplishing it is the problem.—(Mrs.) Nora Routledge, Montreal.

Dear Editor: I especially appreciated your editorial in March, regarding "Race Hatred." I have one small complaint nevertheless, that you might like to pass along to other people, who, unknowing, offend people of different races, through no fault of their own. It's about spelling Negro with a small "n." We are a race; not a religion or cult or anything else. Negro isn't an adjective used to describe our complexion. The N.A.A.C.P. went to a great deal of trouble to put a stop to that in American journalism, and I'm doing my small part to enlighten at least one Canadian magazine. So please, Negro with a capital "N."

I should like to present a copy of your editorial to the women employed at every Selective Service I have ever dealt with. I'm quite sure the minute they see dark skin, the words, "tote dat barge, lift dat bale," cross their minds, and not knowing of any barges in need of toting or bales in need of lifting, the poor unfortunate person afflicted with anything but white skin is told of floors that need waxing or hotels that need chambermaids. My struggle to work in a war plant was one of my most amusing episodes with them. Incidentally, I *did* do war work, in spite of them. Not riveting, either—stockroom work. My sister, in spite of their discouragement, is a stenographer and has five girls working under her.

I am married now, and my troubles with such people are ended, but if I were single again I'd certainly make a point of getting in touch with the head of the Selective Service and ask him to give those women a little talk on democracy and what it stands for. They assume, because they are prejudiced and would not care to have a person with dark skin working in their office, that nobody else would. That is most unfair. I have dark skin and I am proud of it. I refuse to consider it a handicap.

Just to keep everything straight: My husband served overseas for three years. His family have been in Canada for five generations. We are Canadians and resent being considered foreigners. We speak correct English and since we came from the West Indies resent being joshed with "you-all" and "shonuff" and such alleged humor.—Mrs. A. M., British Columbia.



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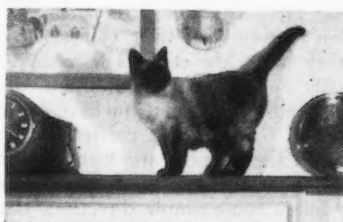
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Austin Cross' Siamese

Dear Mr. Cross: I have just finished reading your article on Siamese cats in February Chatelaine. I got such a bang out of it that I just had to write and tell you how much I enjoyed it. I would love to meet your cats; and am glad to know that there are people who get as much pleasure from their cats as we do.

We have a "jet-propelled terrorist" cousin of your Uncle Willie and WJ. Our Binki is also pure-bred, eight months old, and, I might add, the dearest little mutt there ever was!

After reading your article I would say that Siamese cats have the same



Binki: he loves tea.

traits. Our Binki does everything your cats do, with the exception of going around the house clockwise, possibly explained by the fact that it would be an impossibility in our house. I was especially interested to read of WJ's wool-eating habits; Binki has eaten the fringe off both ends of a plaid rug, rounded the corners and is now in the process of scalloping the whole thing. I have spanked him for it (which he ignores) and as far as I know there is no cure. Have asked several vets, but they never heard of such a thing before.

Among Binki's peculiarities is the fact that he doesn't meow at the door but scratches; won't have anything to do with liver, never would; and he loves tea, has to have a saucerful whenever we do. — (Mrs.) Pernille Cunningham, British Columbia.

Dear Madam: May we take the opportunity to commend you and your staff for publishing the very excellent and well-written story on Siamese cats by Mr. Cross, in the February issue of Chatelaine? The interest in cats in Canada and the United States is very great, and we feel confident that this Siamese story was truly appreciated by many more of your readers than you have any idea.

We were particularly interested in this feature because of another reason. The female cat mentioned, namely Sun Shadow, which was "sold down the river" by the author, has been ranked one of the 18 outstanding cats in Canada for 1947. Could Mr. Cross have made a mistake?—Charles A. Kenny, Publisher. Cats Magazine, Utica, N.Y.

● Mr. Cross replies: "Sun Shadow, with her Gravel Gertie voice, calling for Uncle Willie and Romance, did me out of too many hours' sleep ever to have regretted selling her down the river to Toronto. Sun Shadow may have been an exemplary wife for Uncle Willie, and a loving mother to WJ, but she was a pain in the ear to me.

"She may be the very purple and ermine of the cat world, she might go the whole way back to H.M. the King of Siam and his 32 Umbrellas, but she was an infernal nuisance. And she snooted us all. I will take the philosophic mien and warm charm of Uncle Willie, the schoolboy insouciance of WJ, and you can have all the ribbons Sun Shadow will win." +

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THREE-FRUIT CAKE

Cut up, remove seeds from and put through food chopper 2 small oranges (½ cup ground orange). Put through food chopper also . . . 1 medium-sized ripe banana (¼ cup ground banana), 1 cup seedless raisins.

Measure 2¼ cups once-sifted Maple Leaf Cake Flour. Sift twice with ½ teaspoon baking soda, ½ teaspoon salt. ½ teaspoon baking powder, ½ teaspoon of butter and shortening. Cream 8 tablespoons soft butter (or mixture of butter and shortening) and gradually blend in ¾ cup fine granulated sugar. Beat very light and add 2 eggs.

Sift in quarter of the dry mixture; then add combined fruits. Sift in remaining dry ingredients alternately with ½ cup thick sour milk. Combine after each addition, and with the last of the milk, include ½ teaspoon pure vanilla. Turn into greased and floured 8-inch square pan and bake in moderate oven, 350°, for about 50 minutes.



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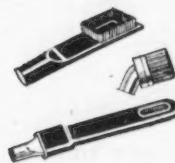
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Make Them Earn Their Keep

by Jane Monteith



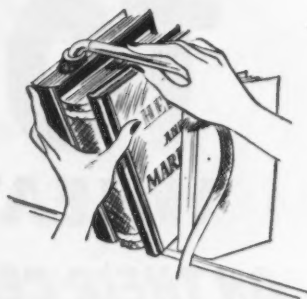
THERE'S a tool for every housecleaning job in the kit of attachments that comes with your vacuum cleaner. Moreover, a series of extension tubes add length to your arms—quite painlessly. This ingenious combination won't take the "work" out of housework—but it'll go a long way in that direction.



The Small Brush

Because of its comparatively soft bristles, this is designed to cope with irregularly shaped furnishings. It allows you to pry into all those un-get-atable spots that are so vexing.

The uppermost slats of your Venetian blinds, the tops of door frames and moldings, yield their hidden curls of dust to the searching bristles attached to a long extension tube.



Books are no longer a chore to dust. Pull two or three forward with one hand while you brush with the other, and a back-breaking job becomes comparatively easy.

The deepest crevices in carved furniture, the most elaborate pleats in lamp shades are reached by this gentle-action treatment.

The Stiff Brush

Attached to one of the extension tubes, the stiff brush deals most effectively with large flat surfaces.

Ceilings, walls, closets and drapes are benefited by the brushing that loosens soot. The sucking action of your cleaner carries it away.

Pillows and mattresses can be brushed, cleaned and freshened by this attachment.

The Crevice Tool

This canny gadget is cleverly designed to slide between narrow openings; reaches into, behind and around heavy pieces of furniture.

Dirt is literally pulled out of those difficult spaces between radiator coils.

The crevice tool gets into all the cracks and corners of drawers, eliminating entirely the old dump-and-scrub routine. It reaches behind the heaviest tomes in your bookcase (with no need to move the books themselves).



The Spray Attachment

Demolishing is the most important task this gadget performs.

Loaded with the proper dose, in the form of a DDT solution, it routs moths from their secret hiding places—from the depths of overstuffed furniture, baseboards and clothes closets. With its aid the ravenous little worms are banished from piano felts, rugs and drapes.

But don't forget—use the other attachments to get rid of the dirt moths love, before dousing them with the lethal spray.

To Our Readers: An Explanation

Continuing world shortages have greatly affected deliveries of the type of paper this publication normally uses.

The mills are doing their best, but are unable to supply us with enough paper of uniformly high grade.

We, too, are doing our best.

Should your copy of Chatelaine contain paper not as good as usual it is because that is the only way in which the publishers can maintain full service to the largest possible number of readers.

And if for the same reason your copy is late in reaching you, we ask your indulgence.



"Let me speak to the grocer, please . . ."

"I wanted to make sure my mommy ordered 'Junket' Rennet Powder so she can make part of my milk into rennet-custard desserts . . . Sure I love 'em! Who doesn't?"

Who indeed, for milk can be given delightfully different texture and a different flavor every day when made into rennet-custards. The rennet enzyme makes it even easier to digest, too. And rennet-custards are non-cooked, so milk keeps all its precious vitamins. The children and your whole family will enjoy rennet-custards—today!

Make rennet-custards with either "Junket" Brand Rennet Powder—six flavors, already sweetened; or "Junket" Rennet Tablets—not sweetened or flavored—add sugar and flavor to taste. Both at all grocers. Write "Junket" Brand Foods, Division of Chr. Hansen's Laboratory, Dept. 211, Toronto, Canada for free sample of "Junket" Rennet Tablets.

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The Humpbacked Moon

Continued from page 87

She heard the sound of a piano. She opened the gate and walked around to the side window, from which the music came. The lights were on in the room and she could see the piano and the back of Tom's head and his shoulders. Two women were sitting together on a sofa listening to the music. Tom's mother and another woman, grey-haired, elegant, worldly. They listened to the music as though it had meaning for them, as though it were food and drink, satisfying some deep hunger.

Leonie listened too, trying to hear in the music whatever it was that they could hear. And after a while she heard under all the unfamiliar chords a melody she recognized, the melody he had whistled that first day when he walked down from the sky with the moon riding his shoulder, and she knew, without knowing how she knew it, that this was the music he had written for her: the music she had refused to let him play to her tonight.

He finished playing and sat with his hands slack at his sides, and Leonie drew a sharp breath and prepared to go to him.

But before she could move, a girl came into the room and sat down at the piano beside Tom. A skinny girl of 14, with red pigtails and a vivacious intelligent face. The child looked at Tom and there was adoration in her glance. She begged something mutely of Tom with her eyes, and after a moment he shrugged and nodded. His hands swept over the keyboard and the child's hands followed his along the keys and music began to romp through the room. The music rose higher and gayer and faster, and Tom and the child looked at each other and began to laugh.

Leonie felt a hand on her shoulder. Wilks. She looked at him numbly, and then at the window again.

She said in a small voice: "He's going away, Wilks. And he's never coming back. I came here to tell him I'd wait for him, but it wouldn't do any good, would it? He might think for a while that he'd come back, but he never really would. He'd think of me once in a while, and then he'd begin to play and forget."

Wilks said nothing for a moment. He was staring in at the window, at Tom and the child playing together, the dark head close to the childish red head.

"No," Wilks said. "He won't come back. He won't—forget you, Leonie. But he won't come back."

He touched her cheek with a gentle finger. "Sheldon's waiting for you up at the house. Your mother sent me after you. You don't want to miss the senior dance, honey."

He led her down the walk and she followed, unresisting, like a tired child. It was only when she reached her own gate that she began to cry.

Wilks waited, and when the sobs were finally nothing more than an occasional catch of her breath, he tilted her head so that she was looking up at the sky.

"Look at the moon, Leonie. That lopsided humpbacked old moon that's getting ready to leave the sky." His eyes were teasing but very gentle. "Do you know what's going to happen to him one of these days? He'll disappear, and after a while there'll be a new moon riding across the sky." He tucked a box into her hand. "Here. A graduation present, for you."

She opened the box listlessly, and took out the two small twinkling combs with a silver crescent moon curved along their backs.

"Oh, Wilks!" she breathed.

Wilks tucked the combs into place.

"Now run along to the dance with Sheldon. And wear the new moon tucked in your hair."

She would wear the new moon in her hair because Wilks wanted her to and because she owed him this much at least for his love and patience. And she would go to the dance tonight with Sheldon because he was waiting for her. But she would never again look at the new moon over her left shoulder for luck. For there would never be a second time when it would happen like that.

She closed her eyes and she could see him again. He walked across her vision whistling the strange melody and disappeared down the road. Resting against Wilks' shoulder she said good-by to that boy and to the girl who had watched him approach. And then she opened her eyes and stared at the humpbacked moon in the sky, that was slowly, a little bit each night preparing to make way for the new moon.

"I thought it would be forever and ever," she said. "But it wasn't, was it, Wilks? Oh, Wilks, doesn't it ever last?"

"Sometimes," Wilks said. She felt his lips brush against her hair. "Sometimes it lasts forever and forever, little Leonie." +

Oh Mummy, look!

HERE'S THE Easter Bunny, complete with a big white Easter egg! He's a very beautiful brown felt rabbit, and has a white cotton tail of felt to match his tummy and the inside of his very long ears. There's something very appealing about rabbits . . . perhaps small children love them because the long ears make for very good handling! Wonderful idea for bazaars and overseas boxes too, because this design can be sewn up and stuffed in no time flat—it comes to you all cut out, stamped ready for working.



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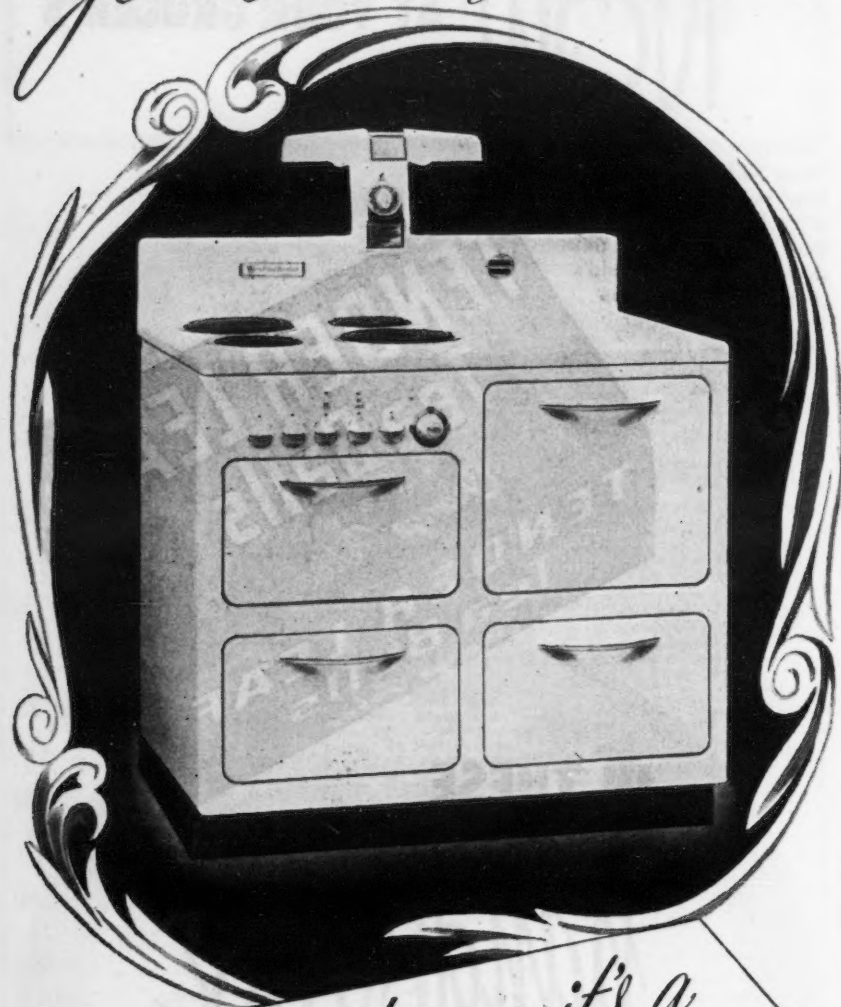
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Party

by **Jacqueline Roy**

THEY'RE LIKE women's hats—the prettier they are, the better we like 'em. They taste as good as they look, too. Sandwiches, we mean.

Take our open-facers, for instance, at left. They come in stars, circles and diamonds, but that's just a start. You can use any of your fancy cooky cutters. Or, if you want to create your own shapes, make them out of cardboard, place the pattern on the bread slice and cut out with a sharp knife.

For open-face sandwiches, day-old bread should be sliced about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, then spread with filling. Butter isn't necessary.

Two of our star-shaped sandwiches have been spread with creamy cheese; one is garnished with slices of stuffed olives, while the tips of the other have been dipped in finely chopped parsley. The third star is spread with minced ham and pickle. Its egg white "flower" garnish was cut free-hand out of an end slice of hard-cooked egg, which we thriftily saved from the chopped-egg filling.

One of the round open-facers is brown bread, spread with a little mayonnaise. On this we placed an egg white ring (also saved from the chopped-egg filling) and mounded some of the ham-pickle filling in the centre. (Very tasty.) The other round sandwich, spread with mayonnaise, sports a tomato slice and is topped by a dab of mayonnaise and a tiny sprig of parsley.

The diamond shape is covered with creamy chopped-egg filling and garnished with three crisp radish slices.

Never made checkerboards? Here's your chance to try. Cut day-old bread almost $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick (two slices white, two slices brown), trim, then follow the directions under the picture. Be sure to wrap each "loaf" in waxed paper and chill well before doing any slicing.

Pinwheels are easy, as illustrated on the opposite page. Try spreading the bread with peanut butter, then rolling it around a banana. Or, spread with minced ham and pickle and roll around whole gherkins. For something extra special, cover the bread with creamy cheese and roll around whole strawberries. If you wish, add a few crushed berries to the creamed cheese.

A nice thing about ribbons, checkerboards and pinwheels: they can be made ahead of time, kept in the refrigerator and sliced at the last minute. For freshness' sake, keep sandwiches covered until then.

P.S. Be sure to use a *really sharp* knife for all slicing.

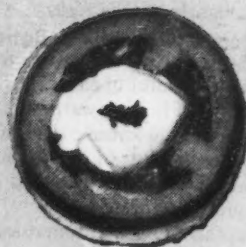
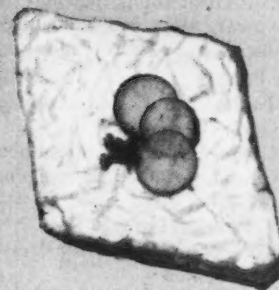
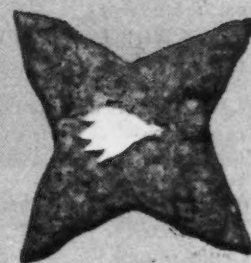
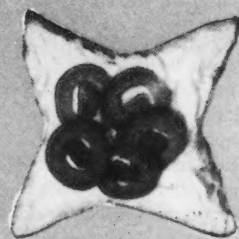
FILLINGS

For open-facers: chopped tongue and horse-radish; liver and bacon sausage with a little mustard pickle; fresh shrimps on cucumber slices; cottage cheese with a spot of currant jelly.

For checkerboards: creamy cheese (plain, relish or pimento) is best.

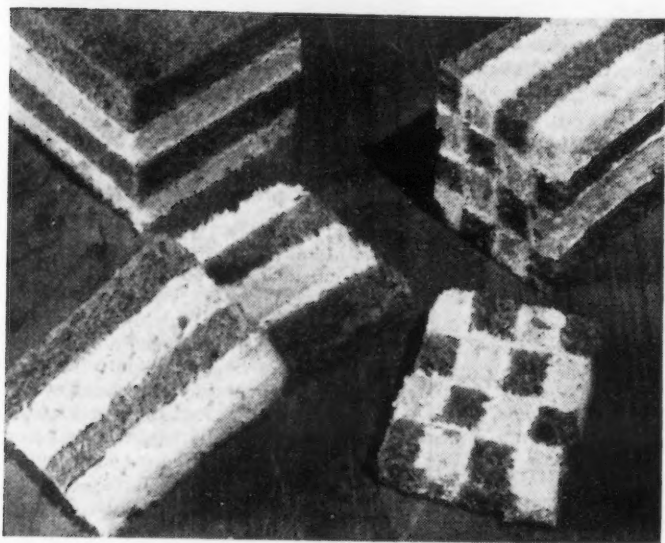
For pinwheels: creamy cheese sprinkled with chopped parsley or mixed with crushed pineapple; peanut butter and marmalade or jam; minced ham and pickle.

For roll-ups: creamy cheese and a pineapple stick, sliver of celery or a stick of carrot in the middle; mayonnaise with an asparagus stalk or nippy peppercress.



Sandwiches

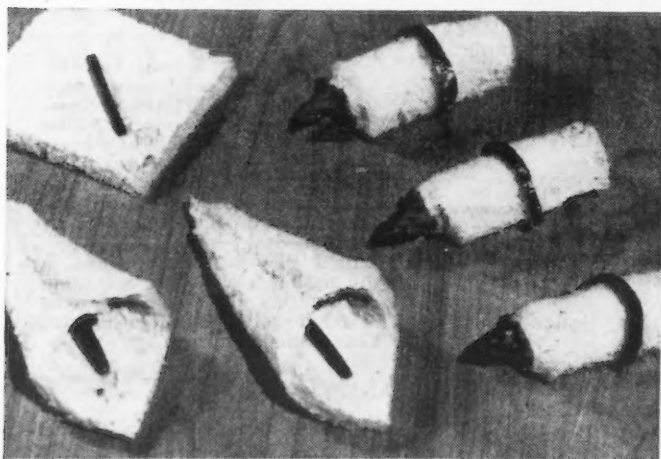
Here's fancy bib 'n' tucker that will give sandwiches a party air. Easy to make, too.



Put alternate slices of brown and white bread together with cream cheese, to make ribbon sandwiches. For checkerboards, pile ribbon slices so that each brown stripe lies directly over a white one. (Cheese filling again.)



Trim a loaf of fresh bread, slice it lengthwise 1/3 inch thick and spread with fresh peanut butter or other "sticky" filling. Roll up like a jelly roll (around whole gherkins, if desired), wrap in waxed paper, chill and slice.



Start with a thin square of fresh bread and spread with butter, mayonnaise or creamy cheese. Roll around a stalk of cooked asparagus. For calla lilies, fold opposite corners, cornucopia-fashion, over a sliver of green pepper. Press overlapping edges together firmly. Serve at once.

Before you take harsh laxatives . . .

If you have trouble keeping regular, think twice before you resort to the usual harsh laxatives—which irritate the digestive tract and impair nutrition!



Try starting the day with Lemon and Water

Most people find that the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—when taken daily *first thing on arising*—insures prompt, normal elimination day after day. Not a purgative, lemon and water simply helps your system regulate itself.



. . . it's healthful

Lemon and water has other positive health values. Lemons are an excellent source of Vitamin C. They alkalinize, aid digestion. Surveys show that over 12,000,000 now take lemons for health.



Juice of one lemon



In a glass of water

First thing on arising



Lemon and water helps the system function normally. It gives the best results when taken every day. Give it time to prove its value and establish regularity for you. Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has just enough tang to be refreshing—clears the mouth, wakes you up. Take it every morning—*first thing on arising*.



Keep regular the *Healthful* way!

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...first thing on arising

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Meals of the Month

APRIL

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
TUE 1	Stewed Prunes Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Tomato Soup Apple and Cottage Cheese Salad Brown Rolls Jam Tarts Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf with Fruit Filling Parsley Potatoes Creamed Cabbage Fruit Cup Coconut Cake Coffee Tea
WED 2	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toasted Muffins Jelly Coffee Tea	Potato and Onion Soup Vegetable Salad French Bread Butterscotch Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Noodle Ring Creamed Beans and Carrots with Cheese Fresh Spinach Steamed Fruit Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
THU 3	Orange Slices Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Cold Sliced Meat Loaf Lyonnais Potatoes Pickles Baked Apples with Cream Tea Cocoa	Steak and Kidney Pie Turnips Relish Tray Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea
FRI 4	Tomato Juice Cereal Foamy Omelet Hot Cross Buns Coffee Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Crackers Salmon Salad Fresh Pineapple Wafers Tea Cocoa	Broiled Halibut Pan-fried Potatoes Harvard Beets Deep Rhubarb Pie Coffee Tea
SAT 5	Apple Juice Cereal with Raisins Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Wieners and Sauerkraut Carrot Sticks Brown Bread Canned Fruit Cookies Tea Cocoa	Lamb Chops Mint Sauce Scalloped Potatoes Asparagus Tips Hot Gingerbread Fluffy Sauce Coffee Tea
SUN 6	Grapefruit Juice Waffles with Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	Easter Eggs Brown Bread Sandwiches Tomato Jelly Squares in Lettuce Cups Chocolate Blancmange Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Slices or Sirloin Steak Jellied Horseradish Parsley Potatoes Broccoli Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
MON 7	Orange Juice Cereal Muffins Coffee Jelly Tea	Baked Beans Chili Sauce Boston Brown Bread Grapefruit and Bananas Cookies Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Sliced Cold Meats Creamed Potatoes Coleslaw Fig Pudding Coffee Tea
TUE 8	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Cheese Fondue Waldorf Salad Nut Cookies Tea Cocoa	Mushroom Soup Stuffed Baked Potato Creamed Turnips Sliced Pickled Beets Baked Caramel Custard Coffee Tea
WED 9	Apple Juice Scrambled Eggs Brown Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Corn Soup Mixed Vegetable Salad Canned Peaches Date and Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Savory Pot Roast Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Lemon Snow with Jam Sauce Coffee Tea
THU 10	Orange and Grapefruit Sections Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Sliced Pot Roast Hot Potato Salad Mixed Greens Mustard Pickles Butterscotch Pudding Tea Cocoa	Bouillon Link Sausage Boiled Potatoes Diced Carrots Cherry Cobbler Coffee Tea
FRI 11	Stewed Prunes Toasted Rolls Marmalade Coffee Tea	Spaghetti with Tomato and Cheese Sauce Tossed Salad French Dressing Fresh Coffee Cake Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Fillets of Sole Potato Souffle Beets Vinaigrette Broiled Grapefruit Coffee Tea
SAT 12	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Poached Eggs on Toast Cabbage Salad Relishes Fruit Cup Molasses Cookies Tea Cocoa	Meat Cakes on Onion Slices Creamed Potatoes Turnips Raisin Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
SUN 13	Orange Juice Cereal Bacon Toast Coffee Tea	Toasted Sardine Sandwich Celery and Carrot Sticks Relish Pickle Angel Cake Chocolate Sauce Tea Cocoa	Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Browned Potatoes Cabbage Strawberry Ice Cream Vanilla Wafers Coffee Tea
MON 14	Grapefruit Sections Cereal Scrambled Eggs with Chili Sauce Toast Coffee Tea	Potato Salad with Diced Cold Beef Tomato Wedges Raisin Tarts Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Parsley Potatoes Carrots Sliced Oranges Doughnuts Coffee Tea
TUE 15	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Welsh Rarebit Grapefruit and Green Pepper Salad Bran Loaf Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken with Potato Dumplings Green Beans Braised Celery Floating Island Coffee Tea
WED 16	Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Tomato Soup Cabbage, Carrot and Onion Salad Prune Whip Tea Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Creamy Corn Green Peas Banana Shortcake Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
THU 17	Chilled Rhubarb Juice Cereal Graham Muffins Marmalade Coffee Tea	Cream of Mushroom Soup Head Lettuce French Dressing Raisin Bread Tea Cocoa	Grapefruit Cocktail Stuffed Flank Steak Potato Balls Spinach Baked Custard with Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
FRI 18	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Asparagus and Creamed Eggs on Toast Grape Sponge with Custard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Scalloped Cod Browned Potato Cakes Harvard Beets Fruit Cup Date Cookies Coffee Tea
SAT 19	Tomato Juice Brown Bread and Milk Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Fresh Bologna Sauerkraut Stuffed Prune and Orange Salad Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	Savory Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Steamed Apple Dumpling Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea



Sliced oranges and grapefruit, chicory and cress make a spring tonic easy to take. Add a generous sprinkling of grated orange rind to real mayonnaise for a tangy "different" dressing.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
SUN 20	Half Grapefruit Cereal Grilled Smoked Fish Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Scrambled Eggs on Toast Tossed Salad Bowl Dill Pickles Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Roast of Lamb Browned Potatoes Green Peas Jellied Rhubarb Ring with Ice Cream Coffee Tea
MON 21	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Celery Curls Carrot Strips Canned Peas Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Curried Lamb Parsley Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Gingerbread with Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
TUE 22	Apple Juice Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Savory Omelet Vegetable Salad Thin Pancakes Syrup Tea Cocoa	Fish Chowder Baked Stuffed Onions Scalloped Potatoes Green Beans Caramel Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea
WED 23	Stewed Prunes Cereal French Toast Coffee Cocoa	Baked Beans Mustard Pickles Sliced Oranges Muffins Tea Cocoa	Liver Loaf Creamed Celery Baked Potatoes Green Salad Rennet Custard with Bananas Coffee Tea
THU 24	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Poached Eggs with Cheese Sauce on Toast Coleslaw Applesauce Tea Cocoa	Consomme Veal Birds Creamed Potatoes Carrots Steamed Chocolate Pudding Coffee Tea
FRI 25	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Cream of Pea Soup Crackers Mixed Fruit Salad Raisin Bread Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Fish Fillets Riced Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Butterscotch Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
SAT 26	Grape Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Jam Coffee Tea	Cheese Souffle Green Salad Bowl Prune Whip Tea Cookies Cocoa	Roast of Beef Hot Mustard Sauce Browned Potatoes Asparagus Lemon Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
SUN 27	Orange and Grapefruit Sections Little Sausages Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Sliced Cold Roast Beef Potato Chips Tomato Jelly Salad Fruit Cup Oatmeal Date Squares Tea Cocoa	Cream of Carrot Soup Fried Chicken Milk Gravy Mashed Potatoes Green Beans and Onion Slices Frosted Angel Cake Coffee Tea
MON 28	Stewed Figs Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Italian Spaghetti Bread Sticks Head Lettuce Cheese Dressing Half Grapefruit Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa	Beef Pie Boiled Potatoes Spinach Rhubarb and Pineapple Crisp Coffee Tea
TUE 29	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Cream of Onion Soup Crackers Fruit Salad Orange Tea Biscuits with Grape Jelly Tea Cocoa	Bouillon Creole Omelet Pan-fried Potatoes Peas Pickled Beets Apricot Roly-poly Coffee Tea
WED 30	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Rolls Jam Coffee Tea	Grilled Bacon or Sausages Lyonnais Potatoes Apple and Grapefruit Salad Tea	Beef Stroganoff Turnips Ice Cream with Chocolate Sauce Cookies Coffee Tea

EVER



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EVERY WOMAN A



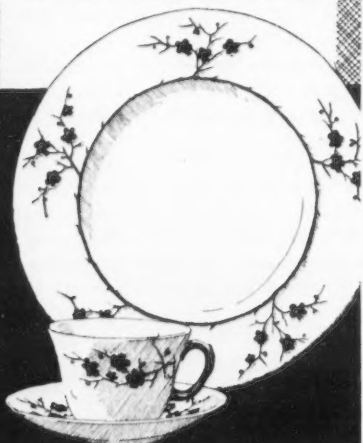
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Some Nice, Round Steak

Continued from page 91

Stuffed Beef Rolls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Pounds of round steak
- 1 Medium onion, chopped
- 1 Cupful of soft bread crumbs
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Teaspoonful of celery salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of sage
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of mild dripping

Cut the round steak in six pieces—about two and one half inches by four inches. Pound well on both sides. Prepare the stuffing by combining the onion, bread crumbs, salt, pepper, celery salt, sage and lemon juice, then moisten the stuffing with a little water. Spread each piece of meat with a thin layer of stuffing, roll up tightly and fasten with toothpicks. Sprinkle each roll with salt and pepper, dredge with flour and fry in mild dripping until well browned. Place in a covered baking dish, half cover the rolls with milk and bake in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) for 1½ to 2 hours. Six servings.

Meat Loaf With Fruit Filling

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2½ Pounds of ground beef
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of minced onion
- 1 Tablespoonful of parsley
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Cupful of soft bread crumbs
- 2 Eggs, beaten
- ½ Cupful of milk

Combine all the ingredients thoroughly. Place half the meat mixture in a greased loaf tin (5½ by 9½ inches). Cover with fruit filling, then add the rest of the meat. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) one hour. Eight servings.

Fruit Filling

- 1 Tablespoonful of minced onion
- ¼ Cupful of salad oil
- 2 Cupfuls of soft bread crumbs
- 1 Cupful of cooked prunes, chopped
- 1 Cupful of diced apple
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of poultry dressing
- 1 Egg, beaten

Brown the onion in the salad oil, add the bread crumbs, the fruit and seasonings. Combine well, add the beaten egg, and toss lightly with a fork.

Beef and Noodle Delight

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Tablespoonful of salt
- 3 Quarts of boiling water
- 4 Ounces of medium broad noodles
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped onion
- ½ Pound of ground beef
- 2½ Cupfuls of cooked tomatoes
- ½ Cupful of whole kernel corn
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley
- ½ Cupful of ketchup
- 1 Tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt

Add the tablespoonful of salt to the boiling water. Gradually add the noodles and cook until tender—about 5 minutes. Drain and rinse. Melt the shortening, add the onion and simmer until golden brown. Add the beef and cook until browned. Combine the meat and remaining ingredients with the noodles. Mix well. Pour into a greased 1½-quart casserole. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400 deg. F.) for about 25 minutes. Four to six servings.

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A CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETIN

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SLIP COVERS

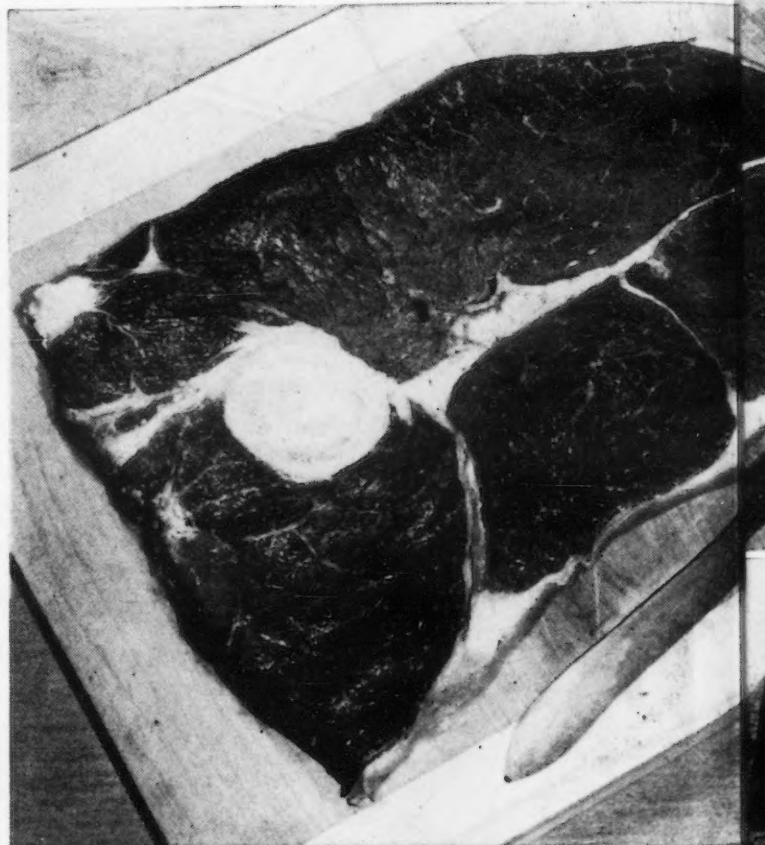
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Only six steps to slip covering a chair! Simple ones, too—all you need is patience and precision if you can run a sewing machine. And because slip covers have so many uses—prolonging the life of fabrics or concealing frayed upholstery, disguising unfashionable features, making a new color scheme possible—you'll want to take them seriously.



SLIP COVERS
By Helen G. Campbell, Director
THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

“... Some Nice



In the Piece

THE reputation of many a fine cook has been made on nothing more than her skill in preparing inexpensive dishes with a piece of round steak. The secret of it all lies in the technique of tenderizing the meat and in the judicious use of seasonings.

To tenderize round steak, pound it well with a blunt instrument—a potato masher or pie pan will do. (This breaks up some of the long tough fibres.) Then give the meat a long slow cooking in a heavy metal pot with the lid on, either in the oven or on top of the stove. You'll find your pressure saucepan works its magic here, too — cuts cooking time unbelievably.

When it comes to seasoning, add a few vegetables or an inspired dash of spices: a pinch of thyme, sage or marjoram, a bay leaf, three or four peppercorns, a clove of garlic. Don't go overboard and use them all at once; stick to a canny combination of two or three to give a dish that “come again” appeal.

Savory Steak

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Pounds of round steak
- 2 to 3 Tablespoonfuls of bacon fat or mild dripping
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper
- 1½ Cupfuls of hot water
- ½ Teaspoonful of dry mustard
- 1 to 2 Tablespoonfuls of condiment sauce
- 1 Onion, thinly sliced.

Pound as much flour into the steak as it will hold, cut into individual portions and brown on both sides in the fat in a heavy pot or frying pan. Add the salt and pepper. Combine the hot water, dry mustard and condiment sauce and pour over the meat. Add the onion, cover the pan tightly and cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) or on top of the stove for about two hours, or until the steak is tender. About eight servings.

Beef Stroganoff

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Pound of lean round steak
- 1 Medium-sized onion, sliced
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of mild dripping
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of ketchup
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of soy sauce
- 1 Cupful of water
- 12 Medium-sized mushrooms, peeled and sliced
- ½ Cupful of sour cream

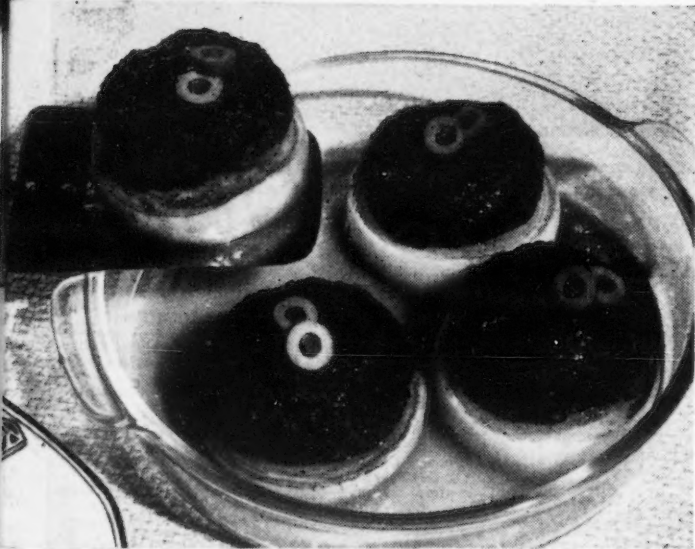
Pound the steak well on both sides with a potato masher. Then cut into thin narrow strips about one inch in length. Fry with the onion and dripping for about five to 10 minutes in a heated frying pan. Add the ketchup, soy sauce, water, salt and pepper and simmer, covered, for 1½ to 2 hours, adding more water if necessary. Fry the mushrooms in a little dripping; add the mushrooms and sour cream to the meat mixture and simmer for 10 minutes longer. Four servings.

MORE RECIPES

Round Steak"

by Jacqueline Roy

It's not expensive . . . it's almost always available . . . and it's good nourishing fare however you serve it — plain, or pampered with some lively seasonings, or glamorized in new combinations.



From the Grinder

MINCED steak has become a star in its own right. The hamburger crowd give it all-out preference; it's a good mixer at all informal occasions, and one of the best stand-bys for the family dinner table.

Whether it's glamorized or not, you get the same good nourishment and value from every pound.

Adaptable meat that it is, it may appear in soup, meat loaves, spaghetti dishes, vegetable casseroles or meat pasties. During the grinding process, the long tough fibres of the steak are completely broken up, thus tenderizing the meat and eliminating any need for pounding and long slow cooking. Which means you can broil, fry, or bake it in the oven, uncovered.

This type of meat has a natural affinity for the lively seasonings. It combines happily with hot spices such as chili, cayenne or curry, and blends just as successfully with the tang of onion, garlic or sweet pepper.

Meat Cakes on Onion Slices

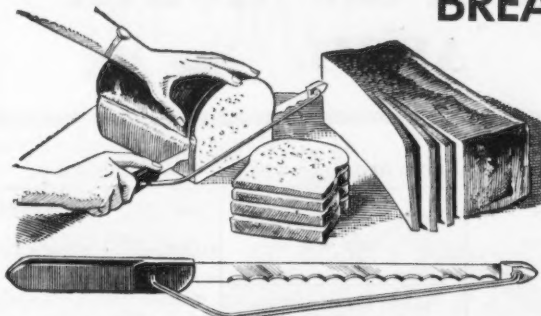
(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 6 to 8 Slices of Spanish onion (about ½ inch thick)
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of melted butter
- Salt and pepper
- 1 Pound of round steak (ground)
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of minced onion
- 1 Cupful of soft bread crumbs
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- Dash of pepper
- Water to moisten

Place the onion slices in a shallow greased baking dish, pour the melted butter over them, sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until tender (about 30 minutes). Combine the meat, minced onion, crumbs, parsley, seasonings and water. Mix thoroughly and shape into six or eight flat patties. Place each one on an onion slice in the baking dish and cook under the broiler, allowing about 5 minutes for each side of the patties, basting once or twice during the cooking. Six to eight servings.

ON PAGE 93

You'll Never Cut a Crooked Slice with a MILLER All-width BREAD SLICER



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Bread, sliced as you want it, when you want it, goes so much farther, keeps so much fresher, and is so much more satisfactory to use and to serve. Ask anyone who has a Miller's All-Width Bread Slicer and they'll tell you how fast and easy its thin blade cuts . . . how safe it is to use with right hand or left hand . . . how simple to adjust to any required thickness.

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The Perfect Slicer For

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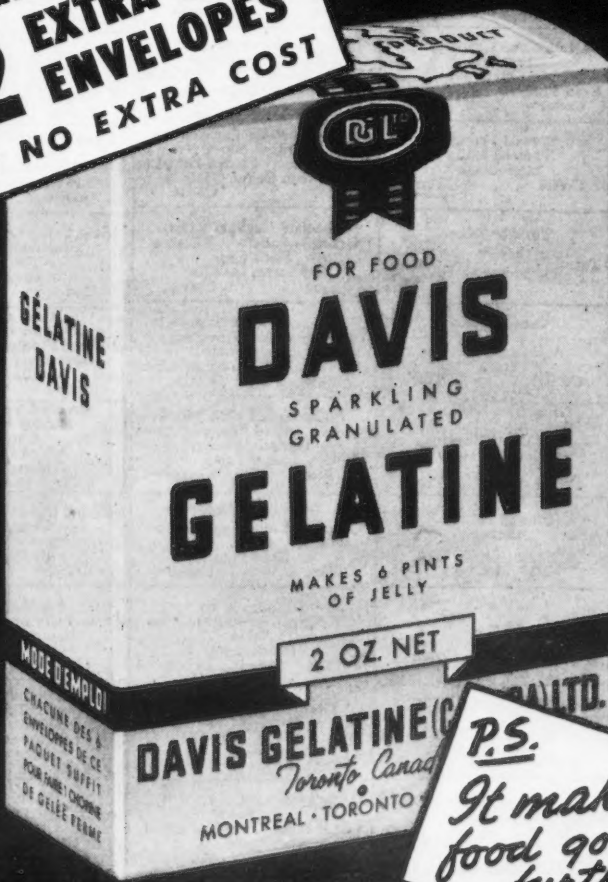
If your local Hardware or Department Store has none in stock, write direct to Dept. C, Craig Mfg. Co., Winnipeg.

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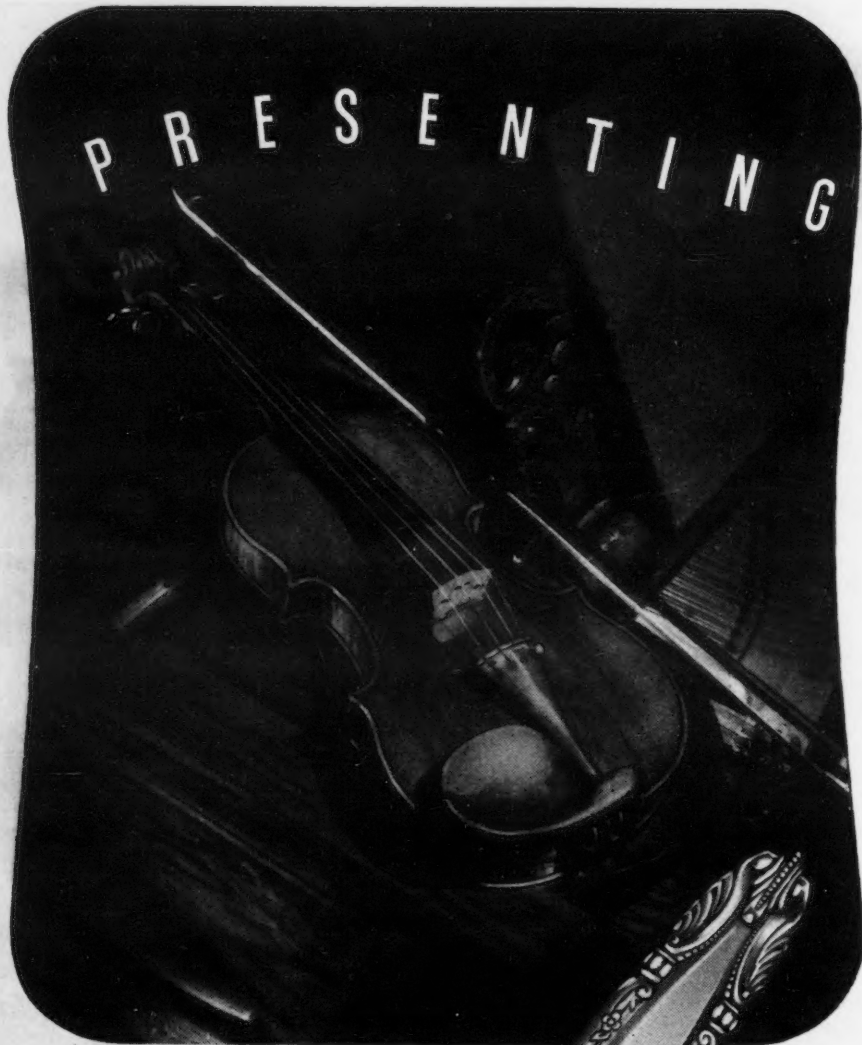
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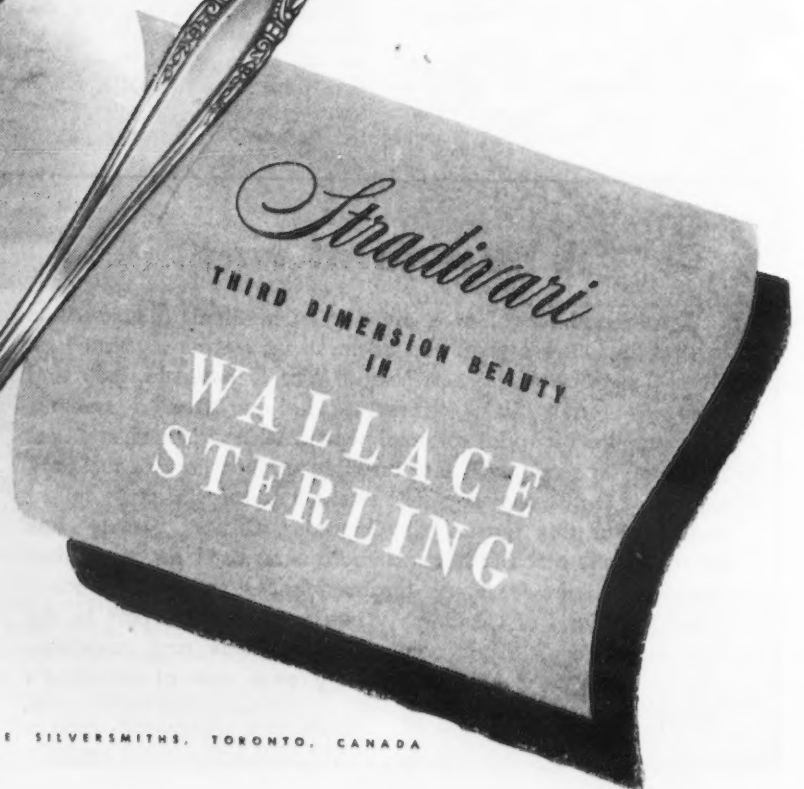
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WALLACE SILVERSMITHS, TORONTO, CANADA

Chatelaine *Housekeeping*



HOT CROSS BUNS

- 1 Yeast cake
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of lukewarm water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonful of sugar
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of all-purpose flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful of melted shortening
- 2 Eggs, beaten
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of cloves
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of mixed peel
- 1 Cupful of currants

Soften the yeast cake in the water; add the $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoonful of sugar. Measure 1 cupful of flour and sift with

the salt; stir into the yeast mixture. Stand in a warm place until double in bulk. Combine the sugar, melted shortening and eggs and add to the sponge; stir in the remaining flour sifted with the spices. Let the mixture rise until double in bulk. Turn out on a board and knead in 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, the currants and the peel. Form small pieces of dough into buns; place in a greased cake pan, and let rise until double in size. Bake in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Five minutes before removing from the oven, brush top of each bun with a sugar syrup. When baked, cool and make a cross on top of each bun with a plain sugar icing. Makes $1\frac{1}{2}$ dozen buns.

**MUSTARD
ADDS FLAVOUR TO
BAKED BEANS**



Says
**MISS CECELIA
MacNEIL,
GILLIS POINT,
NOVA SCOTIA**

"I use this recipe very often. It is simple to make — nourishing and flavourful and is enjoyed by all."

BAKED BEANS

2 cups navy beans ¼ tsp. dry mustard
2 tbsps. brown sugar 2 tbsps. finely chop-
ped onions
1½ tps. salt 1 cup boiling water
¾ cup molasses ½ lb. salt pork
1 bay leaf

Wash beans, cover with cold water, soak over night or cover with boiling water and soak 4 or 5 hours. Drain, cover with large amount boiling salted water. Boil slowly one hour. Drain. Combine salt, sugar, molasses, bay leaf, mustard, onion and water. Add to beans. Pour into bean pot. Score rind of pork and press into beans, leaving rind exposed. Cover beans with additional boiling water. Cover, bake in slow oven, 300°F. for 4 hours or until beans are tender, removing cover during last half hour.

328

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its fullness now and was beginning to slide down the hill; and graduation, which had seemed a long endless month away, was now only a few days off.

She sat on the porch steps looking at the moon and Wilks came over and sat down beside her.

"Poor sorry fellow," Wilks said, linking her fingers in his.

"Who?" Leonie asked.

"The moon," Wilks said. He squinted at the sky. "The gibbous moon yonder, that distorted humpbacked fellow. The crescent moon is young and blissfully expectant, and the full moon is serene, a true lovers' moon. But the humpbacked moon can only ride out his appointed time across the heavens and wait."

"Wait for what?" Leonie asked, keeping her eyes on the road.

"For the new moon, of course," Wilks teased.

The wicker chair on the porch creaked. "Why don't you and Wilks go for a walk?" Mrs. Reynolds said. "It's a lovely night."

Leonie shook her head. "I'm waiting for Tom."

"That boy!" Her mother's voice was querulous. "I think it's a pity to let him take up so much of your time." She appealed to Wilks. "Such a strange boy! I don't know what Leonie sees in him."

She sounded frightened, and Leonie felt sorry for her. She knew suddenly that her mother had always hoped it would be Wilks some day.

Wilks lit his pipe. In the glow his eyes seemed old and empty and far away. "He has genius. I heard him play."

Leonie sighed. It wasn't for his genius that she loved Tom. It was for the way his dark crest of hair rose from his forehead and the deep color of his eyes, and the strange joyous swelling in her heart whenever he looked at her. She cradled her chin in her hands, looking over the strip of silvery road along which Tom

would come if he could get away from his guests tonight.

"Wilks," she said softly, "were you ever so happy you could hardly bear it? That's the way I feel tonight."

She thought at first that Wilks hadn't even heard, for he didn't answer. But after a moment he spoke and his voice was harsh, almost angry. "If that's the way you feel, hold on to it, Leonie. Hold on to it as long and hard as you can."

"I will," Leonie said. "Oh, I will!" And then she saw Tom coming, and ran forward joyously to meet him.

THE DAY of the senior dance came, and it meant nothing because she would not see Tom that night. She had promised Sheldon long ago and she couldn't very well break her promise; besides, she and Sheldon were to lead off the dance. The dance would be empty and meaningless since Tom didn't even intend to come. But she felt a shiver of delight, looking at herself in the mirror in the shell-pink organdie, and around her wrists and in her hair the camellias that Sheldon had sent her.

The doorbell rang, but it couldn't be Sheldon, for he was too knowledgeable about such things to call for a girl almost an hour early. Her mother came to the door.

"It's that boy, Tom. I told him you were busy getting ready for the dance, but he insists on seeing you."

"Tom?" Her skirts billowing, Leonie rushed for the stairs. He was standing in the hall below and she heard him catch his breath when he saw her.

"Don't move. Stand right there for a moment." His voice was very quiet, but his eyes were feverish. "This is the way I always want to remember you."

Leonie stood where she was, unmoving. The way I always want to remember you?

"You're going away," she said. He nodded. "Sonya, my godmother, has invited me to go to New York with

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her. I'm going to study with Tina's teacher. She has to leave tomorrow. We're going on the early train."

"But your diploma. The graduation exercises!" She hardly knew what she was saying, her own words had no meaning to her.

"They can mail the diploma to me. Don't you understand, Leonie? I'll be there in New York, with the best teachers—"

"You're going away," she said. "Tomorrow morning."

"But I had to go some time, you know." Tom's voice was very patient, as though he were explaining something that should have been clear without words. "I've always told you I'd have to go away to learn the things I must know."

"But not tomorrow," she said dully. "Maybe some time, Tom. But not tomorrow."

"We have tonight," Tom said.

The hall clock struck and she heard it and began to cry. "No. We—we won't even have tonight. Sheldon will be coming in an hour to take me to the dance."

Tom's face was very white. It was as though for the first time he realized that in going away he would be leaving her.

"All right, we have an hour."

He took her hand and led her down the steps and into the living room. "This is the way I want to say good-by to you, if we have only an hour."

He began to play for her, softly and then more surely.

"I wrote this for you," he said. "It isn't yet the way I want it to be, but it will be some day. But I'd like you to hear it tonight. And some day I'll come back and play it for you properly. Because I'm coming back, Leonie. I'm coming back for you. You know that, don't you?"

She wanted to put her hands over her ears and shut out the sound of his music!

"Stop it," she said. She banged on the keyboard and began to cry. "Stop playing, do you hear? Why do you waste our time when we have such a short time together? I hate you when you sit there playing the piano and forgetting all about me! I hate your music, do you hear? Because that's what's taking you away from me."

She knew by his face that she had hurt him, and suddenly she wanted to hurt him even more. "You won't come back," she said. "You think you will,

but you won't. And if you do, I'll be old and tired of waiting long before that time, and I—I will probably be married to Wilks."

She put her hands to her mouth, but the words still hung in the air between them.

Tom closed the piano, and stared for a long time at the dark shining wood. His head was bent, and she could not see his eyes but only his fingers stroking the brown polished wood of the piano's surface.

"Yes," he said finally, and his voice seemed close to tears. "I suppose I've always known, even in the beginning, that that was the way it would be. I'll go away, as I've always known I'd have to go. And after a while you'll—marry Wilks."

He turned to face her then, his eyes searching her mouth and lips and hair as though he would memorize them. "But I'll never forget you, Leonie. And you won't forget me, either."

And then he was gone, without a kiss or even a touch of the hand. He walked out of the door and she watched him out of sight and he didn't look back.

SHE WALKED slowly upstairs to her room and picked up her hairbrush and began doing meaningless things to her hair. She felt blank and empty, as though someone had taken the heart out of her body and snapped it in two, and then put it back in place with a piece of it missing. I suppose this is what people mean when they speak of heartbreak, she thought.

Her mother came into the room.

"You look sweet, Leonie. Sheldon's here. You almost ready?"

"No!" Leonie whirled in sudden panic. "Tell him I'm sick. Tell him anything! Tom's going away and I—I can't let him go. I can't."

She had to find Tom and tell him she hadn't meant what she had said. She would wait for him, as long as she had to wait. Forever, even. Because without him life would be empty and meaningless.

She ran down the back stairs, to avoid Sheldon. She held her flimsy skirt high as she ran, but the gesture was automatic, for she hardly knew what she was doing. But when she reached his house, she stopped in panic. What could she say to his mother, if Mrs. Hendricks came to the door?

✦ Continued on page 97

A new total war!

Two months ago, at a meeting of medical and scientific leaders in Ottawa, war was declared on an enemy that took more Canadian lives than World War II between 1939 and 1945. The enemy was cancer — and the Ottawa meeting drew up the blueprint for total war on this national menace. The meeting recognized that the fight against cancer can only be won if the Canadian public backs the struggle to the fullest degree. For this reason the Canadian Cancer Society was named as the official national fund-raising body for the central command in the total war against cancer, the new National Cancer Institute of Canada. When you do your part in the Cancer Society's April campaign for funds and members, you're bringing closer total victory over one of mankind's greatest enemies.

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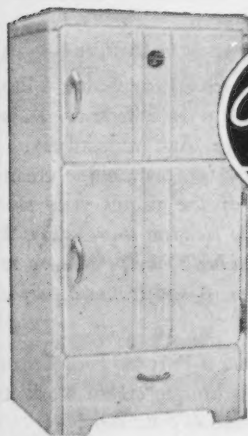
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lived around the bend of the road.

Tom came in and he ordered a quart of ice cream. He stood so close to Leonie that their shoulders touched, but he didn't speak to her. The clerk tamped the ice cream into the container and handed it to Tom, and for a long moment she thought that he was going to walk out of the store and say nothing to her, and that yesterday had only been sunset and her imagination. Then he turned toward her and their glances touched and she knew that from now on, forever, she would always see him as she had seen him in that moment when he had walked toward her against the sky.

"Will you walk home with me?" he said

She felt a quick blush of embarrassment for his lack of easy words in which to make a date with a girl. Almost apologetically she turned toward Sheldon, knowing the amusement she would see in Sheldon's eyes. But when she looked at Sheldon she noticed for the first time that Sheldon's eyes were too pale a blue and set too close together. She saw the astonishment in his pale eyes as she murmured some vague excuse and slipped down from the stool. Then she forgot Sheldon as she followed Tom Hendricks out of the store.

Tom said: "You wore a blue dress last night. And that lawyer's arms were around you."

"That was Wilks," Leonie said. Her voice dismissed Wilks as unimportant.

They walked slowly down the road, past the quiet meadows, not talking, as though there were no need of words between them. And there seemed nothing strange about this that was happening to her. It all seemed oddly familiar as though it were something she had been waiting for all her life; yet everything else around her seemed strange and new—the meadows and the trees and the shadows along the road.

Tom said abruptly: "About last night. Nothing like that ever happened to me before. Just before I saw you I was walking along thinking of this music I was trying to write and—well, maybe this will sound queer to you, but I felt as though I were filled with power and glory, and could tear down mountains with my bare hands and take every separate sound in the universe and clash them all together and make strange, wonderful music. And then I looked up—and you were sitting there, in your blue dress, as if you were waiting for me."

"Yes," Leonie said, her voice scarcely more than a whisper. He talked as no other boy had ever talked to her, and she wasn't quite sure what he meant, yet in a way she did know. "Almost as if it had to happen that way," she said.

He nodded, and they walked on in silence until they reached the turn of the road.

"You have a piano, haven't you?" he asked abruptly.

Leonie glanced at him, startled. "Why, yes, of course."

"Good. Will you let me come over tomorrow night and play for you?"

For a moment the spell was broken and he was only a queer boy with a strange abrupt way of talking. He was telling her that he wanted to see her again and she was glad of that; but he was doing it all wrong. It was the girl's place to perform her carefully practiced

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pieces while a boy leaned against the piano, listening and turning the pages as an excuse to touch her hand and look into her eyes.

But the giggle on her lips stopped short, for she saw by his face that he was offering her a gift, though it seemed a queer gift to offer. She found herself repeating softly: "Tomorrow night?"

"I'd like to come tonight, but I can't," Tom explained. "My god-mother and her daughter have come for a visit. My godmother's Sonya Blaine. She wants me to play for her tonight." He glanced at Leonie proudly, yet shyly, as though his words ought to convey meaning.

"Sonya Blaine," he repeated. "The music critic."

"Oh," Leonie said.

"My mother was on the concert stage before her marriage, you know," Tom said.

Leonie nodded vaguely. She hadn't walked away from Sheldon Waring to hear Tom talk of music. She giggled. "Look, your ice cream's starting to drip!"

Tom looked at the ice cream as though he had never seen it before, and they both began to laugh.

"I'd better get home with this. Tomorrow night, then?"

"Tomorrow night," Leonie said.

He touched her hand, and with the touch tomorrow night seemed a long way off.

SHE WAS sitting on the porch when he came the next evening and Wilks was beside her, but the dusk hid Wilks' eyes.

Tom marched up on the porch. He ignored Wilks and nodded abruptly to her mother, then turned to Leonie.

"The piano?"

Leonie put her hand to her throat with a feeling of suffocation. Tomorrow Wilks would be sure to tease her about the way Tom had marched up on the porch and asked about the piano as though he were a piano tuner. But when she led him into the house his shoulder brushed against hers and they stood there for a moment, just looking at each other. And then they both began to laugh, very quietly. And she knew they were both laughing for the same reason: because it was so wonderful and ridiculous and exciting that they should have chosen each other out of a world full of people and should know so surely and quickly that this was the way it had to be. Then he took her hand and they walked together into the living room.

She had thought he would want her to sit on the bench beside him, but he shook his head.

"Over there on that chair. You'll hear it better."

But she couldn't see his face from the chair to which he motioned her so she tiptoed awkwardly to another one when he began to play. It was unfamiliar music, harsh and dark and intense. After a while he turned toward her abruptly, so she knew the piece was over.

"Thank you, Tom. It was—lovely." She tried to make her voice sound as it did when other boys brought her flowers. "Would you—would you like to go out and look at our rose garden now?"

But he didn't seem to hear. He began to play again. This time it was something gentler and vaguely familiar, that she had heard once or twice on the radio, though she didn't remember the name of the piece and didn't want to ask.

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They didn't go into the rose garden. They didn't go outside and sit on the porch swing even after Wilks had left. He went on playing and after a while her mother came in and said it was getting late.

Leonie walked with him to the gate. The pale new moon had long since disappeared and the road was dark and silent, and Tom's face only a shadow in a shadowy world.

"Music doesn't mean much to you, does it?" he said.

"I—enjoyed it very much," she told him, but she felt as if she wanted to cry. Nothing had gone right tonight and she didn't know why. He had ignored her all evening and sat with his back to her, pounding out music, as though her presence in the room meant nothing to him.

She could see his hand against the white gatepost. His hand opened and closed, as though he were undecided about something.

He said roughly, "But you could learn, couldn't you?"

She didn't know what he meant, but his tone was enough to start a wild sweet, flutter in her throat. He was a strange boy and perhaps she would never really understand him, but when he touched her hand, as he was touching it now, his touch was the only reality in the whole world. She lifted her face to his.

AFTER THAT first night he didn't play for her again. Sometimes they went canoeing and sometimes they only walked along the road, seldom talking very much. He was impatient of small talk, interested only in music. Sometimes he tried to tell her what it meant to him and she listened, looking at the curve of his cheek and watching his eyes flash as he spoke. Sometimes he talked of his godmother, who was still visiting him, and of the musicians she had known and the music she had heard. And once he spoke of Tina, her daughter.

"The kid's only 14 but she's a real musician." There was a strange envy and frustration in his voice. "Living in New York she's been able to have the best teachers, of course."

"Of course," Leonie agreed tranquilly. But she was not really interested in his godmother or Tina. They were people from another world, intruders on her happiness, visitors whose presence in Tom's home diminished the hours that he could spend with her.

Sometimes they talked of themselves, and that was better. Holding her hand against his cheek, Tom said, "Whatever happens, I'll never let you go. Now that I've found you, I'll never let you go."

She nodded, sitting close to him. "Even when we're terribly, terribly old, we'll still feel this way about each other."

"Of course, I'll probably have to go away first, for a while," he said. "There's my work, you know."

But that was something that was far off and distant, far beyond this month that would mark their graduation. That was the future, stretching out into vague distant years, when he would compose great music and be rich and famous, no longer the queer boy who lived around the bend, and she would be his wife.

Wilks kept coming over in his casual way and she thought he would tease her about Tom, but he never did. The moon, that had only been a pale crescent in the sky that first evening, had passed



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"I told you she was crazy," Cocky implored. "Call help!"

"You call for help," the bus driver protested. "I—gosh, I don't know which of you is lyin'."

"Then take the gun," Cocky begged. "A gun and a woman is bad enough apart, but when they're together—"

For one wild second Jeanie thought she might throw the gun in their faces, both of them so helpless before the threat of it, and make Cocky take his punishment with her small bare hands. She choked, "I'm not crazy. I—won't give up the gun. Cocky—killed a man and—oh, Cocky, you can't run away from it. I won't let you."

Cocky sagged back against the bus. He gave Jeanie a kind of pleading, piteous look the way a child might do if you raised your hand to strike him, Jeanie faltered, her hands and her heart.

Even as he sagged down with his eyes flashing a cry to her for help, and the bus driver making an uncertain grab for him, Cocky was pulling a trick out of his sleeve. He was ducking low, slipping under the bus to decoy the driver to the other side. He disappeared with the driver lunging for his ankle while he kept a wary eye on Jeanie.

Then she was alone, for the driver darted around on the other side just as Cocky had guessed he would. She trembled there, waiting, the gun ready in her faltering hand, sure that if it took . . . that . . . to stop Cocky . . . she could do it. For this was wrong—

Squirming out from under the bus again, right at her feet, Cocky came back out of sight of the driver on the other side. Cocky hissed, "Shoot the other way to send him off wrong!" and he doubled low, running away in the darkness behind the bus. The same old Cocky. Sure that when it came to a test, she would be—a soft, sweet woman. "Good girl." It came back over his shoulder.

Habit was a terrible burden . . . and Jeanie turned the other way to fire just as Cocky knew she would. Cocky's woman still. And then, swiftly as the fall of Cocky's feet, with the sound of her shot going the wrong way still in her ears, it came to her, Cocky . . . mustn't . . . and she turned, then, wheeling back the way Cocky was running as the bus driver puffed off after her false bullet.

Her fingers curled tight around the little gun. Somewhere ahead of her in that dark puddle was the sound of Cocky's escape, and all at once Jeanie found she was keeping time to his footfalls with her own. She steeled herself as she flew along. This was Cocky, who could trick and lie and dodge out of every scrape he got into. Cocky, who might yet have the will and the way to set her at a new angle with his As long as I live, Jeanie . . . I got you . . .

She heard then the screech of a car behind them, and she knew that what they'd thought were fancied pinpoint of light from a car had been reality. The police had been smart, after all! And then in a frightened flash knew that, with her between them and Cocky, they could do no good. She must catch up with him . . . keep on, keep running . . . she must, though the tightness in her chest was like a knife wound.

But he wasn't ahead of her. He cried out, "Jeanie!" and he was there at one side, in line with her. She turned toward



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him. The gun was in her hand. She could fire now. She could stop him. "Jeanie!" he cried again, and the burrs in his voice that had always held her tight to him, fastened on her now.

In that instant they were suddenly in a blinding pool of light. Incredibly, the shining boots of the police were gleaming in front of her eyes and the dull lustre of their revolvers glinted. And even while Jeanie cried, "Stop, Cocky!" the spurt of fire flashed from the police guns. She sank down on the cold pavement. The little gun fell out of her hands with a small clatter. Everything seemed suddenly very still. It was as if troubled waters closed over her head, yet she knew dimly that she would rise again to her own peaceful world. The scales swung again in even balance . . . and anger and bitterness seeped out of Jeanie's heart, where it never rightfully belonged.

The Humpbacked Moon

Continued from page 5

summer sky and behind the sunset rode a pale crescent moon that was hardly more than a promise of a moon to come. Someone — a man or a boy — stood shadowed against the rise of the hill as though he had just stepped from the sky with the moon riding on his shoulder. He walked slowly toward her, and his hair was a dark crest against the sky and he was whistling an unfamiliar melody. He was almost at the gate now. He was tall and his eyes were deeply blue, and he seemed to be listening for something that others could not hear.

Leonie—her eyes bemused by that moment when he had seemed to walk down from the sky—watched him approach. He looked up as he passed by and answered her gaze. For a moment the earth seemed very still as their eyes met and knew each other.

Why, it's Tom Hendricks, Leonie thought incredulously.

And then he was gone, walking with a quick arrogant stride until he disappeared from sight along the turn of the road with the disembodied melody still following him.

Leonie sat very still, staring at the empty road.

SO THAT was the way it happened, when it did happen. Not Wilks, with his teasing familiar glance, but someone coming from the sky with the moon riding his shoulder. But—Tom Hendricks? Why, she had passed him every day of her life without giving him a second glance! He was a queer dark boy who lived with his mother around the bend of the road and cared for nothing but music. He had no light talk in him when he met a girl, he didn't play football or attend the school dances or stop at the soda fountain when school was out. What in the world would people say if she fell in love with a queer boy like Tom Hendricks? She started to giggle, but the giggle died on her lips.

"Wilks." She hugged her knees, tightly. "Wilks, have you ever been in love?"

"Every new moon." Wilks tugged at one of her curls.

She shook off his words with a young impatience. "No. I'm serious, Wilks. If—if it ever happened, you'd know right away, wouldn't you?"

She pulled herself up, ready to face the people who would soon be around her. There was a calmness in her now; deep within her she had the sudden sense of the clean goodness of Apple Glen. She would go back, but first she would do here, in this alien place, what had to be done. She picked up the little gun; she would give it to the police, and she would tell them the whole story. Not quite all, though—not about Jeanie, the Soft Woman, who was to be Cocky's, always. Not about that terrible steeling of muscles and mind as she ran through the black night with the gun clamped against her hand. Not about the purpose she had hardened her heart to. Not about that! She couldn't, because that was the only part of the story that had no ending. She would never know now if she was truly a Soft Woman . . . Anyway, in Apple Glen it wouldn't matter. +

"Sometimes." Wilks' voice was non-committal.

She said softly, staring at the road: "If it ever does happen to me that's the way I want it to happen. Seeing someone—maybe someone you've seen every day of your life—and both of you looking at each other and suddenly knowing that you've never really seen each other before. And then having it last forever and forever."

Wilks didn't answer. He began to sing, under his breath, in his off-key fashion:

Tom, Tom the piper's son learned
to play when he was young
But the only tune that he could
play was "Over the hills and
far away . . ."

Leonie flushed. "Oh, shut up. I didn't say it *bad* happened. I was only saying *suppose*."

From the porch Mrs. Reynolds called: "Does anyone want ice cream?"

Wilks pulled Leonie to her feet and she saw that his eyes were elder-brotherly and teasing. "Before you decide to fall in love forever and ever, let me know. I've never told you so, but I staked a claim to you the first time I ever saw you."

"Uh-huh." Leonie giggled. "I was 10 days old and you said I looked raw."

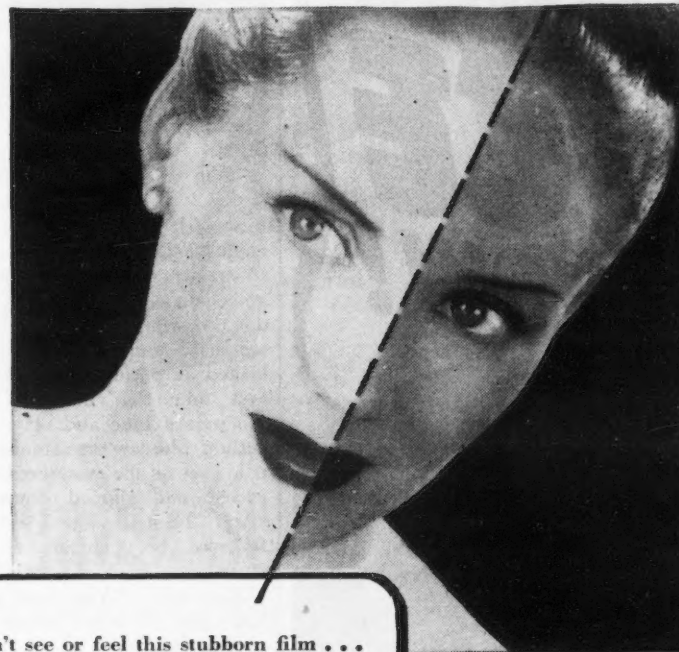
"A Freudian disguise for my real feelings." Wilks struck a lovelorn attitude.

He was teasing her, as he always did. But his words and his glance made her uncomfortable. "Race you to the house," she said quickly. Trying to beat Wilks to first lick at the ice-cream freezer, she forgot the image of the boy on the road.

But just before she fell asleep she remembered Tom again. She had forgotten all about him and suddenly she remembered. And she was smiling softly as she fell asleep.

SHE SAW him next day while she was in the drugstore having a coke with Sheldon Waring. Sheldon was important; he was president of the senior class, he had made his letter in football and had easy good looks and she had promised to go to the senior dance with him. When Tom Hendricks came into the drugstore she almost found herself hoping that without the new moon behind him he would again be only Tom Hendricks, the queer dark intense boy who

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Soft Woman

Continued from page 72

he was eyeing the feathery cloud of hair around her shoulders. Liking it still. She tried to smile at him from her heart in the old way, but the wellspring of that smile seemed dried up by the very warmth in Cocky's eyes. They began darting at her.

"You—missed me?" Even his chin was suspicious.

"I missed you," she echoed.

He leaned forward. "Things are going to be swell. Jeanie, I been lucky. I don't fool with the juke boxes—I've got real money. Look." He was shoving a roll of bills across the table. She counted through it, and froze. That was money. And—this was Cocky. She looked with unhappy eyes around the steamy café, thunderous with the juke box. A blond boy moved away from the counter over to their booth. Cocky urged, "Put the money in your purse. It's for you!"

Jeanie opened her mouth to protest, but the blond boy was sidling nearer, his eyes friendly and eager as a puppy's. She slipped the money in her bag, and nodded curiously toward the boy. Cocky turned, and he had a look both ugly and uneasy.

The boy was saying, "Scuse me, but" — to Jeanie — "haven't I seen you—"

Cocky fired out, "No, you haven't seen her before!"

Jeanie winced. "Oh, Cocky, wait!"

The boy, reddening, held his ground. "I visited my aunt in Apple Glen a year or so ago," he went on stubbornly, "I remember seeing you there, that's all. Thought you'd tell my aunt you saw me—"

"That's home," Jeanie whispered. "My home. Who is—"

"If you'd rather talk to your friend here," Cocky barked out, "I can go right on." He was on his feet, his face a knot.

Jeanie half rose. "Cocky! This is out of all reason!"

His hand was rough on her arm. "Then come on!" He was pulling her along, slamming down a bill on the counter as they passed. Jeanie felt shame, and a thrust of panic. She glanced back at the blond boy, and tried not to let the tears fall.

Out on the frozen dark street Cocky bounced along with her like a hard rubber ball. Then he stopped. "Jeanie, you got to understand. I'm in big business now—I've got a lot on my mind. Just ain't got time to talk to strangers."

She was shaking from head to foot with anger and fear. "But, Cocky—how could you! Oh, that made me—despise you!" and knew immediately she didn't quite mean that last.

Like lightning, a jagged fury seemed to strike through him. Beyond his shoulder she saw the blond boy come out of the café, hesitate as he looked toward them, then saw that he moved their way. He seemed to be going to call out to her. Cocky turned, and saw too. Something shook him, the way storm strikes a big oak tree that is maybe rotten at the core, and made of him not even a brutish man nor a crooked man, but an unreined stallion loose on the street.

Jeanie saw Cocky's hand, moving along his coat. She saw fire split through the darkness before she heard sound.

The Penny Mason

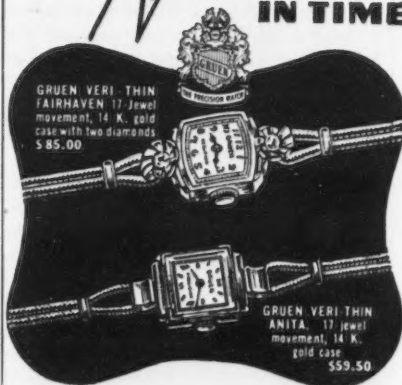
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And she heard, then, a scream from the blond boy—a scream that ended in the middle as he fell. And Cocky pulled her swiftly along the lifeless street.

He said, breathless, "Jeanie, I got a car. There." He shoved her into it, and they were starting off, his tremor lessening as the motor purred. Only now, she noted, was there any movement back on the street—and they were swiftly out of sight.

She heard sobs, and didn't know that they were hers. Her numb hands groped for the door handle.

"We can make the border. I'd had it planned because of something else, but—it'll work out now. And I got plenty of money. We'll manage. We'll settle down like I told you, Jeanie—Jeanie, get your hand away from that door!"

He had a grip. She raised her face, gasping.

"Jeanie, hush up. We're in this now. We got to get out, but we were in a mess to begin with. Stop crying. I got you. You're all right, and you're mine, and I'm going to keep you and—sit still!" She struggled. His hand came down on her mouth. She fell back.

And then he pulled her over against his shoulder. Pulled her with the hand that struck her, while the car flew along in blackness. He held the car tight in the road, and Jeanie tight to his side. They left the highway for winding roads through the back hills. Even over country roads the car went so smoothly that they seemed to be flowing into the darkness. Cocky murmured, "I'm pretty smart at that. They can't catch me. They'll be hunting us in this car, and we'll switch to a bus at Mount Pine . . . I've checked about that . . ." Cocky. It wasn't the name he'd been christened. But it was the name that fitted.

By the time they trudged on foot, at two in the morning, into Mount Pine, Jeanie had cried a hundred times, "Cocky, you've got to give yourself up." And each time she'd thought . . . and it all bounced back in her face from the rocklike wall of, "Jeanie, quit wastin' your breath. I'm doin' all right. And—we're together—"

THE MOUNT PINE bus station was a dingy hole in the wall. There was a long, low heater with a flat top, and a bald man asleep in a wired-up chair. They saw him through the window. Jeanie promised herself, *When Cocky buys the tickets, I'll tell the man . . .*

Cocky said to her, "We ain't going in there. I got the tickets long before this for another reason. We'll wait right out here. Mostly the bus driver just gets out and peeps in and lets him alone, see. And we'll have our tickets ready. Jeanie . . . stop that crying!"

She shivered, cold and certain that it would work out as he had planned. And he held her, with his overcoat wrapped around her, making her lean against him to rest. He lay his cheek against her hair. He whispered, "Jeanie, don't stay mad. You got to trust me."

She moved her hands inside his coat because they were so cold. The gesture somehow turned into a sort of caress and she halted—and found her fingers in a funny little pocket of his coat. They touched metal. The gun—the second gun, the tiny one! Her slim fingers closed over it.

Cocky mumbled, "It's been long—so long since you hugged me."

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As soon as it had been screened by a hard-boiled delegation of film-buyers, Canada's first bilingual production, WHISPERING CITY—LA FORTERESSE, was shipped abroad to start a world tour.

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The story: Modern murder-mystery suspense against an old Quebec background.

*Courtesy J. Arthur Rank Organization.

Eagle-Lion Pictures at Your Favourite Theatre

More than anguish for what might have been was tearing at Jeanie. It was the knowledge of what she could do now with the gun. Anger was in Jeanie, too, for the vise that Cocky had her in. His soft woman . . . but she'd been hard enough to leave him, when it came to right and wrong. Now it was an even blacker wrong, one of certainty and evil. Within her fingers lay a chance to even it, if she could harden herself to do it. Yet . . . could she?

Down the highway, the bus that would carry them far away rolled up. Yet no matter how far they went, this wrong would be with them. Unless, Jeanie told herself, *I stop now*. And she found that her hands were moving back along Cocky's big body with the tiny gun. She felt him grow stiff and tensed, and for a second she thought he knew her trick.

He moaned, "Do you see car lights—over yonder?"

She turned her head. Had there been a pinpoint pair of lights from a swift-moving car, or had it been conjured up of Cocky's nerves and her hopes? She didn't know. "I—thought so," she murmured uncertainly.

They waited a second. The bus was slowing down. Cocky relaxed. "No," he said with conviction. "We're jittery. Could be the police—but no, they're not that smart. Still, we got to watch everything—" Unexpectedly he kissed her, and she knew shame that even then somehow she was kissing him, too, though it was only as a good-by to the Cocky she had loved.

She whispered, "As long as you live, Cocky, you—have me—"

The bus drew up to the curb. He released her. The gun was so tiny in her hands it was hidden, and yet it was heavy, like the misery in Jeanie's heart. She knew she meant to use it if she had to . . . and she knew, too, that she was Cocky's woman, with a softness born out of the peaceful world she used to live in.

Cocky pushed ahead to show their tickets to the driver. The tightly closed bus was frosty-windowed and dim. Jeanie saw that this was her only time, and the driver was taking their tickets. She pressed the tiny gun against Cocky's back with fingers that ached. At the same moment Cocky said to the driver, "Say, it's sure cold!"

It was then that Jeanie whispered, "Cocky—give up, now."

He stiffened the way he had when he'd thought he saw lights. He turned cautiously, as if he knew the feel of a gun in his back.

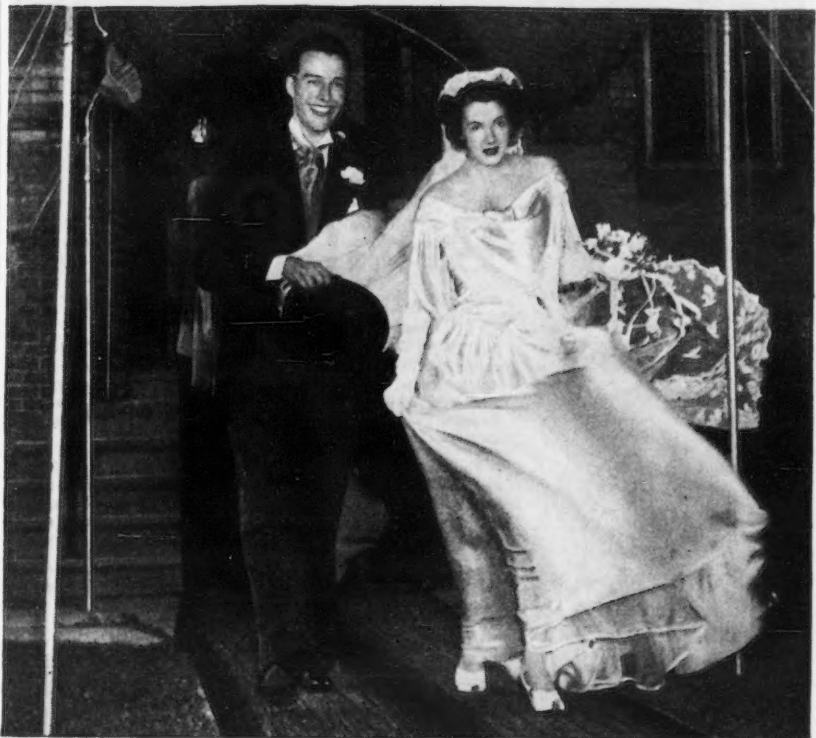
Jeanie said gently, "We mustn't run out on this, Cocky."

The bus driver yelled, "I don't get this," but he did. He was frowning as he looked all around the sleeping sphere of light that they stood in, but there was no one to help.

Cocky was stuttering, then he shot out glibly, "Mister, she's crazy—stark crazy. I don't know where she got that gun, but I'm scared she'll kill somebody. I'm tryin' to take her down to her folks, see. If you'll just get the gun when I grab her—"

"Well, wait a minute, bub. I—Say, sister, give me the gun, will you? Easy, now? You don't want to hurt anybody—"

"I'm not crazy," Jeanie cried. "Oh, believe me, I'm not! A—a man has been killed this very night, and—he did it!"



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I'm Not Having Any

Continued from page 64

reserve a hospital room the first week—and you're lucky if you can get one. All the costs of having a baby have zoomed outrageously—doctors' fees, hospital services, charges for equipment, et al. In the case of a complication, the fees for specialists and consultants may become astronomical.

After the child arrives, economic pressure keeps right on. Nursery schools, special feeding, braces for their teeth—when they get them—and all this on the assumption that, as well as a child, you have a place to live. If you have, your present place is probably too small with the baby, and with the baby you can't get any place else. Society—which seems so much to want people to have babies—does precious little to help people have them comfortably.

But from my point of view, the economic hazards are vastly overrated. Sensibly, they really shouldn't stand in the way. It should be possible for people to have as many children as they want.

Whether or not to have a baby today must remain an individual problem, to be faced honestly and in each couple's own way. Each must make the personal decision. Jack and I have made ours. ♦

I'm Having My First

Continued from page 14

20th century. Now let me see (the designer mused, laughing maniacally the while) how can I for six or seven months give the women of Canada a lordosis curve and at the same time a dowager's hump? How can I make them bend horizontal at the waist, sag at the chest and protrude ludicrously at the stern?

Strapped in with buckles, braces and steel, I knew the fiend had succeeded. It probably does me some good, but must it rip my few nylons by badly placed garters, and must the buckles, lifted without a doubt from a western saddle, protrude through all outer garments, no matter how thick?

I AM WONDERING, feverishly wondering. Is it really necessary for a woman in my condition to resign herself to being a frump and to staying indoors with her own unhappy state of mind while the slow process goes forward?

No, I don't believe it—and neither do the best gynecologists, dress designers and beauticians! I took it upon myself to ask them.

"I have no sympathy with the pregnant woman who uses her condition as an excuse for dowdiness," one doctor said. "It often happens that the first time a patient comes to me she looks smart as paint; as the months go on she'll neglect her hair and skin and general appearance. That's the time I start to worry. I know that woman's mental attitude is all wrong and when her confinement approaches I'm likely to have trouble with her."

"Last year one of my patients, young and attractive, wore slack suits, cut to disguise her condition, right up to the last minute. She always looked smart, and she kept her good sense and mental poise throughout."

"Frankly, I think a lot of women who go in for horrible smocks and droopy



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hair-dos do it, consciously or unconsciously, to try to win sympathy. They find they're the centre of concern, and they play up to it by looking as if they were suffering, when as a matter of fact many of them never felt better in their lives.

"If a girl who's having a baby follows her doctor's advice, sticks to the diet he gives her and uses her common sense, she'll feel and look the way she always does. She doesn't have to put on a lot of flabby weight, either. Some women use pregnancy as an excuse to exercise whims they've harbored all their lives, to stuff themselves with candy and rich food. They don't need it now any more than before. They should be as interested in their figures now as at any time. They shouldn't drop their normal interests and activities, for a healthy, happy attitude on her part will be reflected in her child, her husband and certainly herself."

So much for the gynecologist.

I have discussed the problem with several of Canada's leading dress designers and they, in their way, are trying to help both the doctor and his patient. "Look," one of them pointed out, "most expectant mothers are young, aren't they? All right then, I try to design maternity dresses that are young too. See here . . ." and he dragged a cloud of smoky-blue crepe off a rack and popped it over a dummy's head. It had lots of pleating in front and very slim lines behind. "This," he said, "will be the regular size a girl normally wears. The back is just the same as all her other dresses. Only in the front is there an adjustable fullness, controlled by concealed drawstrings. But there are good shoulder lines, broad and interesting to take the eyes away from the waistline."

It was a pretty dress, smart and wearable to any woman's eyes. I wished I'd had a chance to buy it two months ago! I didn't wonder when he told me that one store last year had sold 100 of his maternity dresses, but not one to a pregnant woman! All went to women who were perhaps a little heavy in the waist but who wanted a youthful, flattering frock.

An attractive print design, and light colors, can be quite as "practical" as the endless blacks and dull browns, and for a young, clothes-conscious woman they'll certainly do more for her spirits. If the centre of interest is kept above the waistline—in neck or shoulder treatment, or in well-chosen costume jewelry—or, in other words, if you give your public something definite to look at, then there'll be less fascination in your expanding middle.

WHAT DO the beauty experts say? I'm all for listening to them, because they, too, back up my own suspicions. If you let your skin "go," it may be hard to get it back. Some study and work may be involved, but the result is worth it. It may happen that the skin becomes very sensitive and even allergic to preparations constantly in use before pregnancy. This doesn't mean that no cosmetics can be used; it simply indicates a little shopping around to get the most suitable type. A little powder base to keep powder on, and a little rouge for extra color, can work wonders. One of the beauty consultants said: "A great many girls worry because they develop heavy jaw lines at this time. I recommend slightly darker powder

**CLEANLINESS,
THAT IS!**

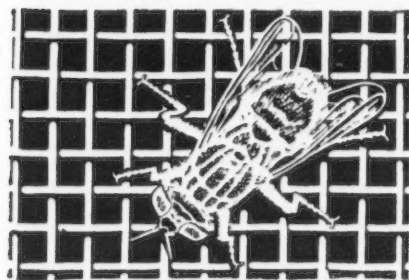


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carefully blended over neck and face." Another expert made the point that if a woman followed her doctor's advice as to diet—plenty of milk, protein, good calcium intake generally—her hair, skin and nails should stay in good condition. Her shampoos and hair treatments should be continued regularly, and it's a good idea, says this advisor, to arrange for a permanent about three weeks or a month before the baby arrives. That way, she'll look and feel neat while she's in hospital. Also, she won't need another for about three months afterward. It's a fact that because of the anaesthetic and a new mother's general condition, a permanent given in the first month or two after confinement is seldom satisfactory.

So there we are—or, rather, here I am, buoyed up with some real help from people who make it their business to know what I need. It comes a little late for me—this time—but as the Battle of the Bulge goes on year by year for thousands of women I'm glad to pass on my findings for the benefit of all young mothers-to-be.

I've Just Had My Last

Continued from page 15

last baby was born. But don't be in a special hurry to get up and leave, even though you suddenly feel that, away from your children, you're desperately incomplete.

When you do go home, don't yield to the panicky suspicion that your own small world has got away from you so that you'll never be able to catch up again. You're no different from anyone else when you "go under" those first few weeks out of hospital. Everyone does. Realizing this and suddenly remembering how to cope with the situation, you won't stay sunk for long. Yes, you're going to be busier but you needn't be submerged. The easier you take it at first, the faster you'll rise to the surface. Keep a firm determination to lead a life of your own beyond the confines of kitchen and nursery. Get a fresh grip on the fact that you're neither a good wife nor a good mother when you retire into your home as into a cloister.

Cut the frills off your daily schedule. Be a reasonably efficient housekeeper yes, but reject the old idea of martyrdom to the home. Let the children continue in those little duties which they discovered they could take on during the past nine months. Your family can become a happier, more closely knit unit if you steer them with the right psychological approach both before and after the baby's birth.

"YOU KNOW," my husband observed the other night, when I'd just put my five-month-old son down after his 11 p.m. feeding, "you know, if we had our family to plan all over again, this is just the way I'd do it."

"Four's a good round number," I said, but even while I was speaking a new idea was teasing my mind. It would be nice to have a playmate for Baby when he's two.



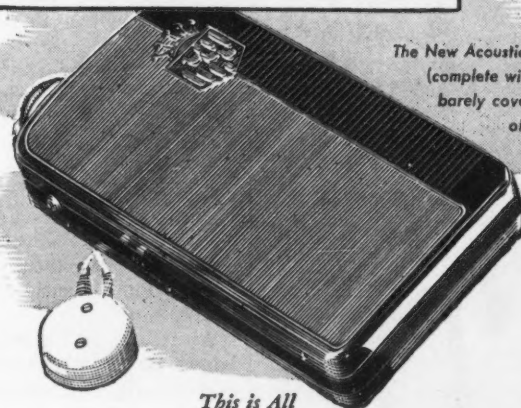
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- New Exclusive Features Sharply Reduce "B" Battery Costs!
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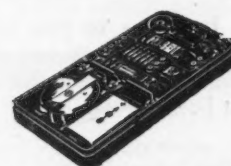
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ONE Coat COVERS THEM ALL

Chatelaine's Consumer Council

During the war years interest in the opinions and ideas of women mounted in importance — to business, to government, and to women themselves. Chatelaine's Consumer Council will mirror women's opinions and concentrate their thinking on matters which affect them vitally in many phases of living



How can one possibly find out what over three million women think, from the opinions of a few thousand?

Yet that is what Chatelaine's Consumer Council will do.

Month by month 2,000 women will report their opinions through the pages of Chatelaine. They will be asked to give careful, thoughtful, and sustained interest to questionnaires they will receive. These questionnaires will deal with a wide variety of matters—the sort of thing women discuss when they meet in groups of their own.

This is the principle on which the Council will be established:

You know that a doctor can determine the condition of your blood from one drop. In the same way, a balanced sample of the women of Canada reveals what women throughout the Dominion are thinking; or what Chatelaine's readers, in particular, are thinking.

The secret lies in getting the balance right. First of all by population: The number of Councillors from each province will depend on its population.



These little figures each represent thousands of Canadians. The half-figure for Prince Edward Island, down at the bottom of the page, stands for nearly a hundred thousand people. A glance, therefore, shows the approximate population in each province.

YOU CAN SEE

that there will be a need for far more Councillors from Ontario, for instance, than from one of the prairie provinces.

There are many questions on which the women of all provinces may have the same opinions. But there are occasions in which climatic conditions, for instance, will make quite a difference.

Not only must the proper division be made geographically for each province—but there must be a correct balance between rural and urban point of view as well.

If you would like further information write to Consumer Relations Department, Room 403, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2.

Everyone knows that a woman's age is sacred and secret. Yet Councillors will be asked to tell at least her age group.

There are five age groups which are important in setting up a sound Consumer Council. We know approximately the proportion of Canadian women in each one of them.

19% are between 15 and 24
16% are between 25 and 34
12% are between 35 and 44
24% are over 45

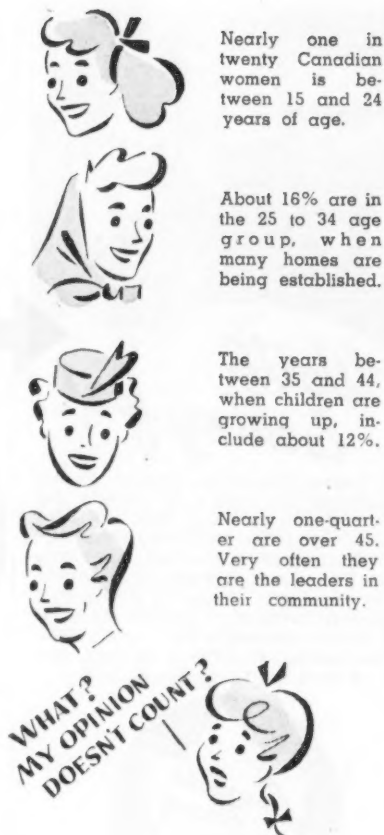
That accounts for 71% of the women. What about the others? They're under 15, and their opinion doesn't count—yet! It is necessary to balance Councillors as to age because obviously the opinions of a girl of 20 will probably be quite different to that of her mother on some things.

YOU SEE

some of the interesting studies to be carried out through the Consumer Council will deal with such things as what Canadian women want most in the way of utility and comfort in the kitchen; what they think about new fabrics; modern housing; what they want in the way of service from their retailers. These facts will be of the utmost importance to Chatelaine's editors in making the various departments full of interest.



Keeping the balance between these various groups is going to be most important. Too many—or too few—Councillors from any province, any age or income group, would bias the results. It would not be a proper sample. Modern research has shown, time and again, that if the right care is taken, the opinions resulting from a poll of women, set up on this basis, is a sound interpretation of the whole population group.



Nearly one in twenty Canadian women is between 15 and 24 years of age.

About 16% are in the 25 to 34 age group, when many homes are being established.

The years between 35 and 44, when children are growing up, include about 12%.

Nearly one-quarter are over 45. Very often they are the leaders in their community.

WHAT?
MY OPINION
DOESN'T COUNT?

Income is another very personal matter. But we need to know what income group our Councillors are in, because there are times when women who must budget very closely have quite a different point of view to the woman who can spend lavishly.

For our purposes we are making three broad divisions and have estimated roughly the proportion of Canadians in each one.

52% are in the lower income bracket.
35% are in the middle income bracket.
13% are in the higher income bracket.



This painstaking care in selecting Councillors will mean that when you read of their opinions, in Chatelaine, you'll know how all the thousands of Chatelaine readers think. Very often you'll be surprised at the results.

Many letters already received are showing a keen interest in Chatelaine's Consumer Council. As one woman says, "What a wonderful plan to set up a Department so that women of all communities can transmit their ideas to a central bureau—and all of us benefit thereby. Our potentialities are unlimited, and there are no horizons where a woman's vision is concerned. So let's go!"

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For Outdoors...

This compact, die-cast aluminum case encloses a powerful five-tube standard band set with a Beam-a-scope antenna and built-in battery charger. Model C-250—Price, \$139.00

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Model C-254.....\$87.95
with batteries

(Model C-260) This De Luxe self-charging set has six tubes, push-button tuning, standard and short wave bands with a built-in Beam-a-scope antenna for standard band and a special plug-in aerial for short-wave reception.

(Model C-254) This smart portable works on AC, DC or battery. Six tubes, standard band. Weighs 17 lbs. Easy-to-reach cord in back for plugging into house current. A first-rate performer.

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Ground Covers vs. Grass



by
Frances Steinhoff Sanders,
C.S.L.A.

EVERYONE agrees that a fine stretch of lawn makes an ideal setting for a house, a delightful foil for flower borders, and an attractive green carpet on which a handsome tree may cast its shade. Frequently, however, there are areas where grass presents a difficulty: awkward shapes between walks where it is almost impossible to do a good job with the lawn mower; corners of buildings lying in shade; sloping banks, and sections where the sun seldom penetrates. Ground covers, now becoming of increasing importance to the professional designer, provide the answer to such problems. The term includes the structural type, such as paving of flagstones, brick or concrete, and, as well, a large and useful group of perennial plants which are not as well known as they should be.

Their chief virtue is their habit of massing together to give a neat, uniform effect; also, once properly established in colonies (these types are never handled as individual specimens) they stay practically forever, requiring no maintenance. New interest of texture and color is possible with ground-cover plants, and there is sufficient choice to range from low creeping varieties, such as the thymes, to dwarf shrubs up to two or three feet in height, according to the effect desired.

Banks or slopes. As any home gardener knows, grass is hard to maintain on such locations. Ground covers offer a practical alternative. If the slope is near the house—perhaps between sitting-out terrace and lower lawn level—fine-textured plants are best. Nothing quite surpasses the prostrate *Cotoneasters*, such as *C. adpressa*, *C. praecox* and *C. horizontalis*. Although not evergreen, these low horizontal-growing shrubs with tiny, glistening leaves serve as a screen to the ground, and the profuse red berries persist well into winter. These varieties never attain more than two or three feet in height.

The *Euonymus* family offers several choices for ground-cover work on banks and slopes. *E. fortunei colorata* has leaves that turn a lovely crimson in autumn; *E. fortunei vegetus* has glistening pointed leaves; both are evergreen—that is, their foliage remains throughout the winter.

There is a good hardy variety of the English ivy, *Hedera helix baltica*, which has merits as a ground cover as well as a wall creeper. It does nicely in shade.

Perhaps highest in favor with experienced gardeners is the old-fashioned periwinkle, *Vinca minor*. Its clean, dark, oval foliage, its hardiness and obliging ways in meeting adverse conditions make it very desirable for ground-cover use, especially in shade. The flowering effect in spring, when covered with small blue blossoms, is quite attractive. It increases by stem-rooting trailers.

Where some height is desirable on a



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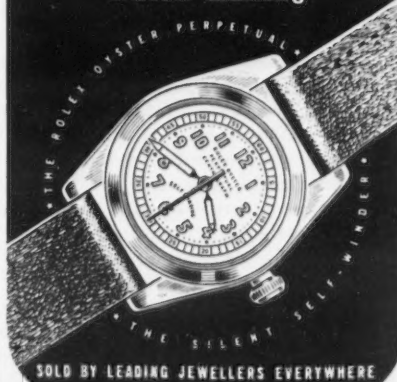
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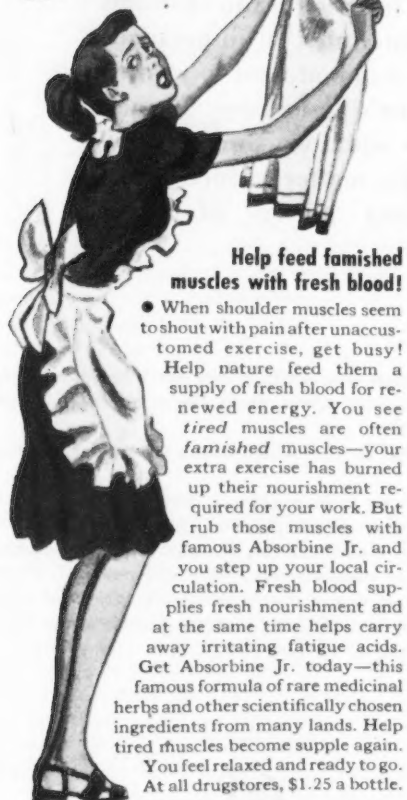


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-ah! my Absorbine Jr



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Gillett's Lye makes short work of all household clean-up jobs. Cuts through grease-clogged drains—keeps them running free.

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DON'T FRET-POUR IN GILLETT'S

low bank, the prostrate junipers, such as *J. tamariscifolia*, *J. adpressa* and *J. tripartita*, are suitable. Their soft feathery horizontal branches mass in together with excellent effect.

The Oregon grape, *Mahonia aquifolium*, is valued for its shiny hollylike leaves which remain the year round; it has the added attraction of tiny yellow flowers in spring, followed by clusters of purple-blue grapes. If left unclipped it will grow up to two feet. As it does well in sun or shade, the Oregon grape makes an excellent ground cover for various positions.

Steep banks. A rampant growth or a strong "scrambler" can solve this problem nicely, provided the location is not too close to the house. The Virginia creeper, *Ampelopsis quinquefolia*, and a small-leaved relative of the same (*engelmanni*) will serve to block out unsightly rubble, etc. The Bittersweet, *Celastrus scandens*, will thrive in such locations, and the attractive white flowers are followed by very showy red and yellow berries in the fall. (Be sure to buy only fruiting plants from the nursery, as some do not fruit.)

Hall's honeysuckle, *Lonicera japonica halliana*, is an ideal choice for steep slopes. And let us not forget that Nature often clothes some of her rugged contours with wild roses.

Under trees. Where grass refuses to grow, the Japanese spurge, *Pachysandra terminalis*, has proved itself invaluable. It is hardy, tough, and evergreen; rarely exceeds nine inches in height; when spaced not more than a foot apart, the plants will thicken to form an even carpet of green, even in dense shade.

Ferns are very obliging too, and both the periwinkle and English ivy mentioned above can be used successfully in place of grass under heavy trees. The lily-of-the-valley is an old favorite for shady areas; another less familiar is the barrenwort, *Epimedium*—with ornamental foliage, tidy habit, and growing to about nine inches.

For rock gardens. Carpet-forming plants are essential here, and fortunately we have a large number from which to choose. There is *Arabis*—with its grey-green foliage which is evergreen, and its cascades of white bloom in spring. The thymes do a real cover-up job, tight to the ground; *T. serpyllum* in particular. *Nepeta mussini* will become a dense mat after a few seasons; thrives in the sun, and its misty blue flowers show off against greyish foliage. The *Dianthus* group, the *Veronicas*, the creeping phlox and the *Sedums* are all attractive covers in the rock garden.

Naturalistic Settings. Some properties have special problems—and natural advantages—in little ravines and other informal areas. Planting here can be most effective if we follow Nature's own choices, but to succeed we must be prepared to provide acid soil conditions, similar to their natural habitat.

Among the many native plants suitable to such settings are: (1) the Bearberry, properly listed as *Arctostaphylos uva-ursi*; trailing evergreen for hot dry banks of poor soil. Indeed, the poorer the soil the more abundant the beautiful pink flowers and brilliant red berries which accompany the dense mat of foliage. (2) The bunchberry, *Cornus Canadensis*, a native herb only a few inches high; requires a cool rich soil, partly shaded; attractive in bloom, leaf and berry, but sometimes slow to establish.

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Vacuum-cup washing action.
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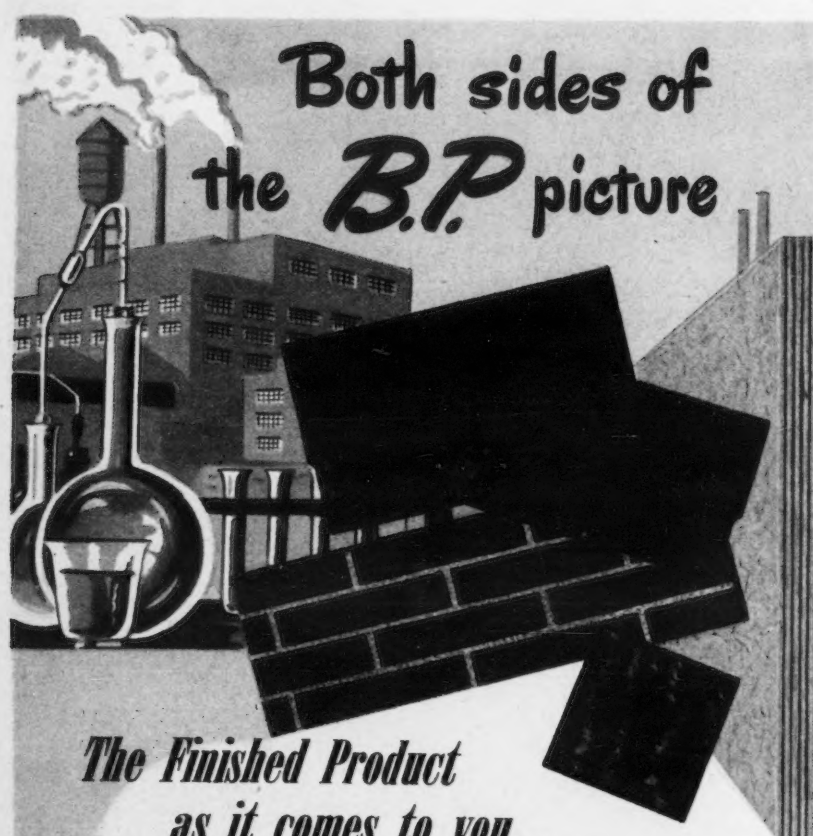
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Ask your Architect or B.P. Dealer for full information and for suggestions as to how best to incorporate the advantages of these products in your home.

RESULT...



wild unreined look to him slid away and left him blustering the way a March wind tears at the leaves on shrubbery.

But the softness in Jeanie was suddenly encased in ice, nor all the heat of the bullying could pierce through to it. A woman marries for better or worse, but what does worse mean, exactly? She loves her man, but which does she really love: the man she wants him to be—or the man she actually has?

Jeanie snapped shut her suitcase. She raised her face. She said, gently, "It's Apple Glen, for me. Until you change, Cocky."

One second he was still. She never saw him move. All she knew was a pounding of blood in her ears and a feel of fire on her cheek, and the crack of Cocky's hand against her flesh. She didn't cry out. And even with her eyes shut, and the burning of her face, she could not wipe from her mind the look that was most often on Cocky's face when he turned to her, and the tone of his voice and the touch of his hand . . . before this.

His chin was no longer stubborn. He said, "Oh, Jeanie—I never meant to hurt you!"

She picked up her suitcase. She whispered, "I know, Cocky. But—will you put me on the bus for Apple Glen?"

WHEN SHE went there, the blooms in the orchards were dying.

When Cocky called her to come back to him, the apples had been picked, packed in barrels and shipped to market. Where the petals had buried their pinkness in the ground as they fell, there lay fresh white frost. Jeanie drifted along with the thorn of her hurt deep in her, yet she began to have a sheltered feeling of comfort. It was as if the Glen were one big, thickly leaved tree dipping low to shut out the storm from her head.

All the same, at night if the wind rose, Jeanie could not keep back, "Cocky, where are you!"

He never wrote.

And rain would fall. Some rain must always fall, some days must be dark and dreary—but where was Cocky, who never wanted the rain to cage him in! If only she knew that he were sheltered and quiet.

There was peace in being away from him. Some of the blaze of her feeling for him flickered into a glow, easier to endure . . . but Cocky had been right when he said, *Jeanie, I got you*. For as long as he roamed, as long as he lived, he would have her. He might be anywhere under the sun, free—and there might even come days when she could forget the burrs of his voice—but there was never a moment that she failed to remember the look on his face when he'd

say, *As long as I live, Jeanie, I got you . . .*

The wall telephone at Aunt Kate's was always too high for Jeanie. She had to stand on a catalogue to reach it.

Cocky cried out, "Jeanie, I got to have you!" As if he'd seen her only an hour ago. "I want you here, with me." And he rode over her protests and her questions like the wild horse in Aunt Kate's east pasture. "Looky, kid, you take the bus tomorrow for a town called Bright Hills. Never mind *what* I'm doing—I'm okay. But I want you, Jeanie! I'm all set now. We'll settle down."

It was dark when the bus rolled into Bright Hills. There was only enough light inside to make the windows a mirror for Jeanie to see how strained and wide her eyes were. Her back ached with sitting straight and stiff. On the corner, by the bus station, stood Cocky. Her heart began hammering all over her. And she knew, then, that though she might leave him again and again, that she might sometime lose that breathlessness when he kissed her and become numb to the dearness of his touch—she'd always go back as long as he lived.

Stumbling down into the street, Jeanie's eyes searched out Cocky's face under the tilted brim of his hat. The eager hopeful hammering of her heart died. For six months of peace in Apple Glen for her had set an ugly mark on Cocky's face. This was not Cocky at all, swaggering, mischievous, wild but not really bad, bent but not actually crooked—not Cocky as he had been, but a terribly older brother, strange and fierce.

She tried to be soft against his arms. "Cocky?" He kissed her mouth, and a sob caught in her throat. She stiffened. It was changed. Not Cocky's ways, not her dreams, but what was between them. Now, she was bitterly afraid of him.

He gripped her. "Jeanie? Let's go to the hotel and brush up before we eat. We got a swell room, Jeanie. Swell—and they'd turned other folks away!"

A swell room when nobody else had one. That wasn't what Jeanie came back for. She felt ill at the thought of food, but she suddenly wanted to do anything—anything—but to go to the hotel. "Could we—eat first?" She sighed at his answering scowl. His mouth grew tighter. He guided her up the street in silence.

It was cold. No one was out. Inside there was the clatter of dishes and above it all, drowning out everything, the beat and thunder of the juke box. They sat in a booth. She closed her eyes and leaned back while Cocky ordered, and when she opened them she saw that

+ Continued on page 80

Pattern Descriptions

1933—Junior misses' and misses' one-piece dress. Sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15: 3½ of 35 inch; 2½ of 39 inch; 2¼ of 41 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1921—Misses' and women's one-piece dress. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3½ of 35 inch; 3 of 41 inch. Price 25 cents.

1934—Misses' and women's one-piece dress. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3½ of 39 inch; 3¼ of 41 inch. Price 25 cents.

1931—Misses' and women's one-piece dress. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3½ of 39 inch; 2¼ of 41 inch; 2¼ of 54 inch. Contrasting bow: ¾ of 39 inch or 41 inch fabric; 2 of 4 inch ribbon. Price 25 cents.

1936—Misses' and women's one-piece dress. Simple to make. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3½ of 35 inch; 3½ of 39 inch; 3¼ of 41 inch or 2½ of 54 inch lengthwise striped material. Price, 25 cents.

1930—Misses' and women's one-piece dress. Simple to make. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3½ of 35 inch; 3¼ of 39 inch or 41 inch. Price, 25 cents.

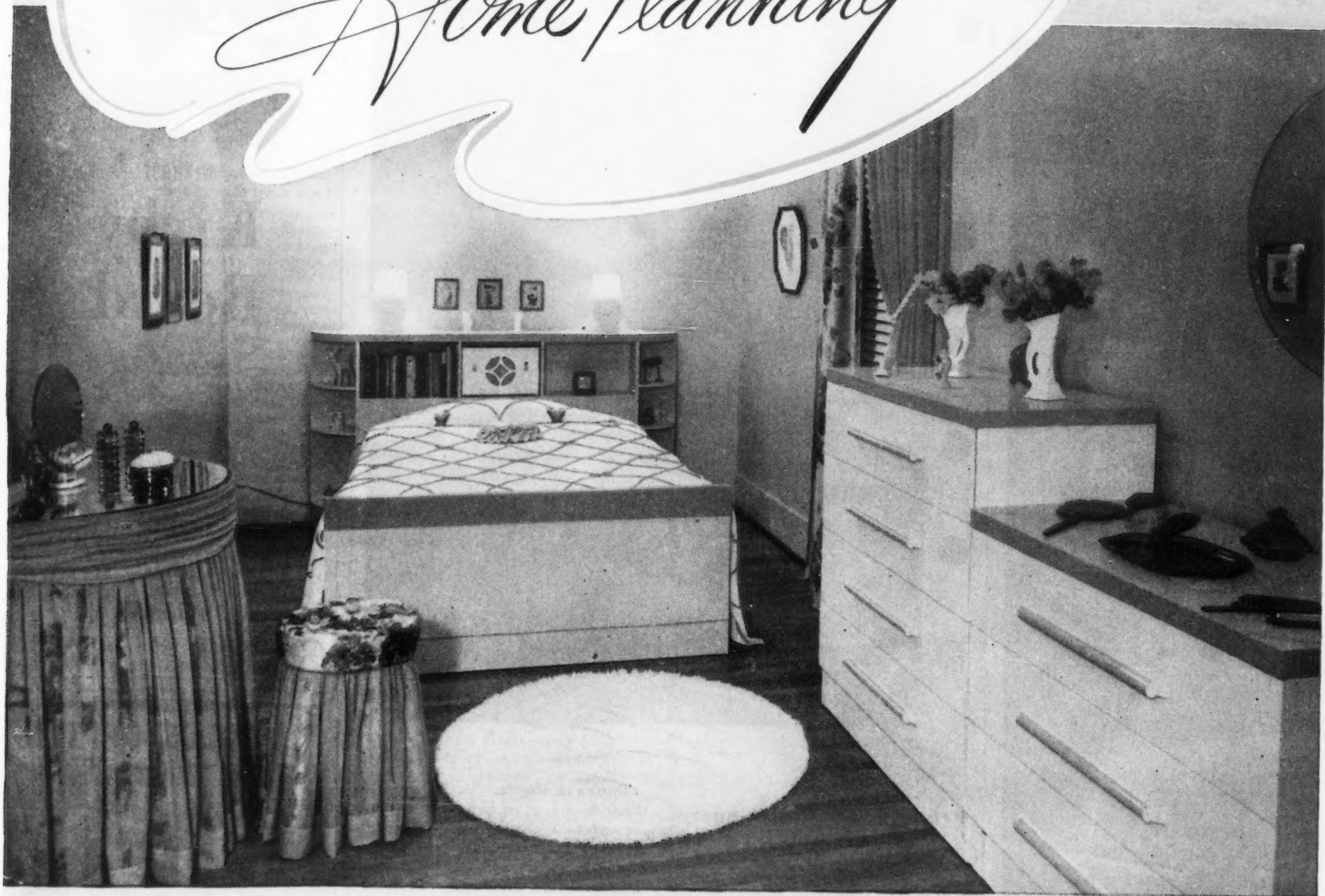
1924—Misses' and women's one-piece dress. Simple to make. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16: 3½ of 35 inch; 3¼ of 39 inch or 3 of 41 inch lengthwise striped material. Price, 25 cents.

1923—Misses' and women's one-piece dress. Simple to make. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3½ of 35 inch; 2¼ of 39 inch; 2¼ of 54 inch. Transfer included. Price, 25 cents.

1938—Misses' and women's one-piece dress. Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16: 3½ of 35 inch; 3¼ of 39 inch or 41 inch lengthwise striped material. Contrasting collar: ¼ yard of 35 inch or 39 inch. Price, 25 cents.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

Chatelaine Home Planning



Dream Room for a Daughter

YOU CAN TAKE it or leave it—it's wonderful to take and very hard to leave, this teen-age sleep-and-study room. (There's a desk with shelves nearby, within reach of the comfy chintz chair.)

Bright gal we know in Edmonton, Alberta, worked it all out with mother's (advisory) and dad's (financial) help. She started with a pad and pencil and drew dozens of beds, chests of drawers, dressing tables, until she got what she wanted. Then she made a real honest-to-goodness plan which would do exciting things to her old wren-brown room. Next came the secret missions to carpenters and fabric departments to get prices—though all the time she counted on snitching mother's bottom-drawer chintz and dad's unopened tins of pale green paint.

Here's the result—a happy room with two walls and ceiling in pale peach, two walls in green; made-to-design furniture in cream with peach trim. There was enough of mother's chintz yardage to do the interesting treatment at the two windows, slipcover the chair, make underskirts for dressing table and stool. Filmy peach voile was introduced for its soft effect and good draping habits.

And father, the bill-footer, said it wasn't as bad as he expected. Pretty high praise!



Photographs by Betty McCowan



Ever Bake a Picture Cake?

TRY THIS RECIPE—
IT'S FUN WHEN
YOU DO IT ALL WITH
SPARKLING PYREX WARE

Ginger Picture Cake

2 cups flour	2/3 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt	1 egg
3/4 teaspoon baking powder	3/4 cup dark molasses
3/4 teaspoon baking soda	3/4 cup boiling water
1-1/2 teaspoons ginger	1/2 cup shortening

Top with whipped cream and candy Easter eggs.



Sift flour once, then measure. Sift flour and dry ingredients together. Add egg and molasses.



Now mix well. Pour boiling water over

Use a large PYREX Color Bowl. Set of 4 bowls, nested . . . \$3.70

shortening in PYREX measure. Add to



Safe with easy-to-read PYREX Measuring Cup. 16 oz., liquid . . . 74c

mixture and beat . . . POUR into greased

PYREX CAKE DISH and bake.



Watch it brown just right in the new Square Cake Dish. Buy two for layer cakes. Each . . . only 67c

THERE'S ONLY ONE PYREX WARE and it's made by CORNING GLASS



PYREX

TIME: Bake 45 minutes (Remember, it bakes faster in PYREX ware)
TEMPERATURE: 325°F. (moderate oven)
SERVES: Nine to twelve people

LOOK FOR THE FAMILIAR ORANGE LABEL OR THIS TRADE-MARK PRESSED IN GLASS

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fleeing as grey birds, were turning heavy and sullen at her stillness. She knew she must try to talk to him, yet she could only stammer. "I—want to—settle down somewhere so I can cook your eggs for you and wash your clothes. I want us to have neighbors and make a garden in spring and—oh, Cocky, what do you want?" The board he stood on creaked, and she tried to make her voice a well of sound for Cocky to fall into and lose himself. "I'm not made for wandering, honey. For guns, and making money, and these dirty-eyed men that come around to see you in each place we go. I'm not even made for silk stockings, Cocky, when—nobody else has them." The board still creaked. "I think all I ever want is—just you plugging away at something day after day, and me in the house at work."

She could feel her hair on her neck in the soft feathery mass that Cocky liked. He always said, *Jeanie, when you get that sober look on you I have to kiss you*, but now he was striking a match with his thumbnail for his cigar. And that board kept creaking louder.

She waited for his answer. This quarrel had no real beginning, it sprouted up like a green shoot in the ground. It might stop, if she stopped now. But the quarrel itself would have no ending until Cocky changed his way. Cocky's way was wrong, it would bring grief and misery, but she couldn't tell him how it would nor how she knew. She just knew, the way she could smell rain in the air at Apple Glen.

Cocky made a growling sound. "Come on, now, and be a good girl, Jeanie. Let's clear out of here, and—you got to trust me more. You quit talking about leavin' me. We'll settle down sometime."

She gripped the bedpost as if it were her husband's arm. Some men will always wander, unless a woman can grab them by the coat tails and hold them down. "I meant what I said, though, my dear." And she had to harden herself against the line of Cocky's mouth, the faint point that his hair grew into against his forehead, and the burrs in his voice that held her. She had to be hard against something that she couldn't quite put her finger on, something evil.

Jeanie shivered. Some women are born to be soft. Not just to the touch—any woman can have velvet elbows if only she'll scrub them with a brush. But this kind of softness that Jeanie had, that soaks through her like coal oil through a cotton rag, that makes her jump when her man says *Frog*, even when she can smell a mouse in his intentions. How could she ever show Cocky that she could be hard when it came to what was right, and what was wrong?

She began again. "Cocky, you've always said that I made you *want* to be better because I—I was good."

"Okay, Jeanie. But look, can't we finish packing now?"

"And you've always told me, 'Believe a man is a thief and a liar until he proves that he's not.' Haven't you, Cocky?"

"Yeah, yeah. Jeanie, I want to leave here!"

"Well, then." She sighed. "I don't really believe you're—a thief and a liar, Cocky. Or a crook."

A wave of pink was sweeping his face. His eyes grew hard and bright and surprised.

"I think that you *are* good, Cocky. But I'm going back to Apple Glen, back to Aunt Kate's. To wait for you to *prove* you're good. Cocky, if you won't change with me, maybe you'll change for me."

Cocky turned blue-white. Jeanie's lips went numb. A soft woman, that's what she was. She was facing a man against whose shoulder her head fitted, and trying to harden herself now cracked through her heart the way a hard freeze splits through the trunk of a fruit tree. She went to the closet, stumbling, for her dresses hanging there. She must pack. For which place? Apple Glen, or another cheap bedroom?

Cocky's eyes were shooting looks like bullets. "Now, Jeanie! I didn't fall for a hard-boiled dame! I fell for you, with them big soft eyes of yours and that way of swallowing everything you're handed. I like that, see. That's you, far as I'm concerned. Don't go to gettin' off on a different foot."

Even now, folding up her dresses, she felt pride that he loved her softness. Pride that he could flounder around here glaring and growling, and yet if she would let herself go to him and lay her head upon his shoulder, his sullenness would change like lightning into sweetness. And what Jeanie ached and honed for was that sweetness. Yet she ached for other things too.

"Deliver me from a hard-boiled woman," Cocky flared. He doubled up another pair of pants and covered over the pair that hid the gun. "Take a crook, and if he can't do you, he'll give you a pat on the back and go on. But you take a hard-boiled woman, and she'll make you toe her mark or kill you tryin'. And Jeanie, I ain't livin' with no hard-boiled woman. See?"

She stood there helpless.

"I got my way of doing. And I got you, too." He looked at her, from top to toe, with those quick grey eyes. "I got you, Jeanie."

Like one of Cocky's hats . . . his. Set at the angle he liked. Something in her heart quickened. And yet part of her strained to go and creep up to him, knowing that he'd tremble against her and his arms would tighten.

Cocky said, stubbornly, but with his eyes still moving over her, "Well, Jeanie, which way is it?" He was holding himself from her. And he was breaking her to his way.

She was cold. The bare, scarred floor of the room tilted. The smell from the gas burner stung her nose. The oil on Cocky's hair was too sweet. Her head ached for that spot on his shoulder. And it ached for the cleanness of Apple Glen. Cocky was right. He had her, now and always, because he was a man who could kiss away the bruise of an ugly temper.

"And one more thing," he blared on, "you got to trust me!"

Her mouth moved in a stiff way. "I trust you," she heard herself whisper. "I trust you to prove up. I'll wait for you in Apple Glen, Cocky, and you show me that you're to be—trusted."

His eyes edged with red. His lips fell apart. A kind of fever dropped down over his face and made it, not Cocky's face, but that of an awful stranger. Cocky had such light quick hands to be such a big man. For one second they slipped along the things in the suitcase toward that gun. His eyes were on her, but they didn't seem to see Jeanie at all. And then his hands grew still, and the



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over after the baby." She looked anxiously toward the bus stop, then her face relaxed in a smile. "You know it's really your fault that I made the appointment. You looked so grand the day you came over to help with the tulips, it jerked me into a checkup of myself. I've simply got to get a coat and some winter dresses."

Peggy was pleased. "I'm sorry about leaving the tulips."

"It got so cold," Madelaine said, "and I knew you—here's my bus! Thanks a lot, Peggy. Good-by."

Junior was asleep in his carriage and it was a temptation to leave him out in the yard. Madelaine often did, even on cold days, if the sun was out. She decided against it and pulled the carriage up over the doorstep. You read of such awful things happening to babies left in carriages.

Junior woke up and whimpered. Peggy smiled at him. The article, "Don't Joggle the Carriage," had said the very latest recommendation by authorities in child care was to pick the baby up when he cried and not just let him cry it out. Junior didn't cry.

She moved his carriage close to the table where she was ready to cut up squash and talked to him. Without looking up, she repeated, "What a good little boy!"

Junior entertained himself a long time by waving his arms. She looked up from the last square of squash she was paring and smiled. When he returned her smile, something happened to her. Why he wasn't just a lump wired for squawking, he wasn't just a demanding little animal. He was *company*!

Well, she'd *always* said any time after two years was time to have a baby. She hummed happily.

The girl didn't come for Junior, but Peggy didn't mind. She didn't know where the afternoon went, but she was just getting the chicken pie into the oven at four-thirty.

The velvet suit had been altogether too warm and uncomfortable so she had taken off the jacket and was wearing a pinafore over the slacks. She thought she knew why cooks went crazy—ran amok sometimes. It had to do with the heat and the strain a pie put you under. The steam from the cooking squash was clouding the windows.

She stepped into the living room to see if the steam was doing anything to the windows in there—and saw Kingsley King on the sidewalk in front of the house.

He was walking very slowly. He was practically loitering. He was looking up at the windows. He was stopping—sitting on his heels—whistling at the squirrels.

She kept out of sight. She had no intention of going out, and it wasn't because she would have to slip on her jacket, and it wasn't because Junior was crying bloody murder, and it wasn't because the pie was just about ready to come out of the oven and it wasn't because Morrison was across the street watching like an electric eye! It was simply because Kingsley King had no part in her life—hers and Pete's. He had no part in a strong home.

She returned to the dining room and joggled the carriage before she thought. Junior hushed.

THE SOUND of a key in the lock was so alarming that the key seemed to twist in

her heart. She whirled around—and there stood Pete! His blue eyes were troubled, but at sight of her, smiles caught at his eyes and mouth. "Hello, darling!" he said, and hugged her to him. It wasn't a hug and let go; it was a hug and never let go. And a kiss that told Peggy that no matter what had been between him and anyone else he loved her.

When he released her he asked, "Who's the guy out front?"

"A new neighbor. Kingsley King. He bought the new house above here."

"He had a ready-to-move-in look," Pete agreed, and added, "Let's get this straight—I don't want him around my squirrels!"

Junior was screaming again. She said to Pete, "You're home a day early."

"I think every husband should come home a day early once in a while."

Peggy screamed louder than Junior, "My pie!" and rushed to the kitchen.

The pie looked wonderful—brown and rich and crusty with little out-pourings of steam that smelled like chicken.

Junior suddenly stopped crying, and Pete appeared with him in his arms. "He says," Pete explained, "that the service is lousy."

"You tell him," Peggy said, "to try the service station across the street. His father is home."

She just spoke the words and Morrison rapped on the window.

Pete shouted, "Come on in!"

Peggy removed the squash from the stove, and let the door remain open to air the kitchen. She remembered Junior and a draught and quickly closed it.

Morrison took the baby from Pete, and she saw the look of love and pride on Morrison's face as the transfer was made.

"We'll have a little drink," Pete said and washed his hands.

She had seen herself in the mirror and she knew that her face was shiny and that her hair was roughed up, but Pete was calling for glasses.

He poured the drinks, then raised his glass. "To you, Morrison—to the winner of the architects' contest for the new Recreation Centre!"

Peggy exclaimed, "Did Morrison win it? That's wonderful!"

The telephone rang and it was Madelaine. She was at home and wanted her husband and baby to come home. She didn't know why the girl hadn't come to care for Junior and sounded distressed about it. She thanked Peggy who assured her he'd been "a doll."

Morrison gulped his drink. "Drop in at the office sometime tomorrow," he told Pete.

When he had closed the door, Peggy said to Pete, "Would you like to take a shower?"

"I would not. I'd like to have some of *that*." He faced the kitchen and inhaled deeply.

He helped to set the table, so it wasn't done precisely as she had planned, in fact, it was done inelegantly with a bottle of ketchup and a jar of piccalilli. Anyhow, she lighted the candles.

Pete raved about the chicken pie, loved the squash, and said over a cup of strong coffee and a diffusion of cigarette smoke that everything had been swell—and added, "It's swell to be home."

She was so happy—on the surface, so happy that she knew she must talk out

the underlying unhappiness with Pete tonight—now. Whatever had been—whatever he had done—was over. He loved her. Once he had told her, "You couldn't do anything so bad I'd stop loving you." That was how she felt about him.

He lighted the kindling in the fireplace, then he sat down on a divan, moved his favorite magazine so he could read what was printed on the cover, and made a place for her in the curve of one arm. He said, "I had to make a decision this week."

She stopped breathing. He said, "I had to decide between remaining with the firm at good money, and coming home and entering Morrison's business at much less. There was an opening here—and I took it. I wanted to be home. I wanted to be with you."

"That's wonderful, Pete!"

He looked as though she had said the thing he'd hoped she would say; he looked relieved. "You want me around—all the time?"

She pressed her face against his shoulder.

"Morrison," he continued, "urged me to make the change. He put up some good arguments. Do you know what did it? He said you were lonely. He said it was no good leaving a lovely and desirable little wife alone. He said there was a wolf at my door. After my spies told me about this guy, King—"

"Your spies couldn't have told you anything but that he stopped to talk of an afternoon."

"Every afternoon and for a longer period each afternoon."

"I guess Morrison just wanted to get you home fast—and into his firm."

"I couldn't get home fast enough," he said and kissed her. "Not after Morrison put it this way—is it money or Peggy?"

Pete tightened his arm around her.

She wanted him to tell her about the other woman, the one he had written Morrison he was leaving. She wanted no secrets between them. It was evident that he was not going to.

Peggy could hear her heart. She said, "I know about her, Pete."

She felt him withhold his breath, and

when she looked at him, he looked guilty.

"I wish you had told me," she said, "and not let me find it out by chance."

He blurted, "I guess I would have if it had been anyone but Fern Alna."

Peggy was stunned. It had not occurred to her that it might be somebody she knew. It had never occurred to her that it might be Fern.

He said, "I know you don't like Fern." Then, telling her news, "Her husband was killed."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"She's living with her family. She saw my name in the paper in connection with the new Peabody Building and called me up at the office to say hello—and invite me to dinner."

Peggy was burning up with jealousy. If he hadn't always admired her so!

"Is she as pretty as ever?"

"Yes," he admitted, "she's a good-looking girl."

"How often did you see her?"

"Just a few times. I took her out to dinner to reciprocate, then I went over to her house again—"

"How far did the affair go, Pete?"

"It wasn't an affair."

"I wish you'd be honest. I'll always be wondering if you don't tell me—the worst."

"I swear I never saw her again after I kissed her."

"When?"

"Last week."

"Never is such a short time! Now look, Pete, I know the thing reached the point where you had to choose between us—between Fern and me."

"It never did!"

"I have it in writing. I read a letter you wrote to Morrison." She pulled open a desk drawer and extracted the letter. She slid it before his eyes and pointed at each word: "I am going to leave her."

If she had had a sliver of hope, his cornered, hangdog expression told her he was trapped.

"I left off an 'e,'" he said sheepishly.

"I meant to write: I am going to leave here. I know, darling, you can't depend on a thing I write, but you can depend on what I say—I love you exclusively." +

burrs, that when she listened to it even in memory those tiny cockleburrs caught and held her tight . . . to Cocky.

"Jeanie," he gulped. The board he stood on creaked. "I'm always bein' sweet on you." He sounded a little ashamed of it. "I'm always hangin' around you for—for love. You know you always got me. Long as I live, you got me." But then he stiffened up. "Jeanie, though—I ain't changin' about—any-thing."

Jeanie shivered. For the first time, she really knew that Cocky was—no good. She couldn't look at him. She could feel the silk of her stockings, she could think with a sort of throb about his arms tight around her. But other things counted too. They made a tangle between her and Cocky.

She was homesick. Not just for Apple Glen, but for the peace that it stood for. She left the Glen with Cocky. He didn't belong there. She took him for better or for worse, and she wouldn't ever try to make him fit into a place where he didn't belong. But Cocky's life needed the peace of Apple Glen.

And now his eyes, usually bright and

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Soft Woman

Continued from page 16

inside pocket of it . . . today, there was a tiny gun. Two guns, that made. Two. That needed explaining. She looked at him, now.

His cigar was only halfway to his mouth. Cocky had a gentle mouth, not one like that of a wild horse needing a tight rein. He wasn't moving, not even his arm. On each cheekbone was a blurred red spot. Anger that she should doubt him.

If there had been only one gun, Cocky's *Don't a man have to protect himself?* might have been explanation enough. But—two guns.

She said, in a kind of rush, "Cocky, being married is more than—your being good to me, and—silk stockings. I don't think you understand what being married is." But she couldn't go on.

If she could talk to him without seeing him. If she could hear him, without listening to his voice. Cocky's voice—she never knew what it said, really. She knew only that it seemed full of little

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Leisure for Looking Around

Continued from page 11

are ridiculous: 'Darling, I'm so excited and happy about coming home I can hardly breathe.' I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself, a college graduate writing like a kid in third grade. I can't depend on a thing you write!"

He hadn't replied. He had just walked out of the house.

AND THE pickles—that time Pete left the top off the jar and Midge jumped onto the table and sent pickles cascading down the lovely ivy-bowered wallpaper—the lovely twenty-five-dollar wallpaper—and the pickles had been watermelon rind in syrup too! She had opened her mouth worse than Junior and simply howled. "It's your fault," she hurled at Pete, "you always do things like that—leave the top off things!"

Then she ran out on the lawn and threw herself seat first into a lawn chair and continued to cry so loudly that Morrison came over to find out what was the trouble. She told him all right—oh, she told him!

Then Pete came out, looking defensive, and Morrison demanded, "What the heck do you mean—leaving the top off the pickle jar?"

Ridicule! She had gone upstairs to her twin bed and curved into a sulky crescent.

Pete came up with Midge. He said, "Look at Midge—he wants to apologize."

Midge was sitting up on his hind legs the way he always did when she was cross. Pete let his hands drop loosely from his wrists in imitation and said, "I want to apologize too."

She ignored them both and turned her face into the pillow. Pete went downstairs. When she heard the front door slam, she leaped off the bed and tried to see where he was going, and when she couldn't see him she dashed down the stairs, into the living room, right smack bang into Pete's arms. He laughed and held her trapped.

What a pill she had been! What a pill! She marvelled that she was to be given another chance. The wonder was that Pete had decided to come back to her.

It must never happen again—his having to choose between another woman and her, but if it should, and you had to recognize the fact that there always would be alluring, brilliant preying women, Pete's answer must be as it had been this time.

Peggy swung off the bed and looked out of the window at the writhing trees. Across the street, Morrison in his black sweater was planting the remainder of the tulip bulbs. With Morrison and Madelaine it was never a case of your department and mine; one picked up where the other left off. The apron and the trousers were interchangeable.

There was a home that would withstand the attack of the most attractive, most amorous, most rapacious woman.

Parasites attacked weak plants—not the healthy, the vigorous. That was the

way it was with homes. A healthy home and a vigorous love were the best defenses.

Peggy found it quite a task getting away from a magnetic subject like herself, but she kept at it. She slapped herself down frequently until the doorway enchantress was a very comfortable kitchen size.

Pete would be home Friday. He usually came on the late afternoon train. Today was Thursday and a day of preparation; everything was going to be perfect for Pete—including herself.

She spent the morning doing the housework. At noon the whole house looked exactly like a room-by-room furniture exhibit in a downtown store. She surveyed the living room, a censorious wave in one well-shaped eyebrow.

The logs in the fireplace were resting on adequate kindling ready to light, the divans faced each other sociably over a low glass-topped table with the right things on it—cigarettes, ash tray, matches, magazines. Her garden magazine was on top because of the decorative floral cover. Beneath was a home-making magazine in which she was reading an article, "Don't Juggle the Carriage," and Pete's favorite publication. She placed the new issue of Pete's favorite on top.

Her eyes approved the bronze-colored azalea mums arranged in the triangle favored by an article about flower arrangement. The room was clean and beautiful and comfortable, not lived in, but ready to be lived in.

She ate a chicken sandwich and drank two cups of tea and planned the afternoon. It was to be spent making a chicken pie that she was determined should attain the perfection of Madelaine's. This she would rehearse tomorrow when Pete came home. All preparations were to be completed today.

Tomorrow she would rest, carefully cream her face,

shampoo her hair, leisurely apply the new make-up and put on the enticingly draped green silk jersey dress that Pete hadn't seen. When Pete looked at her she wanted him to be glad that he'd decided as he had.

Then after a cocktail, they'd sit down to an exquisitely set table—white candles and white chrysanthemum centerpiece, crystal goblets, winking silver—

MADELAINE WAS at the back door with Junior in his carriage. That wasn't unusual, but Madelaine was wearing her sand-colored suit and hat to match and gloves. Madelaine almost never was that dressed up.

Peggy opened the door.

Madelaine asked, "Could you—would you take care of Junior until the girl arrives? I've arranged for a girl to take care of him, but she hasn't come and it's time for my bus. I have an appointment for a permanent wave."

"Surely." Peggy succeeded in sounding gracious, but she was downright dismayed.

"I left a note for the girl. She'll be

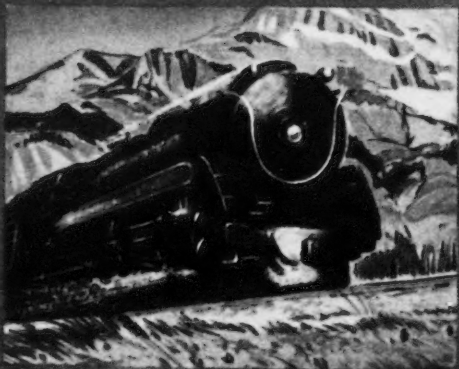
FLOOD WARNING!

By DOROTHY M. BROWN

Spring on a tide of blossom
Will foam upon the year
Submerge the barriers of sense
That guard the heart, my dear.
And all the country over
The apple, thorn, and may
Are bursting from their winter bonds
And bearing wits away!



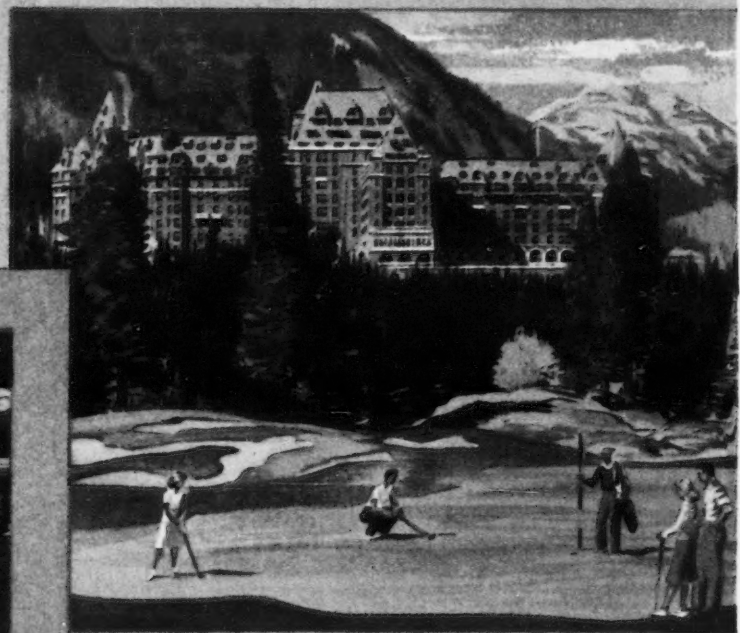
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PILLOW SLIPS • TOWELS • FACE CLOTHS

I'm Not Having Any

Continued from page 14

to look after it 24 hours a day. I'm just not that sure.

I DON'T think I'm unmaternal either. I try to keep myself well-groomed and attractive, but I hold no truck with the women who say they can't bear to have babies because of what it does to their figures.

Jack and I both like children, and a lot of small-fry acquaintances come round to the house all the time who seem to like us. They play with the dog and talk to me, and just listening to their conversation and observing them from day to day has made me pretty sure that not many parents are willing to give all the time they should to their offspring. I can understand this. The only difference between them and me is that I'd rather do without children than do a half job.

I have had people say to me that complete fulfillment in marriage only comes when you have children. Some people look at me when they hear I've been married five years without becoming a mother, expecting, it seems, to see a dried-up, frustrated woman. But my own experience would indicate that more frustration comes to parents than to people like Jack and me.

You don't notice this so much when couples are young and have their children right with them at home. Then, on Christmas Day and Mother's Day and all the other traditional and commercialized family occasions, the parents' lot is seen at its most enviable. Children, however, quickly come to the point where they want to leave the feathered nest; many of them take apartments; some have even married to get away from home. And it's just about the time they leave that the parents begin to see some results for the hardships and sacrifices they've had to make for the sake of their youngsters. But youth must be served. They set off, leaving fathers and mothers feeling they've only done part of their undertaking and now have no chance to see it through. If you don't think that's frustrating, take a look at all the mothers whose children have left home, and who now throw themselves madly into bridge games and club activities. Sometimes they head committees to prevent venereal disease. Sometimes they drive themselves through campaign activities for social betterment. Sometimes they turn to the varied works of a church. Anything and everything are good that will substitute for the maternal chores which once occupied all their lives.

Of course it might be said: suppose everyone felt the way I do? What's going to happen to the human race then? I was told the other day about a girl who is convinced that the race is doomed anyway. Having known for several months now that she is going to have a baby, she is suffering acute mental distress because she feels sure she will be bringing a child into a world where an atomic bomb will eventually blast it.

There are lots of others like her. Listen to the conversation on world affairs taking place wherever thinking people gather. Read the editorials and the books men write. Obviously, an

amazing amount of foreboding opinion is prevalent on recent world developments which, if you are a pessimist, would discourage you from having a baby today. This is especially true of my Jewish friend whose race history has evoked a terror that she may have a child who will grow up to be tortured by a second Hitler.

SERIOUSLY, I suppose what it all boils down to is that I think a married woman's prime responsibility is to her husband.

My husband didn't have a soft boyhood and I'm giving him all the sympathetic companionship, all the serenity, all the cheerful happiness I can. That's a big order. We don't share every interest, because temperamentally we're not alike. I like a lot of feminine occupations and a number of faintly arty souls that make Jack shudder. He likes a lot of comfortable male companions who seem to me dull. But, to me, it's worth putting a lot of work on keeping our relationship fine and even.

There are some women, and some men too, who have children largely to give those children what they themselves missed. Personally I think that my approach is better. I'd rather concentrate on giving what advantages and comforts I can to Jack than ask him to keep on giving up things all his life on the assumption that his child will get a full and complete existence.

The chances are the child won't want the things a father misses so terribly anyway. There was a hockey player we met one summer who wanted a kid that was a chip off the old block. He bought small-size hockey mitts when the youngster was still crawling. He had him out on the ice at age four. But Junior turned out to be a pure scholar and the last thing he had in mind was to be a big-league hero. In fact, as I recall it, there wasn't a thing he wanted in common with his old man.

The way it usually turns out—as in that case—is that instead of compensating for lacks in your own childhood, children just produce a fresh set of problems and misunderstandings. Instead of compensating, all it does at best is irritate again and again. It can even do more, for in the extreme sense there is the tragedy of people who for no apparent reason have a child mentally or physically deformed. This can break a lot of strong souls. It leads to attitudes like that of a girl I knew at college who told me plainly not long ago, "I will not be responsible for another life which might turn out to be that of a social outcast. I couldn't live down the shame of bringing forth the kind of child many good parents have laid claim to. Nothing in the world could ever be quite perfect again."

MOST PEOPLE think about having children in terms of economics these days. So far as we're concerned, we could afford to have two or three babies. But I know lots of people who couldn't. And I certainly believe that social pressures ought not to be put upon them to continue breeding for the sake of the race.

Only parents and parents-to-be seem to think of all the things that have to be taken into account and then it's too late. Nowadays, if you find you're going to have a baby you practically have to

✦ Continued on page 78

What comes in with a SINGER?

Smart New Clothes for the children. New fashions for you — made to order — *your* colors, *your* style. New slipcovers, curtains — a bright fresh face for your house . . .

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Order *your* Singer today at your nearest Singer Sewing Center.

P.S. And—with the purchase of every new machine—you get *free* a course in home dressmaking or home decorating.

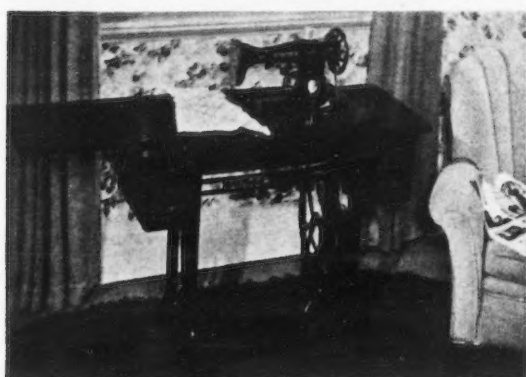


Susie can't figure out where her new dress came from! Leading a double life, this efficient Singer masquerades in a trim little cabinet! When you're ready to sew, the door swings open to provide ample leg room. There's a spool rack and accessory tray on the inside of the door, too.

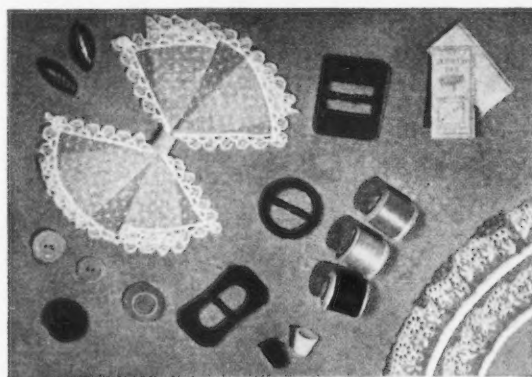


Handsome is as handsome does. Isn't this a good-looking piece of furniture? A beautiful console table — and inside, the world's finest sewing machine! Quiet, trouble-free, and smooth-running. It has

Finger Tip Controls which enable you to sew forward or backward — simplify setting of thread-tension and stitch-length. Does a super sewing job — imagine the good-looking clothes you and your Singer can make!



Here's the modern Singer treadle. Does a *full-size* sewing job . . . drapes, slipcovers, all your sewing easily done! Dustproof drawers hold sewing equipment. The sewing head can be completely concealed. And this treadle is convertible to electrical operation, if later desired.



You'll find a wide variety of Sewing Notions and Dress Accessories at your nearest Singer Sewing Center. Ask about helpful Finishing Services too, and Singer's famous budget sewing courses in Home Dressmaking or Home Decoration — a complete 8-lesson course for \$10.



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BOTH THE SAME AGE BUT WHO WOULD EVER THINK SO!

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Both of these women are 28! But one looks so much older! Could people be thinking that about you? Then be on guard. Don't let tiny lines, a needlessly tired, faded, crepe-y skin tell lies about your age!

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Stimulates chest and back surfaces like a warming, comforting poultice.

KEEPS WORKING FOR HOURS—EVEN WHILE CHILD SLEEPS!

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medication invites restful, comforting sleep—and often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone. Try Vicks VapoRub. **COUGHING SPASMS**—To relieve distress, melt a spoonful of VapoRub in a bowl of boiling water. Inhale the steaming, medicated vapors. Feel relief come right with the first breath!

VICKS VAPORUB

that's why Sandra didn't tell you . . . because you *have* forgotten. Now go home, Julia, and be easy in your mind. Sandra will never suffer at my hands . . ."

Julia stood up—for suddenly there was no more to say. Where she had come in bitterness and accusation, now she was the one most bitterly accused.

"I'll go," she said, and she moved toward the door. He was quick to stop her. "Wait. I'll get the car." He paused in the hallway, and added a little more urgently, "Julia—please wait." He must have suspected what she had in mind, for he hurried away. She acted promptly. She seized her coat, and ran quickly and half blindly through the rain down the path. There was only one coherent thought—to get away from Michael Farrel. Nothing else mattered. Nothing but escape.

Halfway down the hill she slipped on a loose stone, and she felt a sharp pain in her ankle. She stumbled on, and had to pause, helpless and infuriated. Finally she sank on a flat stone beneath a tree, and sat there miserably, struggling against both dizziness and the chaos in her mind.

Perhaps if she waited just a moment or so longer! She reached in her pocket for a cigarette, and her hand closed about Sandra's letter. She pulled it out, and tore open the flap. She drew a deep steady breath . . . for she knew, without looking, what it would say. This was only the beginning of all she had to face!

The round young hand danced before her eyes, and slowly steadied.

"Dear Mum," she read. "I hope you're having a nice time, and I want to tell you not to ask Aunt Margaret about me coming up. I really don't want to now, and you'll never guess why! It's Robin Armitage. You remember meeting him once with his father in the drug-store, and you said what a nice-looking boy. I always thought he was young and silly, but you'd never believe how good-looking and interesting he's got to be now. He's invited me to the dance, and he says I've grown so pretty he never would have believed it. His mother wants me to stay with them over Thanksgiving, and she's going to write and ask you. They're an awfully nice family, and there's an adorable baby sister. You'll think Robin's wonderful, and I'm dying for you to meet him again. Please say it will be all right, Mum!

"Oh, by the way you asked me once about Michael Farrel. I *did* know him all the time only I didn't know his name. He was the friend I went for walks with, do you remember? He's quite old, but he's a wonderful man, and he talked to me of simply marvellous things, and about places he's been to. He showed me a lovely place beside a river, and he said I was the first person he'd ever shown it to since he took the girl he first loved there. He said I was so like that girl he knew I was going to grow up just as charming and beautiful. I just saw his picture with a prize dog in a book Robin had and that's how I recognized his name, so I sent him the picture in case he hadn't seen it. Maybe you'll meet him, Mum, and if you do give him my love. Please write soon and tell me it's all right about Robin and not coming. Lots of love, Sandra."

JULIA READ that letter again, this time through tears. They were tears, not

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only for her fears and suspicions directed against her daughter, but for what she herself had done to a man who had already suffered greatly. She had been childish. How could she have expected so much of a boy of 19, sent into another world and filled with new impressions? Why could she not have learned to accept the inevitable? These were the sort of aching things by which a woman grew—and because it had hurt her pride, she had nursed the grievance, and not the experience gained, through the years.

She closed her eyes quickly to shut out the deeper aching pain of knowledge gained too late—and got to her feet. She was limping down the road when the car pulled up beside her. Michael put his head from the window.

"Good heavens, what's happened?" he asked. And when he knew he got out quickly, and helped her in the car beside him. It was only when they had left the hill and the little bridge behind them that he spoke again.

"Julia, I'm afraid I was rather hasty and crude this afternoon." He said that quietly, looking straight ahead. "After all, you did exactly what any mother of a young girl would have done, and I respect and admire you for it. I think you just caught me in a sensitive spot. But—I do want you to understand that I wouldn't have done a thing to hurt Sandra—even if she hadn't been the daughter of someone who was always, whatever you think, a precious memory."

His voice died into silence, and for a long moment Julia struggled vainly to answer. Then all at once she remembered.

"Michael, I want to read you something." She took Sandra's letter from her pocket. When she had finished, she tried to keep her voice steady as she went on.

"So you see . . . the apologies are mine. I've been a very silly woman."

"No," he said. "Just lonely, I think—and overanxious. Do you know, Julia—I think if we'd all learn to trust our young ones, they'll tell us all we need to know—in their own time." For an instant his hand closed, firmly and warmly, over hers.

"Now shall we run you over to old Doc Williams?" he said briskly. "He'll tell you just what you should do about your ankle, and then we'll be able to decide . . ."

"To decide . . .?" Something in his tone put a breathlessness in her voice.

"To decide just how we're going to get the most out of the rest of your holiday. We've got a lot of catching up to do. How does that appeal to you?"

His eyes were smiling now; still very blue, very clear, very confident as they used to be, 18 years ago, when he was eager to face the world with his one love beside him. And Julia was smiling, too, when she answered:

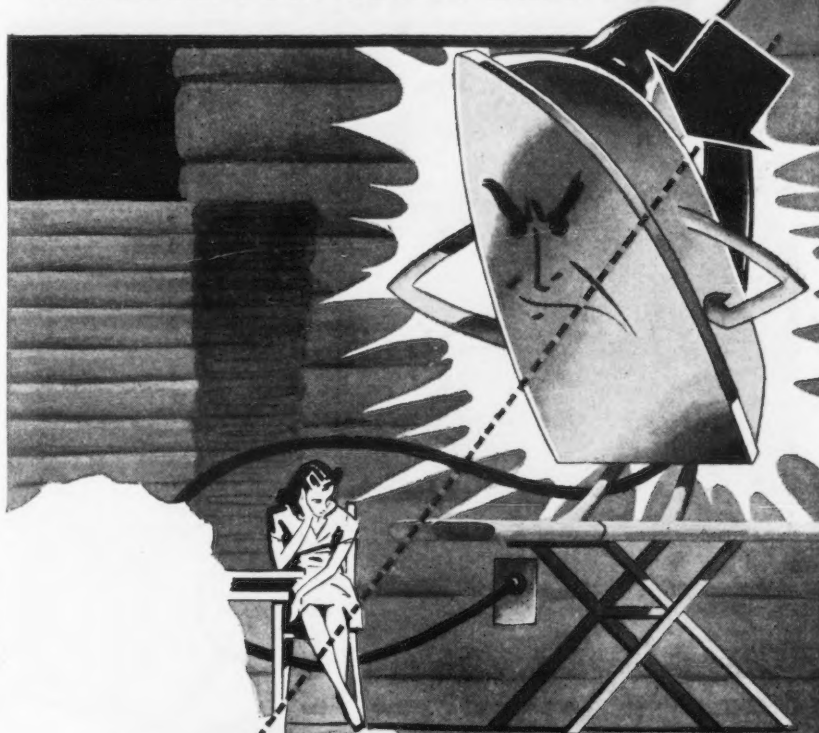
"It appeals to me a lot. I'd love to catch up!" +



Alike for Spring is the theme of these crocheted accessories: hats, gloves and bags, designed specially for a smart mother-and-daughter twosome! Very new, the hat brim turns back at the front, down at the back; and the shoulder straps run around each purse in gay contrast. The two sizes of gloves, bags, hats are identical in shape and stitch, but brightly contrasting in color. Those shown are in black and rose. Bag and hat are of solid single crochet, gloves in lace mesh.

Instructions for making may be obtained from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. No. S163 (mothers' hat and bag), price 10 cents; No. S164 (daughter's hat and bag), price 10 cents; No. S162 (mother and daughter gloves), price 5 cents.

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 Orange Flower Skin Lotion
 Special Dry-Skin Mixture

Oily Skin: Salon Cold Cream
 Texture Lotion, Suppling Cream



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They wouldn't ever want Susan to be alone with a boy, and I think they're very foolish because it makes her think about them so much it's boring. Maybe I'm bored because I think boys are so young and silly. We are having a school dance next week and a boy is supposed to ask us, but I hope no one does because I don't want to go. Do you think Aunt Margaret would have me for Thanksgiving week end? Please find out now if I can come. I ask you every time and you always say we'll see. Please tell me I can come. I want to come, and I don't think it's very motherly of you to keep me in suspense."

At this final plea, or reproof, Julia gave in. After all, there was much in Sandra's letter to show that she was just a little girl, and to have her here might be the best thing in the world. Perhaps it was the only way to rid herself of a nightmare of fears and doubt. She walked to the village post office next day with her letter, and she stood beside the wicket, waiting while the old man in charge carefully thumbed his way through a pile of letters for a lad in faded overalls.

"That's Miller—Rawley and Hawes. I reckon, too, you'll be waiting to take the mail back to Mike Farrel. How do you like working for him up there?"

"He's okay." The boy yawned as the old man sorted his way through another pile. Julia's heart had involuntarily quickened at the mere mention of a name, and without really thinking, her glance travelled over the letters as they were pushed forward to the boy. She stiffened as she saw the top envelope. "Oh!" she said, and they both raised enquiring glances. "Oh—I just thought of something," she said rather inadequately, and put her unposted letter back in her bag. With sudden decision she turned to the boy.

"Is Mr. Farrel at home now?" she asked. He stared dumbly.

"I reckon he'll be coming in from the field about now," he finally suggested. Both men continued to gaze in silence, waiting for enlightenment. Julia did not satisfy their curiosity. "Thank you," she answered, and she thrust a new letter from Sandra unopened in her pocket. She went outside and began to walk, quickly and determinedly, down the road. She was so blinded by white surging fury that she went by instinct rather than by conscious sense of direction. She went up the winding hillside road, conscious neither of the gathering raindrops nor fatigue. Nor was she conscious of the man who came over from a barn at her approach to the house. He was hatless, with a leather jacket over working clothes. He spoke politely.

"Excuse me, but were you looking for someone?"

Julia looked up swiftly, into a face she had not seen for 18 years. And where once she had looked up only in ecstatic trembling, now she met the eyes of a stranger with cold hard anger in her own. She spoke quickly, before she lost the fierce courage that had brought her.

"I was looking for you—to speak to you about my daughter!" she said bluntly.

He looked genuinely puzzled.

"Your daughter? Are you mistaken perhaps? I don't think I know your daughter."

"I'm not mistaken. My daughter's name is Sandra."

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"Sandra!" The puzzlement died away, and the man looked at her, incredulous. "Why, good heavens, then you're . . . you must be Julia! You are Julia. Of course you are. How wonderful!" Julia found her hands seized in his, and for an instant she was completely disarmed. She could only look up helplessly—remembering against all her common sense and will that same warmth and vigor—that same eager vitality. She drew away quickly.

"Yes, I'm Julia." Her voice was breathless. "I came to speak to you about Sandra. I want to know why you've been writing her letters."

"Writing Sandra letters!" Something of the eagerness died in a frown. "I've never written Sandra a letter in my life. Why should I?"

"I certainly don't know why you should." She plunged ahead, she felt she must hurry with what she had to say. "I want you to understand that Sandra is only 15, and all of this must stop!"

He studied her briefly, and his face was inscrutable. At length he said:

"Look, it's getting wetter. Shall we go inside and talk?"

"No," Julia began, but gave in as he put his hand on her arm. It was the touch of a man who expected to be obeyed, and she rebelled against it, even while she knew the futility of coherent argument in driving rain. He spoke again as they hurried up the path.

"I've often wondered about you, Julia. Do you know, I think you're even more beautiful than I remembered." For an instant she met his eyes, clear and blue as they had always been, and as quickly looked away again. She said coldly:

"Sandra has been writing you letters."

"Nonsense." There was only that one word in answer. Hot fury swept into her throat, making her voice harsh and accusing.

"She has written to you. There's a letter from her today."

THEY WERE in the hall of the big old house before he spoke again. Although she entered without being fully conscious of the atmosphere of shabby comfort that remained, she could not help remembering how once she had dreamed of the day when she would proudly come through these same doors. Now, years later, she came, not in pride, but in rage and shame. Michael picked up a pile of letters from the table. After a minute he studied an envelope closely, and raised his eyes.

"You're psychic," was his only comment, and he asked no questions. Once more he touched her arm. "Shall we go in by the fire? I'll get my housekeeper to bring us some tea."

"No," she said again—and found herself in an armchair set before log flames. Michael Farrel stood, warming his hands, and he smiled down at her tense unhappy face. Somehow she had not expected those boyish features to grow in such lines of strength and firmness through the years. He began to talk, neighborly fashion, of the problems his homecoming had brought.

"Dad always farmed a bit and I did myself before I went away. I've been interested for years in experiments in wheat, and this slope of ours has an ideal exposure. I'm keen on breeding hunting dogs too. I wish it were fine, so I could show you what I have."



BE neat, attractive all-round—look in the mirror twice—to check the appearance of your hair from the front and again from the back.

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Julia said bluntly, "I saw one in the picture Sandra took of you. Only she didn't even show me the picture or tell me she had it."

"Ah—that was Maude," he said, as if he had not even heard the last. "She's busy with a family now. Here comes our tea. Will you pour, Julia?"

It was increasingly difficult to accept this man's charming hospitality, and listen to his agreeable conversation—and at the same time remember that he had shattered all her young dreams, and even at this very moment had a letter from Sandra in his pocket. She struggled to answer stiffly—unhappily aware of the continued pounding of her heart and the pain in her throat. Not until they had finished did he stand again before the fire, looking down at her.

"Now, Julia," he said briefly. "What is it you're afraid of?"

His directness came as a shock, and yet it was relief. She answered just as directly.

"I'm afraid of what you've done to Sandra."

"What I've done to Sandra," he repeated. "Tell me, where did you get all this imaginative nonsense about Sandra?"

"Is it nonsense about that letter?"

He took it from his pocket and turned it over in his hand. Then he held it out unopened. "Do you want this?"

Julia reached out and then drew back her hand. "No."

"Neither do I," he retorted, and dropped the letter in the flames.

Julia gasped. "Is that how much you care?"

"Yes, Julia," he said slowly. "That's how much I care." She met his eyes, and they were hard too, and unyielding. Something in that glance made her speak wildly.

"You'd do to her . . . what you did to me." She drew a swift, horrified breath in realization, but in his glance there was no tangible reaction. He replied evenly:

"Isn't that a little childish?"

"Childish!" Her indignation drove her to quick defense. "When you've made my own daughter deliberately deceive me . . ."

"It wouldn't occur to you you've made your own daughter deceive you?"

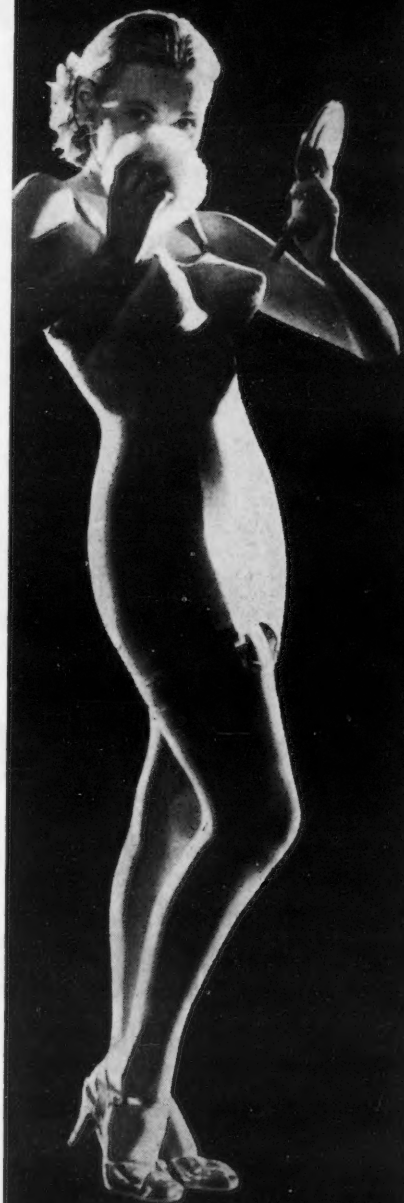
"No," she said flatly, and fear caught her throat. "No."

He began to speak—coldly, quietly.

"Then think a little. For instance, you've felt like that about me all these years. I don't blame you. I was young and thoughtless—and the fact that boys of 19 are always scared to know their own minds, doesn't excuse me. I accept all that. But you didn't give me credit for growing up—and trying to make up to someone else for what I did to you. That doesn't make sense, and why should it? It wouldn't matter to you that I did love another woman, and by that woman I had a child whom I loved with all my heart. I had them both for six years—and I lost them. It wasn't easy to pick up the threads of useful living again. When I came here, I was tired and lonely—and I cared far less for women than you obviously imagine. I came across Sandra by accident—and I saw in her the innocence and freshness and the beauty of my child, who would only have been a little younger now. Together we lived for a little while in the sort of world I think you've forgotten. And if you want my opinion, I think

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"I had a letter from Aunt Margaret today. She said she loved having you there, but I think she was a little disappointed that you didn't have more fun with the girls." Sandra looked a trifle impatient.

"Mum, I already explained to you that even Joanie . . ."

"I know, dear." Julie cut her short. "Perhaps you just weren't as diplomatic about it as you might have been. I was wondering . . . Aunt Margaret mentioned someone I used to know a long time ago—a Mr. Farrel. I don't suppose you ever ran across him?"

She waited for some sign of confusion. But Sandra only looked genuinely puzzled. "Mr. Farrel?" she repeated. "No, I don't think so. What was he like?"

What was Michael like? Even now—even though his memory was cold as ashes in her heart—she had only to close her eyes to remember. Again she struggled to speak carelessly.

"Oh, when I knew him he was rather tall and dark, and quite nice looking." Sandra shook her head.

"I don't know. I saw quite a few elderly-looking men around. Well, good-bye, Mum. I won't be long." Sandra went out, and again just for an instant Julia knew relief. The girl hadn't been lying. She knew Sandra too well for that. This man, whoever he had been, had not been Michael. And for that she was unutterably thankful.

And then, two days later, she actually found the photo. It must have fallen out of Sandra's wallet by her bed, and it lay, face downward on the rug. Julia found it after Sandra had gone to school, and just as she was ready to leave for the office. She picked it up—and then sank on the edge of the bed.

Sandra had lied to her. Sandra had known—and in this inexplicable new phase of her existence, she had not told. For there was no mistaking that face—even if the picture was just a little out of focus, and already incredibly well worn with handling.

She dropped the photo sharply and left the room as she heard the turning of the front door handle. Sandra came in, looking pale and agitated. "I forgot something!" she said, and darted into the bedroom. Julia was standing in the hall adjusting her hat before the mirror when the girl returned.

"Did you find it?" Julia asked, and marvelled that her voice could be so casual.

"Yes, thanks." Sandra paused, and looked at her mother searchingly. Then, as if satisfied, she opened the door. "By, Mum. I'll be home early and start supper." Julia heard her hurrying footsteps down the stairs, and put her hand against the wall to steady herself. She mustn't worry. After all it wasn't real! It was only a bad dream from which soon she would awaken.

FOR DAYS she lived in a sort of numb despair. A hundred times she paused on the verge of a question, and retreated. Nearly as often she halted on the very point of demanding truth and explanation. She found herself growing irritable and fault-finding over trifles—and she knew that often Sandra's silences covered a very real resentment. And yet, how could she help it, when she knew Sandra was living in a world in which she had no part? How could she feel sympathetic when Sandra deliberately deceived her, and lied?



ON A PEDESTAL



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Above all, to think that after 18 years this could happen! If it had been anyone but Michael Farrel, she would have found a way to speak. How could she speak, when even now the very memory turned her sick.

Then suddenly the shock and pain and sickness gave way to healthy anger. It was an anger directed not at Sandra, who after all was no more than a foolish little girl—but at Michael. Michael was a grown man who should have known better. He must have known who Sandra was—even if once he had forgotten. If women to him meant so little, then how easy it would be to plant insidious seeds of harm in a young girl's heart. Why—if she could only see him once, then he would know how little the past meant to her! She would tell him so plainly, he would not easily forget what she thought of any man who trifled with innocent emotions! She had just about reached boiling point when the culmination came one evening. Instead of studying, Sandra sat on the couch and sighed. It had happened too often lately, and Julia spoke a shade sharply.

"Dear, what is the matter with you? Are you tired?"

Sandra nodded, and sighed again. "Yes, mother. I think school is far too hard for me this year."

"Why, Sandra?" Julia was justifiably surprised. "You know you've always done so well, and loved it."

"But this year it's different," the girl said sadly. "I'm growing up, and that takes all my strength. I need a change."

There was a brief silence. "What sort of change?"

"Oh, perhaps a little holiday." Suddenly Sandra sat straight, and her voice was eager.

"Mum, do you think perhaps I could go down to Auntie's for the long Thanksgiving week end?"

"Has she asked you?" Julia demanded. Sandra drooped at her tone.

"No, but she always said I'd be welcome. Mum, don't you think it would be all right?"

Julia ignored the pleading in her daughter's face. She answered slowly.

"Have you forgotten that about that time I shall be having my holiday? Suppose we take the week end together."

"At Aunt Margaret's?"

Julia forced herself to look directly at her daughter.

"Sandra, please tell me why?"

"Why . . . not because of anything." Sandra visibly floundered. "Just because I . . . because I thought I . . ."

"No. You can't go," said Julia, just as bluntly as that. Sandra stared a moment, and then slid from the couch and retreated to the bedroom. When she emerged an hour later, her face bore traces of tears, but she said no more about it. By that time Julia had already written the letter.

"Actually, Margaret, Sandra has been difficult ever since she came home," she had reluctantly confided. "Foolish as it sounds, I think she met someone up there whom she wants to see again. You have three girls, and perhaps you know better than I do what to do with children who won't talk. Perhaps working all day as I do, I get away from ordinary problems . . ."

Again the answer came promptly.

"Julia dear, I think you should get away," Margaret told her. "I think you're wearing yourself out worrying about Sandra, and you need a fresh



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perspective. Can't you get her to stay with some friend, and come up yourself for a good rest? It's a long time since I've seen you, and we'll just relax and gossip. You'll soon see when you get here there couldn't possibly be anything . . ."

"So I was wrong," Margaret admitted as they sat alone one evening before a comfortable fire. "Julia, I'm sorry. I never would have thought it possible."

"I think I knew from the beginning," Julia answered slowly. "But I thought it was just some silly schoolgirl infatuation for a young boy."

"It is just silly infatuation," Margaret insisted. "Why, all one summer Joannie had the most extraordinary passion for a neighbor's horse. She'd slip out on the slightest provocation, and was happy just to stand there gazing, for hours on end. She thought of nothing else, and simply couldn't tell me why. Then the brood sow had a family, and she completely forgot the horse in this new interest."

Julia smiled a little wanly, but as if she saw no possible connection.

"At least she wasn't secretive. Margaret, when you met this woman who told you she'd seen Sandra several times with Michael Farrel, what did you say?"

"Why I said—ah, yes, of course we've known him for years. What could she answer to that? After all, we *did* know him years ago."

"I knew him." After a pause Julia spoke reluctantly. "That's why I can't let this go on."

"Julia, don't be silly." Margaret was an essentially practical woman. "Nothing's going on." Then she faced her sister more curiously. "In what way did you know him years ago that was so important?"

For an instant Julia looked as if she wished she had not spoken. Then she took a desperate plunge.

"He said he loved me," she confessed. "He swore he'd come back to me—and I believed him. And then he came back, with someone else, and didn't as much as come near."

"I see." There was a thoughtful pause, while Margaret sought in half-forgotten corners of the past. "Then that's why you went away like you did. Then . . . you were pretty secretive yourself."

"I suppose I was," Julia admitted. "But can you see now why I'm worried?"

"Yes, I can see, but it makes no essential difference. Sandra's case isn't like yours at all. You were 18, and old enough to get ideas. Sandra's 15, and probably only full of romantic notions. Besides, she's not near him now. What possible harm can he do from this distance?"

Julia drew a deep breath. "Wait until one of your children . . ." she began, and stopped. She saw, behind Margaret's seeming unconcern, real worry. Curiously enough, that very discovery made her force an air of brightness.

"You may be right. What harm can he do from here?" she agreed. "We'll wait a little, and not worry too much about it."

But even that serenity was shattered in Sandra's next letter.

"I hope you're having a nice time," the girl wrote. "I'm really not. Susan's people are very kind, but they think girls should be quiet, and sew and study

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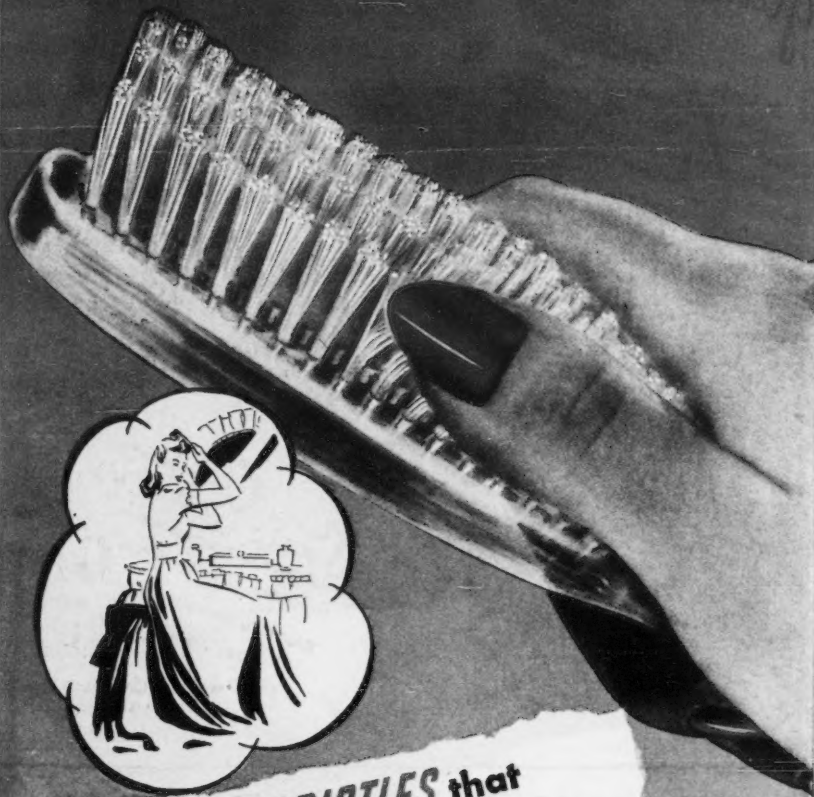


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When she stretched out in her own twin bed that night she glanced at her daughter in the other. Sandra lay wide awake, with her hands locked beneath her streaming curls, and her pensive glance upon the ceiling. Julia said lightly:

"You and Susan have fun together, don't you, darling?"

Sandra answered without moving. "Yes, we do." Just something in the way she said it brought the dart of fear again. Julia said something that she had always kept locked away.

"I suppose one of these days you'll both be thinking about boys."

"Boys?" Sandra turned wondering eyes to hers. She answered carelessly, "Oh—boys are pretty young and silly."

"Why, they're no sillier than anything else that's young, dear." Julia felt unexpectedly called upon to defend masculine youth. "Even if they are... I do suppose you talk about them sometimes."

"Oh, yes." Sandra was patient, but obviously just a little bored. "But I'm not interested in boys really, Mum."

It should have satisfied Julia, for the girl was undoubtedly speaking the truth. But she continued slowly.

"I suppose you'd tell me if you were."

"If I were what?"

"If... you ever were interested."

Sandra drew a deep breath, and her glance went back to the ceiling. "Mum, I said I thought boys were very juvenile and silly." Then she looked at her mother. "Why are you so interested in boys?" she asked, and foolishly enough Julia was the one who felt young and not very wise. She attempted to laugh it off.

"I just thought you might have met some nice lad while you were away."

Sandra shook her head. "I didn't meet any boys I'd ever think about again." She drew a deep breath, and went on, almost dreamily, "Do you know, I think I'm the sort of person who likes grown-up people much, much better."

Julia could not help the faint sigh of relief. Quite obviously the time had not come yet to worry over Sandra.

SHE DID not worry for another week. If Sandra seemed a little quiet, most girls perhaps were a shade thoughtful when starting back to school and settling to new studies. When Sandra and Susan sat one evening turning the pages of a movie magazine, they were no more than two normal chattering girls. Susan said excitedly, "Isn't he just divine?" Julia sat with her mending, and serenely smiled.

"I don't think so!" Sandra answered. "He's too young. Now take him..."

"Him!" Susan squealed. "Goodness, he's all of 38."

"What's wrong with 38? I think it's just the right age for a man."

"Of course it is, if you want him for a father."

"I think it is, if you want him for a friend!"

"Oh," said Susan—and as if light had suddenly dawned, she said no more. Perhaps because of that silence, Julia found herself growing tense. When she looked up, she surprised again a certain dreamy look in Sandra's eyes. She spoke before she had time to hesitate.

"Why, Sandra—have you any fascinating older men for friends?"

Sandra looked startled, and then quickly rallied. "Why yes, I have," she

answered. "There's Mr. Turner, the janitor. He's awfully interesting and he collects stamps. And there's the nice man at the library, and the man down the road with the dog is very friendly. And there was Uncle John when I was away—and oh, one or two nice men I met down at the farm."

It sounded very open and convincing and, actually, Julia was almost convinced.

"Oh, I see!" she smiled. "Was one of those nice men—your friend?"

This time she aroused something—a swift, defensive spark. Sandra sat straight. "What friend?" she asked, and there was no denying the sudden tightening of her voice. At the same time Susan rose. She spoke hastily and a trifle nervously.

"Sandra, I'll have to go now," she said. "I told mother I wouldn't be long." When Sandra came back in the room, once more munching a rosy apple, Julia was in no mood to accept it as a blind. She asked, without any further pause:

"Sandra, are you hiding something from me?" She was not prepared for her daughter's reaction. The child's glance was narrowed, in fact almost hostile.

"Oh, mother, for goodness sake! Just because I happened to meet a nice man and we went walking a time or two, you keep on and on..."

"Why, Sandra!"

A month ago, three weeks ago, Sandra would have looked shocked and appalled at her mother's tone. She would have been instantly repentant for her own defiance. Now she just gathered up her books and went into the bedroom and shut the door. Julia sat there, completely stunned. It simply wasn't possible that almost overnight she could have lost her child like this. It could happen to other mothers—yes! But she and Sandra had always been closer, and quite different.

Yet she had the wisdom not to bring the subject up again. Confidences forced were not confidences at all, and the subsequent withdrawal might be even worse to bear. As long as she treated Sandra with the normal companionship that they had always known, then outwardly everything was perfectly all right. But she thought about it more and more. Inwardly she rebelled against the routine of an office that invariably gave her holidays in October, and not when she could be with her daughter. If she had gone with Sandra to the farm, all this might not have happened.

Yet what exactly had happened? Nothing, perhaps, except what existed in her own imagination. At the same time she knew quite well she was not an overly imaginative person.

She sat down one day in the lunch hour, and typed a casual, chatty letter to her sister.

"Sandra seems to have had a marvelous time with you," she wrote. "She has come back quite a different girl, and talks of having made some lovely friends. I hope she was no trouble, and I'm glad you let her find so much to keep her happy."

The answer came with unexpected promptness, and was written with Margaret's usual candor.

"I'm certainly delighted to hear that Sandra had such a good time—for frankly she worried me. She seemed so quiet and shy, and had very little in common with my girls. They were a bit disappointed, for they'd looked forward

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to her coming so much. As for the friends, honestly, dear, you must be dreaming. She didn't want to go out visiting, and I hardly ever saw her talk to an outsider. But don't mistake me, Julia. She's a sweet girl, and so helpful about the house. Really, I loved having her."

Julia skimmed over a good deal more, and all at once her heart skipped a beat.

"Oh, by the way, remember Michael Farrel—the youngest son of the Farrels in the big house? He's been away for years, overseas. He lost his wife some time ago, I heard. Now he's come home, and they say he has some idea of opening up the whole hillside for farming. I've scarcely seen him, but I've heard he's still terribly attractive . . ."

JULIA FOLDED the letter carefully and put it back in the envelope. Then in the silence of the living room she sat very still. Even now there was nothing that she *knew*. And yet the feeling grew, so strongly it was almost conviction, that Michael Farrel had been her daughter's friend.

Oh, no, no—not that! Michael Farrel was a man old enough to be Sandra's father. A man probably without moral or scruple where a young and lovely girl was concerned. But that was nonsense too. A man like Michael, worldly and experienced, wouldn't even look at a little girl like Sandra. It had been someone else—probably some kindly farmer who strolled with her along some country lane, and talked about his work and animals. Girls of that age liked secrets . . .

"The prettiest, most secret place!" The words came back unbidden. Suddenly Julia was trembling. Oh, no—the very thought was absurd. Michael Farrel could not have taken her own daughter there!

Just then Sandra came in, excitedly holding an envelope.

"Mum, I've got the photos!" Her cheeks were bright, and her eyes were sparkling. "You know—the ones I took with Daddy's old camera on the farm. Aren't they super!" She hovered closely while Julia looked at a few family groups and pastoral scenes.

"Very nice, darling," she approved. "Your cousins are sweet-looking girls." She turned over the little pile. "Why—didn't one of them come out?"

"Which one?" Sandra frowned. Julia reached in the envelope and took out the negatives.

"Perhaps they didn't print one," she suggested. "You see—there are eight." She began to hold them to the light. "This one of a man with a dog. Is it Uncle . . .?"

She had spoken innocently, and was not prepared for the way in which the little bundle was whisked out of her hand.

"I'll look later," Sandra said hastily. "I have to go out. I promised to go right over to Susan's." She began to leave the room. Julia suddenly felt weak and a little sick. She might have known that Sandra's enthusiasm could not have been for those few pictures alone. She realized that seven of those pictures meant completely nothing, and the eighth—the one of the unknown man—meant a great deal! In fact it meant everything.

"Sandra!" The girl turned, uneasily questioning. Julia struggled to speak lightly.

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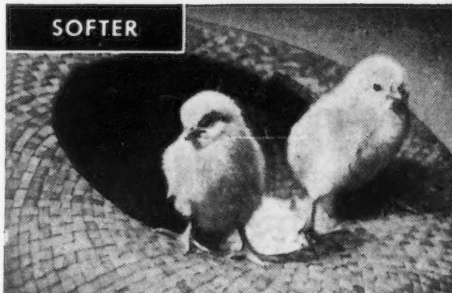
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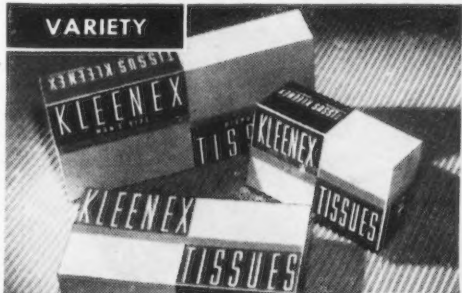
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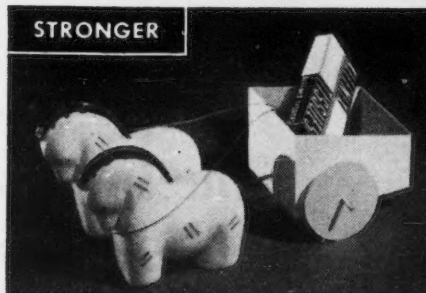
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For those who like continuity of scent—bath powder, bath salts, soap, toilet water and perfume all smelling the same—there's an important new addition to the group. One cosmetic firm is now putting out a cream deodorant with the same delicate floral scent as its other toilet accessories mentioned above.

If you're bothered with split dry nails try using a buffer on them, even over nail polish. By vigorous buffing you bring the blood nearer the surface of your finger tips. Keep on buffing until you feel your nails warm and tingling. No buffer in your tool kit? None in the shops? Concoct a substitute by tying a piece of chamois securely around an orange stick.

At the end of the day, do you find you're getting it in the neck? Is there a dull ache between your shoulder blades—a tightening of the muscles as though you had half the world on your back? Here's a simple exercise to relax those tense muscles and give you freedom of motion. It takes only a minute or so and can be done any time, any place.

Drop your head forward till chin touches your chest; with thumbs forward and fingers back, grasp your shoulders near the base of your throat and press down hard into the muscles of your neck and spine. Relax your grip—then press again. Repeat several times. Now roll your head right around as though it were on a swivel—first around to the right, then around to the left. Keep this up while you count to 60. The combination of these two exercises will help untie those weary knots!

Speaking of necks, do watch for the first signs of crepiness and wrinkles. Keep underchin and throat well lubricated with rich skin foods. Start at the base of your throat and, with one hand cream upward to your chin. Leave the cream on for 20 minutes, then wipe off with a pad soaked in skin tonic. +



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"The exercises are easy, 'eating as a beauty eats' is fun, and make-up is an adventure now. In only 6 weeks I lost 30 pounds; in 6 months, 76. I reduced my bust 11 inches, my waist 13, my hips 11, my abdomen 12.

"The DuBarry Success Course is a grand and workable plan. My only regret is that I delayed starting for a whole year."

HOW ABOUT YOU? Haven't you wished that you could be slender again, hear the compliments of friends, wear youthful styles, feel like a new person? The DuBarry Success Course can help you.

It shows you how to follow at home the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon in New York. The plan fits into your daily life. You get an analysis of your needs, a goal to work for and a plan for attaining it. You learn how to bring your weight to normal, care for your skin, style your hair becomingly, use make-up for glamour!

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My Girl Friend's Condition

Continued from page 46

said what with Christmas coming, besides going to movies and buying cokes, he had to get a job to support us. So he works in a service station evenings from six to 10, and Saturdays. He has to study afternoons, so although we go steady, we never go anywhere. I don't know if it pays. Tonight all the M.K.'s are at Harold's, and I sit home. I'm afraid they'll start thinking maybe I have a condition.

December 26. Today I said to Marnie, "If you are still attracted to Gob, go ahead."

She just smiled and said, "No, you keep him. I don't know if I even want to go steady with Earl much longer."

I wonder what she's got cooking. She looked like the cat that swallowed the canary.

December 18. Ha! The plot thickens! Yea, verily! Today I got a letter from Stu. He said:

(1.) He is coming back here to live.

(2.) His folks have a new car, so they are giving him their perfectly good snappy little 1939 coupé, all for his own.

(3.) He wrote to Marnie and asked if she was still wearing his father's agate ring, and she answered and said she gave it to me to send to him and he must have received it by this time. How come?

We-e-ell! Here is certainly an opportunity to prove I am a worthy M.K. I am thinking up a very smart answer to Stu's letter, telling him I was thrilled to hear from him, because he is one of the

best all-around boys I ever went steady with. I will also say that I advised Marnie, as her Big Sister, to return his ring, as according to the way she is acting lately it was the only right thing. I will say, "Shall I send you the ring, or keep it for you until you get back?" I will also say that it's been very dull around here, as I haven't been to a show or even to Harold's for a coke for simply ages. I will be awfully thrilled to see him again.

I'm sending the letter air mail. I can hardly wait to get his answer.

I also happened to think that I got my picture taken for a Christmas present for Gob, a while back, but I've never even hinted to him anything about it, which was lucky. Now, if anything happens we should break up, I could give it to someone else.

December 27. The M.K.'s had a little Christmas party tonight. Marnie said to me kind of casually, "Are you going to Harold's tomorrow night? Earl was asking about you."

I said just as nonchalantly, "No, I don't think so. Are you?"

She said, "Yes, unless something better turns up," and she turned on that mysterious smile she's been developing.

I said, "By the way, guess who I've been hearing from lately. Stu! He's coming back here soon." I raised my hand, just like it was unintentional, to fix my hair, and it had Stu's father's agate ring on it. Marnie turned kind of green, but I don't care. I don't feel like she's my responsibility any more now. She certainly hasn't a condition.

And, by jipity, neither have I! +

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The Secret Places

Continued from page 13

talked, eagerly and happily, of the wide, shining world about them. Sometimes he held her closely, so that she felt his heart pounding against her own—and sometimes he just looked at her, long and quietly.

"Darling!" he whispered. "When I'm with you—I feel there never could be anyone but you!"

When he went away to college, as all the sons of the big house on the hill went away, he kissed her, long and hard.

"I'll write, twice every week," he promised, and his lips caressed her ear. "I'll come back—and you'll be waiting."

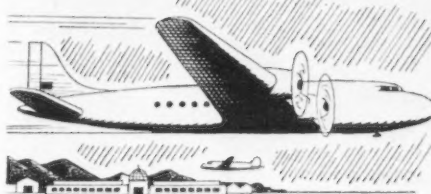
Yes—he came back, and she was waiting. He wrote at first, twice every week, and twice in six weeks—and then abruptly not at all. When he came back, he brought another girl, as small and fair and vivacious as she was quiet and slim and dark. She saw them once, riding in the distance, and that was all. There was no excuse—no attempt to write or see her—and no one had ever known, not even her sister Margaret, how she had suffered. No one had known the splendor and the rich depth of her love. No one should know now her heartbreak and despair. When she had insisted on going, at 18, to the city, it had been put down as the whim of a young restless girl. When she had married Charles Salter two years later, her family were pleased to see her settle down with a steady, sober older man. She knew quite well what they were thinking. She was not the sentimental type, and Charles was exactly the sort of man she needed.

Perhaps he was. When he died four years later she felt as if she had lost a trusted friend and counsellor. She missed Charles quite sincerely, and she knew that Sandra had lost a kind and gentle father.

Her troubled memories, which had carried her in those few moments from the pain of forgotten rapture to a regret that Charles could not know his daughter now, stopped abruptly. Just as suddenly as that she wondered if she knew her daughter, either. "The prettiest, most secret place," Sandra had said, softly and eagerly. Why, even she knew—she who had tried to keep Sandra a happy, innocent child—that a girl's eyes did not shine like stars because of secrets held alone! She sat, listening. A girl's voice did not drop to a low thrilled whisper, speaking of a simple holiday. Somewhere in those 10 days Sandra had found something that had not touched her life before. Somewhere along the way Sandra had ceased to be entirely a child—and somehow, she must find it out.

Yet she had the wisdom, and perhaps a certain remembrance of her own youth, to be careful. Youth could be so generous and responsive when not forced—and could retreat behind the veils of such remoteness when pressed or opposed. She said no more that evening until bedtime, after the two girls had spent a happy hour with her, playing games and drinking cocoa. Their casual lightheartedness had done much to allay her rising fears. Surely these girls had no deeper hidden thoughts than those that rose so gaily to the surface. The awakening and pain of her own youth had made her overly imaginative.

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Let it analyze and criticize your posture, your public manners. Let it work for you on a practical course of self-improvement.

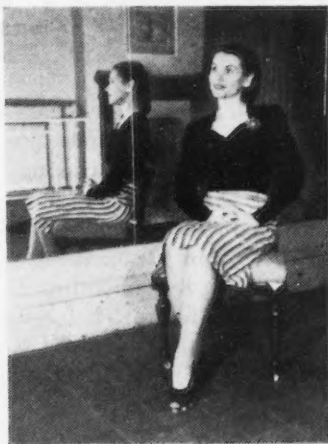
"Consider yourself your own producer. And just like an actress who looks on poise and charm as essential tools of her trade, groom yourself for stardom in your particular field." This is the advice of Inez Misener-Pierson, Director of Toronto's Dress Rehearsal—a "little theatre" where girls are trained in dramatic art and personality

development. One of the most valuable pieces of equipment is a vast mirror lining one wall. In this the students see themselves as others see them—as they walk, talk and engage in the various activities of everyday life. Below are "right" and "wrong" pictures taken in this studio, demonstrating the mirror method of self-improvement.



If you stand with chest held high, fanny tucked under and shoulders straight but relaxed, you'll add one or two inches to your height. And those same inches come right off your midriff, making you appear taller and slimmer. Also, you'll find that your clothes fit very much better, with no tendency to scoop up in front and down in the back.

Some girls, in animated conversation, are apt to fall into strange positions—with chest concave, one shoulder hitched higher than the other tummy sagging and feet spread wide apart. In silhouette this stance shows curves—but all in the wrong places. Their spines are as twisted as the letter "S" and legs appear awkward and unshapely.



To sit gracefully—neither all of a heap nor ramrod stiff like a mid-Victorian governess—the end of your spine should touch the back of your chair. By keeping knees together and one foot behind the other, you'll make your legs seem longer and more slender.

Hips expand alarmingly with sitters who go all asprawl in their chairs. Besides it may have a bad effect on internal organs. Slumpy sitting can be more tiring at the end of a day than a session of ditch-digging—more pains in the back of the neck.



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—“Miles of Wear in Every Pair”—



When you're dining out, remember that the person opposite you has a close-up view. Smooth teamwork between knife and fork, decent intervals between bites for conversation will make you a pleasant companion. And no mannerisms, please! Eating isn't a form of self-expression. It should be as unobtrusive as breathing and just as noiseless.



Crowded restaurants with people waiting impatiently for seats may be responsible for the nervous grab-a-bite-and-run technique: chewing and talking at the same time; guarding a plate with one arm as though there were danger of a snatch. But even worse than the fast eater is the too-too-refined type who minces her way through a meal.



Smoking, like eating, should be without mannerisms or affectations, although you can move your hand gracefully—just as you would for any other gesture. You'll be remembered as a polite and considerate person if you refrain from blowing smoke in people's faces.



You've watched them: pretty, feminine girls who suddenly look like dead-end kids when they light up—with mouths twisted to one side, smoke emerging through nostrils fiery-dragon style, or cigarette dangling from the corner of the lips. Amateur stuff!



When interviewing a prospective employer, first of all dress for the part—smart basic clothes, no fussy hats or jingling jewellery. Then talk naturally and sincerely, so you'll put over the idea that you're an intelligent and well-integrated person, capable of taking responsibility.



Black marks against job-seekers are (a) the timid mouselike manner which fails to inspire confidence and (b) the too-familiar line—by the gal who takes the boss' office by storm as though she were the world's ultimate gift. Either of these are apt to keep her scanning the Help Wanted ads day after day.



Will she still turn heads at 37?



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Choose creams carefully. You needn't pay a high price to get creams that will do something for your skin . . . try the two fine creams that bear the proud name of Chas. H. Phillips.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Skin Cream contains a special ingredient that guards against loss of natural skin moisture . . . "cholesterol." Helps nature keep your skin from looking old before its time. And soothing, softening oils that assist in keeping skin smooth and supple.

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Elizabeth Arden

AT SMARTEST SHOPS IN EVERY TOWN



Joan of Arc. In her Broadway success, "Joan of Lorraine," Ingrid Bergman gives this page-boy cut top billing. It's not a style to be worn by the pretty-pretty girl who stresses femininity, but it can be very striking for personality types with cameo-perfect features. Hair, of course, is brushed to shining smoothness; bangs are cut straight across the forehead and the ends of the hair are turned under, but with no suggestion of curl or wave.

Sea Shell. This shell-shaped style will enhance the exotic charm of high cheekbones and a pointed chin. Hair is upswept in the back and rolled on top of the head in a cluster of loose curls—each one fastened securely but invisibly by bobby pins. The front hair dips down over the brow with two shadow waves to soften the line. Small girls who would like to appear taller will find this pyramid frou-frou of curls on top adds inches to their height. Of course it's a hair-do for once-in-a-while use on nights out. Not very practical to wear under a hat—unless the hat is a mere wisp of veiling, ribbon or flowers.



Hearts and Flowers. Here's an appealing design for the girl with a round cherubic face. The centre parting, the upsweep of hair from the forehead, and the turning of a French roll above each ear, tend to broaden the upper part of the face and reduce the lower. Thus the contour becomes more nearly the ideal oval. The back hair is shoulder length, worn in curls and held together by a barrette. For extra dress-up, tuck a flower or pretty hair ornament above each of the side rolls. Be sure the centre parting is straight as a die from forehead to neckline.

... and these New Colors

YOU'VE heard women say, "I can't wear such and such a color—it just doesn't do anything for me!" You've probably said it yourself. But nowadays, with foundation base and face powder to change your skin tone, lighten or darken it, and with the wide choice of make-up sequences (lipstick, rouge and nail polish) to harmonize with the basic color of your costume, there is no real reason why you can't wear any of the smartest costume shades becomingly. It's just a question of choosing the right color harmony. It will mean, of course, the initial cost of two or three shades of foundation and face powder; several shades of matching lipsticks, rouge and nail polish, but each of these will last longer when it doesn't do full-time duty, day after day.

Here is a list of this year's most popular spring colors along with the most complementary make-up to wear with each.

Navy Blue: Keeps coming back like the buds themselves—spring after spring. This year navy blue is away up in the lead as a basic color. And good news! There's a brand-new make-up sequence, just perfect with navy. It is a bright clear red, gay as a circus parade; with it, choose foundation base of light bronze and face powder of pink beige; eye shadow of grey-blue.

Aqua Blue: For this soft cloudy blue there is also a new make-up sequence. It is shrimp pink in shade and complements all pastel colors. Foundation base should be light beige; face

Try a New Hair-do

by Adele White

Drawings by Nancy Caudle



Sun Burst. You can have lots of variety in hair-dos if you have the assist of a false braid. For example, this upswept hair style owes its charm to the braid pinned across the crown of the head. You can wear it either coronet-style (as shown) or you can use it as a chignon pinned on to the back of your hair. Another new idea is to swirl all your hair over to one side with no parting, then twist the false braid into a round doughnut and fasten it above your ear on the same side as the hair is swirled. This takes courage, though.

Teen-Age Special. A softer and more flattering version of the Joan of Arc hair-do sketched opposite. The curly effect with straight bangs across the forehead is especially good for long narrow faces—the bangs shorten the line from forehead to chin and the curls worn loose around the shoulders add width to a too-thin face. The best plan is to have a soft permanent just in the ends of the hair, wearing the top smooth and unwaved. Expert shaping and cutting can taper the curls from ear length in front to shoulder length in the back.



That Lifted Look. This smooth simplicity of line is most becoming to a mature face—and counteracts the tendency to a down-droop around chin and mouth. The hair is swept up from the sides and brushed away from brow and temple. A shadow wave and a few pin curls on each side of the front parting break the too severe line. If your hair is short in the back you can wear it swirled over to one side. If it is eight inches or more in length you can twist it into a soft knot at the nape of your neck. It's a style especially becoming for this season's off-the-face hats.

powder, pinkish beige; eye shadow, turquoise blue.

Grey: Whether your suit or dress is beige-grey or blue-grey, the best make-up sequence is a dark red with blue undertone; foundation base, beige, and face powder, pinkish beige. Your eye shadow should be green or grey.

Olive Green: This green has a slightly brownish cast and looks stunning with a make-up sequence of fuchsia red; foundation base, bronze (a shade darker than deep beige) and face powder of deep beige; eye shadow, green.

Kelly Green is a true sharp paddy—the color you wear on your coat lapel on St. Patrick's Day. With this green choose the same make-up sequence as you wear for navy blue—a bright clear red; foundation base, a bronze; powder, pink beige, and eye shadow, green.

Tanager Orange: One of the new costume colors this season. It is a little

lighter than a burnt orange. Make-up sequence is red with an orange cast to it; foundation base, dark beige; face powder, a lighter beige with no suggestion of pink; eye shadow, green or brown.

Brown and Beige: Try a deep scarlet make-up sequence. Foundation base, bronze; face powder, beige; eye shadow, green or brown.

Caramel: Another very new costume color—about the shade of golden toast. With this you can wear the new shrimp-pink make-up sequence; foundation base, a rosy rachel; face powder, a lighter shade of rachel; eye shadow green or grey.

And if you're going all feminine and fluttery with one of those face-valentine hats, bedecked with pastel ribbons and posies, you can match the mood with shrimp-pink rouge and lipstick; light peach foundation; pinkish-peach face powder; and eye shadow of turquoise blue.



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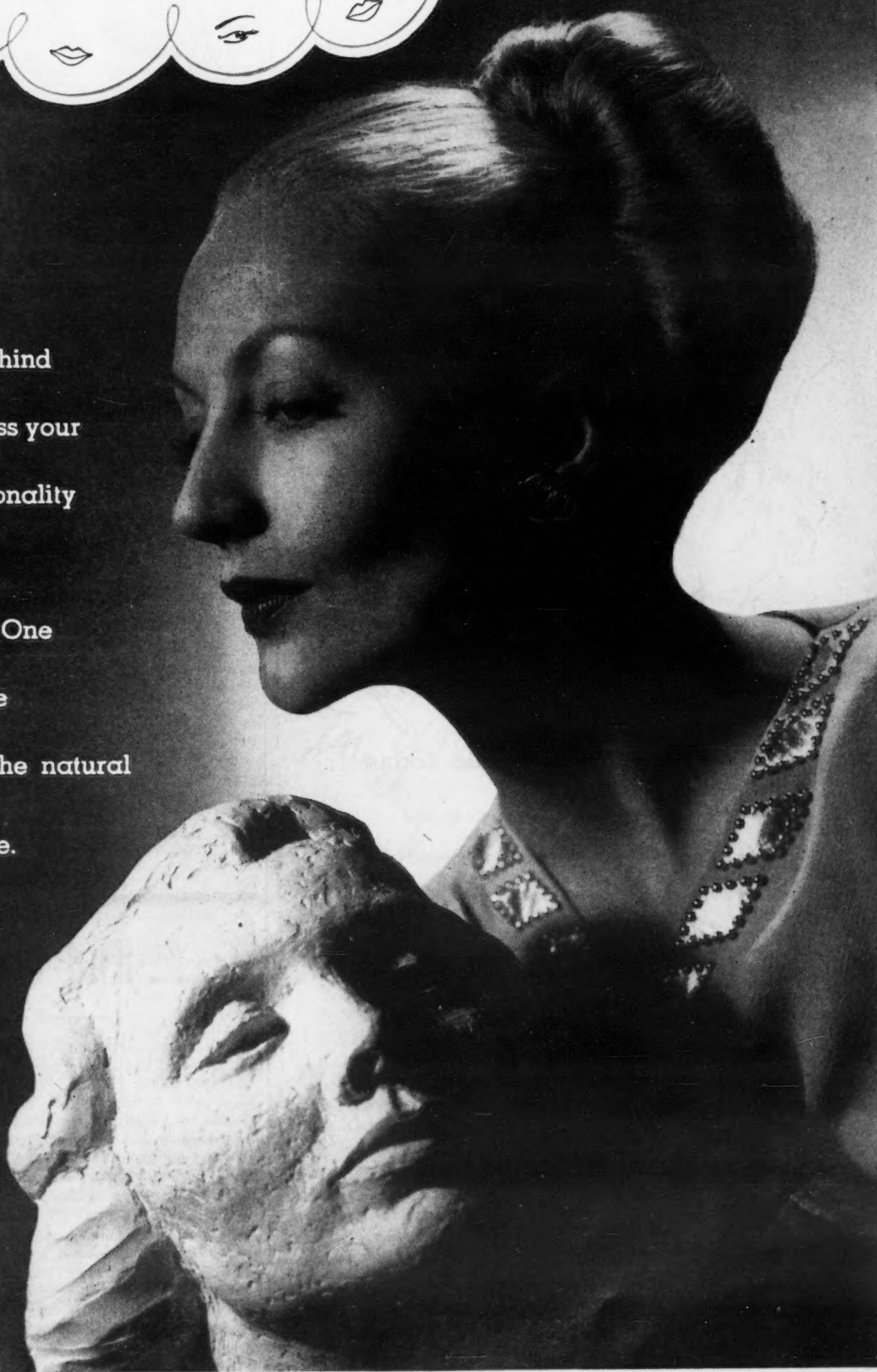
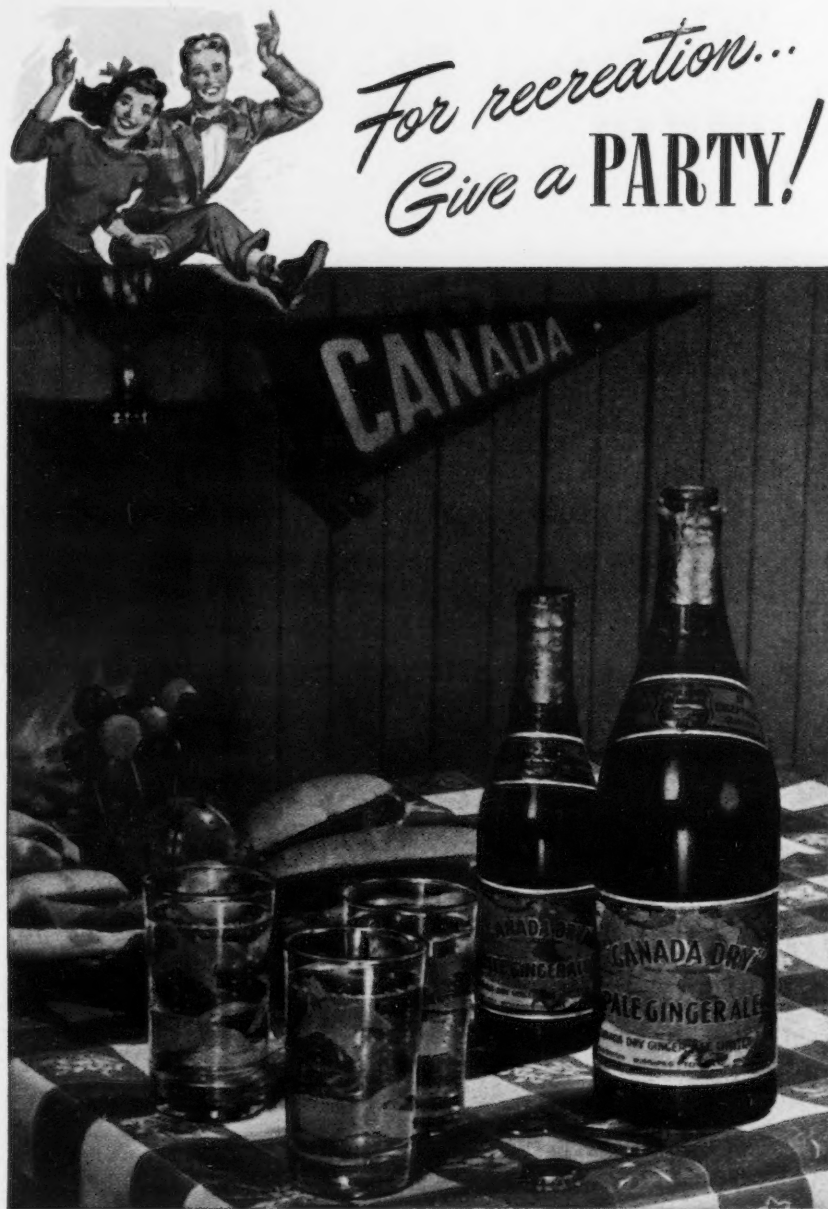


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CDM 27

don't strain yourself." She knew what I meant. I was referring to Earl.

She said, "Well, what do you want me to do?"

I thought quick, and I had a bright idea, because you have to be sharp if you are going to have any future and not slip into maybe almost having a condition yourself. I said, "Marnie, I am not pretending to dictate who you should go with or go steady with. But as your Big Sister, I want you to do the right thing and send Stu back his father's agate ring."

She thought a while, and then said, "Okay. It's no skin off my nose. Here, you do it." She fished the ring out of her purse and tossed it to me.

I am going to make it a point to see Frank and tell him Marnie has given back Stu's ring, and then Frank will make up with her and she'll have to lay off Earl.

December 4. Today the most thrilling thing happened. I heard about him right after first hour, but I didn't get a chance to see him till noon. This is what. A boy who has been in the Navy, and all over in battles and things, and got out again, and a decoration, is going to our school! And is he super looking! At noon he was standing in the hall with a bunch of boys around him, and all of us M.K.'s went back and forth just drooling, and we decided that if he ever looked at one of us, we'd simply swoon.

December 5. Oh my gosh! Oh jip-pity gee! If you could see what happened to me! See there, I write poetry without even trying. We-e-ell, today, of all the lucky coincidences! It just so happened that I wrote a note to Marnie in French III, and foolishly signed my name to it, and it said, "The French word for teacher is mattress. She has a shape like one, hasn't she?" and it just so happened that Marnie dropped the note

out of her book, and the teacher picked it up and read it, and gave me an hour for it. She said I would have to spend the hour in the library because she couldn't stay.

And it just so happened that this simply super-swooner sailor had to make up an hour too, and he came in and sat right next to me. I was simply stupensified. But when I dropped my pencil and we both leaned over to pick it up and he smiled, I was conscious enough to smile back. Then he wrote on a piece of paper, "Name, please?" I wrote, "Drika Smith. What's yours?" And he wrote, "E. F. Logan. Just call me Gob." And I wrote "Hi, Gob." And he wrote "Hi, Drika."

Once or twice the library teacher told us to keep quiet or she'd separate us, but we got quite well acquainted anyway, before the hour was up. Then Gob walked home with me. He asked if I went steady with anyone, and I said no. Because just having a person's shirt doesn't signify anything. He said how

about a date Saturday night. I said well, could be, if he'd just as soon go on a double date.

Of course Earl already planned to take in a movie, because we couldn't go last Saturday night, but this way I can make him think Gob is going with Marnie, and everything will work out all right. It will fix up Marnie's problem too, now that she seems to have broken up with Frank. As far as I'm concerned, she can go with Earl, if she's so interested in dancing and horoscopes all of a sudden. A cream-colored convertible isn't so much, what with somebody's mother wanting it part of the time.

December 9. Earl certainly acted poisonous tonight. He didn't say anything when we got crossed up in the movie, and Marnie sat next to him, so I had to sit by Gob. But when we were having hamburgers and malts at Harold's afterward, and Marnie was dancing all the time with Gob, he had a big fat frown. He said, "What was the big idea, dragging that big slob along?" And I said, "Earl Simms, if you haven't any more respect than that for our Navy, I think I'll have to return your yellow and black shirt. And please give me back my fuchsia sweater. I have other uses for it."

December 10. I'll never go through another fall like I have this one, trying

RAIN

By MADGE MAURICE-EDWARDS

Knitting needles
Long and shiny,
Straight and steely,
Penetrating;
Sudden missiles
Hitting windows,
Stinging cheeks,
Exasperating;
Crystal globules,
Aerial jewels,
Sun-splashed brilliants,
Scintillating;
Gentle dewdrops
Softly falling,
Thirsty flowers
Invigorating;
Sheets of liquid,
Thick and weighty,
Pouring, drenching,
Devastating.

Earl went away, and I watched till I saw Gob leaving Marnie's, and then I went right over and had a talk with her. "Remember your M.K. pledge, Marnie," I reminded her, "about another M.K.'s boy friend."

She should have realized that I'm her Big Sister and had a little respect for me, but she answered me right back. She claimed she didn't know I was through with Earl. She thought I brought Gob for her. She thought I wanted her to be a success. I ought to be glad she attracted Gob so quick. She said it proved she was getting over her condition and catching up with the rest of the M.K.'s.

"Sister," I said, "you've caught up with us. You're way ahead of us." I said, "As a sister M.K., taking up Stu and Frank and maybe Earl when I was about through with them was okay. But starting in on Gob before I even had one single real date with him was strictly strychnine."

She said okay, she'd go back to Earl.

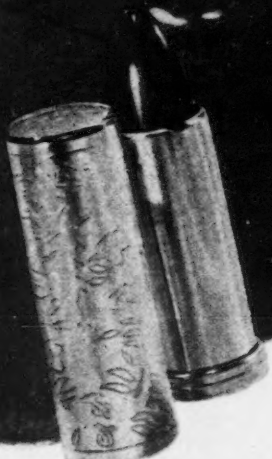
December 14. Nuts! What a Saturday night! It isn't turning out to be very convenient, going steady with Gob. He

Continued on page 55



CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN

Head of the House of Tangee and creator of Tangee Red Majesty Lipstick and Petal-Finish Cake Make-Up.



"Red Majesty suits my King's taste!"

—says MRS. DICK HAYMES

Thrillingly attractive wife of the popular young singing star.

"WHETHER the problem is 'Get your man'... or 'Keep your man,'" explains pert, charming Joanne Haymes... "Red Majesty is the best friend a girl's lips can have." This new shade makes your mouth look exciting... inviting... irresistible to men! Make your next lipstick Tangee Red Majesty.

Five Famous Glamorous Shades by TANGEE

GAY-RED



RED-RED



MEDIUM-RED



THEATRICAL RED



NATURAL



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Red Majesty
NEW HIT SHADE BY
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From Bates — Big 'n' Little prints on clover-fresh cotton, and a host of other fascinating prints; from other leading mills, rayon prints from gay to sober, nylon fabrics of lasting beauty, unshrinkable wools — featured in stores where you see the Gordon Mackay name.

Gay Summer Fabrics

FABRICS . . . LINGERIE . . . SWIMWEAR
SPORTSWEAR . . . HOSIERY



Gordon Mackay
AND COMPANY, LIMITED

My Girl Friend's Condition

Continued from page 7

goes around in a lousy old tan one. It isn't enough that she makes me keep the tails of Daddy's shirts tucked into my blue jeans and look like a drip. Just because she meets a friend that used to be our next-door neighbor when I was a little kid, that has a son about my age that was the brattiest brat I ever knew, what does that mother of mine do? She invites the bratty son to come over tonight! I said to her, "Mother, it happens I have an assignment. I am going out to a movie with Frank." She said, "Well, get another girl, and take Earl along with you."

Right away I thought about Marnie. Of course she promised to be loyal to Stu, and she keeps wearing his father's agate ring, but if she never goes anywhere, she'll turn into a sad case, and she won't get to be a normal M.K. This wouldn't hurt anybody, and I'm sure she'll overlook Earl's being such a brat to get to a movie.

November 5. W-e-ell! I got the shock of my life when I saw Earl. And especially his car! His mother must have turned out to be fun, because hardly anybody gets to use their family's car much if any, unless it's for some absolutely real emergency.

Earl has developed. He's outgrown his brattiness. When I knew him before he didn't have enough teeth, and his hair came down over his eyes, but now he's got teeth, and with his eyes showing, is he good looking! Yea, verily! The car is a cream-colored convertible with a black top. Of course he doesn't have it all the time, but his mother is quite reasonable about it. And besides, Earl is talented. He's the most super dancer I ever danced with. We went to Harold's after for a malt and a hamburger, and Frank played the juke box and Earl and I danced. He showed me some sharp steps. I think he will be all right to fill in for Marnie sometimes. As her Big Sister, I have to think about her.

November 7. Marnie is taking quite an interest in music, lately. I got her in the habit of tuning in bands while she does her geometry, and now she can talk about them quite intelligently. She says Frank is going to call her up and play records to her. I don't hardly know what to think about that.

November 9. I've had the thrillingest week. Earl has called me up every night, and talked until Daddy nearly had kittens. Earl is the most interesting conversationalist. Like for instance, he knows all about astrology and the signs of the zodiac, and one night he asked me my birthday and got a book and told me my horoscope, all about my character and my future, and it's

funny, but a person with my birthday would be just right to go steady with a person with his birthday.

November 10. Frank and I had a big fat argument today, because he said he kept trying to call me and my phone was busy all the time. I said, "I bet yours was too, from all I've been hearing about Marnie listening to records." I'm going to ask Earl about Frank's birthday, if it would fit very well with a person like me.

Earl wears the most super clothes. He has shirts that are really fun. Last night he asked me if I would wear his black and yellow plaid one, and I said I would if he would wear my fuchsia sweater. So I got the shirt today, and I'm going to wear it to the M.K. meeting tonight and knock the girls cross-eyed.

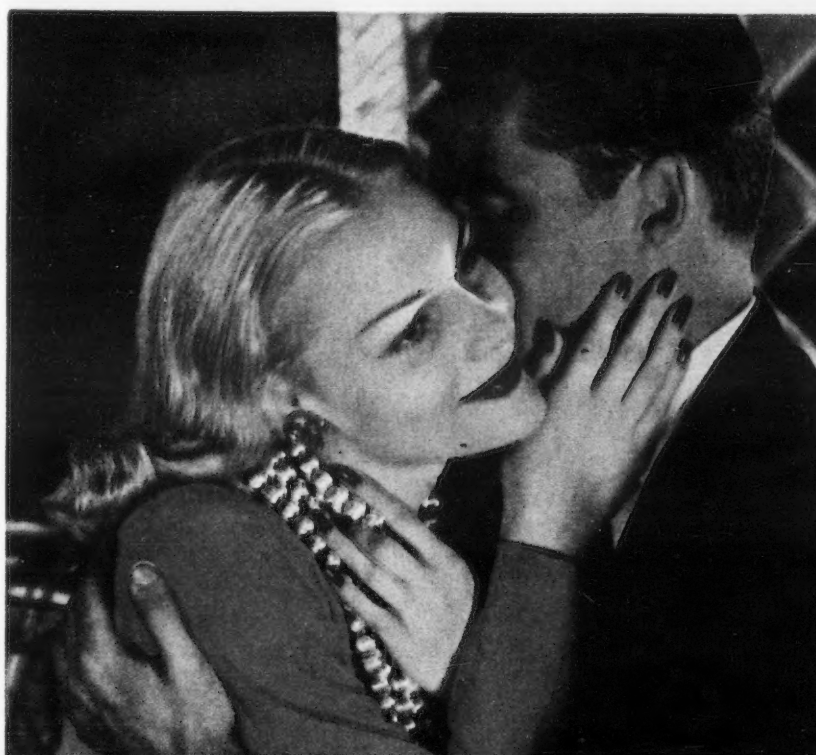
November 18. Been having a swell time lately. I seem to be going with Earl now, and Marnie with Frank. The girls asked me if Earl and I were going steady, last week, when I showed up wearing his shirt, but I said no, it was just a trade. I haven't said anything to Frank about breaking up, but I told Marnie I didn't care if he phoned her all the time, as long as she is so interested in music. I'm keeping the little airplane for a souvenir, but I don't wear it any more. Frank gave Marnie one just like it, and she wears it. I am going to have to talk to her as a Big Sister because she ought to send Stu back that agate ring of his father's.

November 25. Marnie is certainly somebody with a condition, after all I've done for her. Last night she told us at M.K. she had a great big fat row with Frank because she still wears Stu's agate ring, and won't send it back. She says Stu quit writing to her, so why should she? She says Frank said he won't go to Harold's with the bunch tonight unless she sends back the ring, and she told him, "So what?" I'm afraid Marnie's going to be back on my hands again.

Same day, later. The bunch just went to Harold's for cokes tonight, because toward the end of the month hardly anybody has enough money to go to a movie. Frank didn't come, but Marnie came along anyway. She told Earl she was getting very interested in dancing, and asked him if he would show her that kind of a bend with the little jump right after. He said she was a fast learner. He asked her when her birthday was, and said he'd look it up in his book and call her up to tell her her horoscope.

November 26. Today I had a Big Sister talk with Marnie, and reminded her of her pledge as an M.K. She said, "Can I help it if I'm starting to get s.a.? Do you want me to be a drip?" I said, "You never were a drip. You just had a condition. But you're catching up all right now. Yea, verily. So

"In Mexico I found my Love"



At Hotel Reforma, we'd been dining, dancing. "Marry me," you whispered. "I can't let go of these soft hands." Thank goodness I use Jergens Lotion, darling! . . . Favorite hand care of the very loveliest women.*



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*this exciting
Bouquet*

*Learn this secret of
fragrant appeal...*

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ADORNS
YOUR SKIN WITH
THE FRAGRANCE
MEN LOVE

**CASHMERE
BOUQUET
SOAP**
Perfumed

And after your bath...

Fluff on—silky-smooth Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Dries moisture . . . protects against chafing . . . wraps you in Cashmere Bouquet's heavenly fragrance.

CASHMERE BOUQUET TALC



feeling very sorry for Bethnal Green. "She might try to make a bit of trouble, but I wouldn't worry too much about it. Have you been thinking of taking a trip to England?" "O'd loike to, but not yet."

"There's a trip in your cup and it might be coming up a lot sooner than you expect. You are going to be offered an opportunity to do some kind of art work or photography. I'd take it if I were you, because it might lead to something bigger. I see you getting something of fur—a fur coat or one with a fur trim."

"Cool!"

"Was there a definite change in your life around 1943? I see one here. You are going into new living quarters which will be very satisfactory. I see a wonderful friendship with a tall dark girl."

She hurried on. I would buy a car and have a baby and, thrusting a pad at me, asked for a sample of my handwriting. I gave her a backhand example and she told me that I was restless and artistic. I wanted to hear more, but an anxious matron was breathing heavily down my neck so I said good-by.

I removed the glasses, kept the ring on my finger and threw away the Cockney accent for the third reading. I took my cup behind a chintz screen to a Reader with prominent teeth who, without looking in the cup, said in a sepulchral voice, "I sense a change."

This was certainly what I needed. I wrung my hands and arranged my features in lines of bitterness and woe. "You mean . . . divorce?"

"You've been considering it, I can see that. Don't do anything hasty. I've told many young people, now and before the war, to be patient. You just want to jump into marriage and right out again without giving it a chance."

I looked sadly at the table.

"I see a broom," said she, sweeping her arm aloft and gazing far, far into the beyond. "Somebody's going to come along and sweep a path clear. You're going to have a medical examination of some kind. I think that it will make you very happy, but I wouldn't like to say anything definite."

"A child?" I asked, my eyes brimming with hope.

"Your physician or surgeon will verify it, but you are going to have an artistic little girl some day. You have a restless nature, and it would probably be a help to both you and your husband if you had some kind of hobby. Don't do anything you'll regret later on," she said as I rose to leave. "Everything around you is unsettled, so just sit back and wait."

I sat back and waited over a sandwich before facing another spot of tea. This time the setting was a dismal wee tea-room which smelled highly of varnish. A charming gadget had been attached to the door so that it gave a prolonged Bronx cheer when anyone came in or out. The Reader was a very old woman with motherly eyes who bustled about carrying trays of tea, reading cups and swabbing them out when the trade became too overwhelming.

The ring on my finger gave her an opening. She said my husband was a laggard who was going to be left behind. "He is content to stay on the ground, but you want to get up and fly!" she said poetically, flapping her hands. "Your cup is filled with gaily plumed

birds and you have a great talent. What line of business are you in?"

I was lighting something bigger than I was . . . my ego. I gazed deep into her motherly eyes and murmured, "Writing."

"Shake!" she screamed, reaching across the table and pumping my hand.

I tore the ring off my finger and confessed that I wasn't really married and was only collecting data on fortunetellers.

We shook again. "I'm writing an article on 'A Week in a Tearoom!'" said she, bouncing with glee. "Isn't it wonderful we're in the same line? Call me Marion. What's your name?"

I told her and she said that it was in my saucer, all right. Then added, "There's a big question mark in here—what is it?"

I asked her when I would be rich and famous and have the world at my feet.

"In two years! And there's a very important man in your life. See if I'm right. He's tall, dark and wears a grey suit . . . right?"

Wrong.

She seized my hand and looking into my damp palm said that I had limitless potentialities. I was beaming with modest pleasure when she hoisted me up by the elbow and led me toward the door. I was standing in the street with the Bronx cheer blating adieu before I realized what had happened. I still don't. But I'm watching for that confession piece of hers. It should be good.

I listened to the fifth reading without trying any tricks.

It took place in a restaurant, no less, and the Reader sat at the back of the room beside the juke box. My cup had only one leaf in it so I spooned a few from the teapot and arranged them in an artistic pattern on the inside of the cup. I did well. The Reader looked at it and clicked her tongue.

"You are going to have a man visit you from across the sea and he will bring you good news. You'll soon be getting a ring from a dark man and there's a fair man in here too, but he's only a friend. A heavily built man is trying to make up for a misunderstanding he has had with you. He's afraid to come to your home and he's planning to meet you in a way that will look casual and unexpected. You are going to get some letters and a telephone call which will make you very happy and excited and you are going to take a long trip by car."

Were any of these men musicians? I enquired. She said no, they looked more as if they were in the brokerage or insurance business.

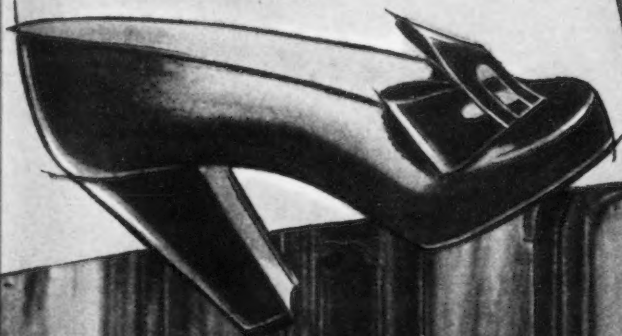
I took my notes home and mulled over them. No big band leader, alas; no romantic tenor — but why should I quibble when a fleet of dark dreamboats were panting to put rings on my fingers and bells on my toes? I combed my hair, put a candle in the window and waited. I am still waiting and so far only one thing has happened. There was that promise of something made of fur. It actually came true, for just yesterday, in an early bout of spring cleaning, my mother pulled a 22-year-old raccoon coat of repellent aspect from a trunk in the cellar. Shaking out the mothballs she held it toward me, her face radiant with discovery.

"You could use this," she said.

So I wouldn't say all Readers are necessarily wrong.



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Selby ARCH PRESERVER shoes make a pretty fuss over your feet! By giving them extra smartness. By freeing them from foot fatigue as only genuine Selby ARCH PRESERVERS can, these three ways:



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PARKER Quink the only ink containing *solv-x*



by Patricia Skinner

THREE YEARS ago I visited a fortuneteller (or Reader) who peered into my teacup and told me that I would be married to a musician within a year. For two summers I flung my charms at males, large and small, who had anything to do with music but failed to find my mate. This year, as the last shifty-eyed swain and his cornet were forcibly removed from my presence, a seed of doubt was planted in my mind. Could it be that the Reader was wrong? I pushed the thought away but it kept creeping back, especially on Saturday nights when I tried to amuse myself with a good book or a game of solitaire. The only way to find peace, I decided, would be to have my teacup read by four or five Readers in one day and then compare notes.

To make this a proper test, it would be necessary for me to change my type between cups. This seemed no hardship. I have an unlined face which has been charitably described as "wholesome," a head of fuzzy red hair, and a yellow finger from smoking too many cigarettes. I was too easy a subject for Readers to read, so I tried to brighten my appearance with several weak disguises such as a brass wedding ring, my glasses and a nervous wringing of the hands which was supposed to denote great emotional distress.

I did not bother with the glasses or the ring for the first reading which took place in a small tearoom owned by the Reader and her husband, a short man with furry eyebrows who slunk around clearing tables and dusting away crumbs. I asked the Reader, with a gay laugh, if she really saw things in tea leaves and she said No, her psyche picked information out of the air. She disappeared with another customer, and I was left with her husband who began to pump me for information with all the subtlety of a blow on the shins. I told him that I hoped to be married in three months, that I was writing a letter to my fiancé and wanted to be a dress designer. He digested the lies and left the room.

When it was my turn I followed the Reader into a closet where we sat opposite one another, cosily knee to knee. After an uneasy moment of silence she

excused herself and went into the room where her husband lurked, making like a psyche no doubt.

She returned and looked into my cup. "Is there a desk at your feet?"

"No."

"Is there a funny-shaped desk, maybe one that you might stand up to?"

"No."

"Well, there's a desk in your cup. Would it have something to do with a course you're taking?"

"I'm not taking a course."

"Did you take a course? Dress designing maybe?"



I was left with her husband who began to pump me with all the subtlety of a blow on the shins.

"How did you guess?"

"That's what I thought, I thought you had taken a course. You write a lot of letters. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Have you a boy friend?"

I simpered.

"You're going to get a letter from him and he's coming to see you. It might be in three days, it might be in three weeks and it might be in three months."

"How do you know he's out of town?" She looked flustered. "He is out of town, isn't he?"

I remembered what I had told Psyche. I said yes.

"That's what I thought. You want to get married. Is that right? Your boy friend wants to wait—it might be because of money or another woman—and when you do get married you'll have

Sketches by Nancy Caudle



I wanted to hear more but an anxious matron was breathing heavily down my neck, so I said good-by.

a quick wedding. Is that right? Were you planning to have a quick wedding?"

"No."

"Well, things might not work out the way you planned. There's another man, he's older, maybe a teacher or something like that. Keep away from him because he likes you more than you like him and he could make a lot of trouble for you."

There's nothing like a sinister, older man to whet one's interest. "Tell me more," I said.

She told me that I would soon get a ring and would be caught in a mad whirl of parties and dances. Her parting words were that I would be a successful designer but would abandon my career for marriage.

Well I had neither to lose at the moment, so I shook the dust of her shady

establishment off my feet and prepared for the second reading by wearing my glasses and the wedding ring. In the vain hope that I might be taken for a war bride I spoke with an overseas accent. Something in the neighborhood of Bethnal Green, I hoped.

The reading took place in a large, prosperous tearoom which had two ladies plying their trade at opposite ends of the room. One was Madame and the other Mrs. I chose Mrs., and when she mentioned the pleasant weather we were having I said that it was ever-so-nice.

"You have many interests across the sea, haven't you? Is there a woman over there who might be jealous because you've switched your affections?"

"Oí guess it's me muvver." I said,



"He is content to stay on the ground but you want to get up and fly!" she said poetically, flapping her hands.

Hollywood inspired --

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Fiesta

Spirited new powder shade named for the technicolor picture "FIESTA"

Rose-sparkle for your skin! Wear Fiesta, spirited new powder shade that warms and livens your skin to breathless new beauty. Blended first for Fiesta's dazzling Star,

Esther Williams, this enchanting Woodbury shade is color-right for YOU! Luscious rose-rachel—disarming, disturbing! A Woodbury-Wonderful shade that clings and covers, stays color-fresh on your skin.



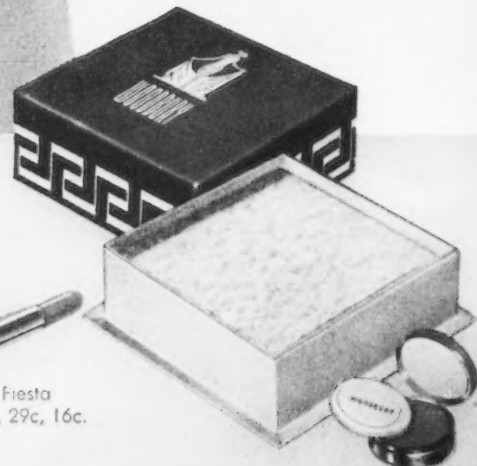
Esther Williams

starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

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Fresh, rosy glow for your cheeks!
Rich true red on your lips! Wear
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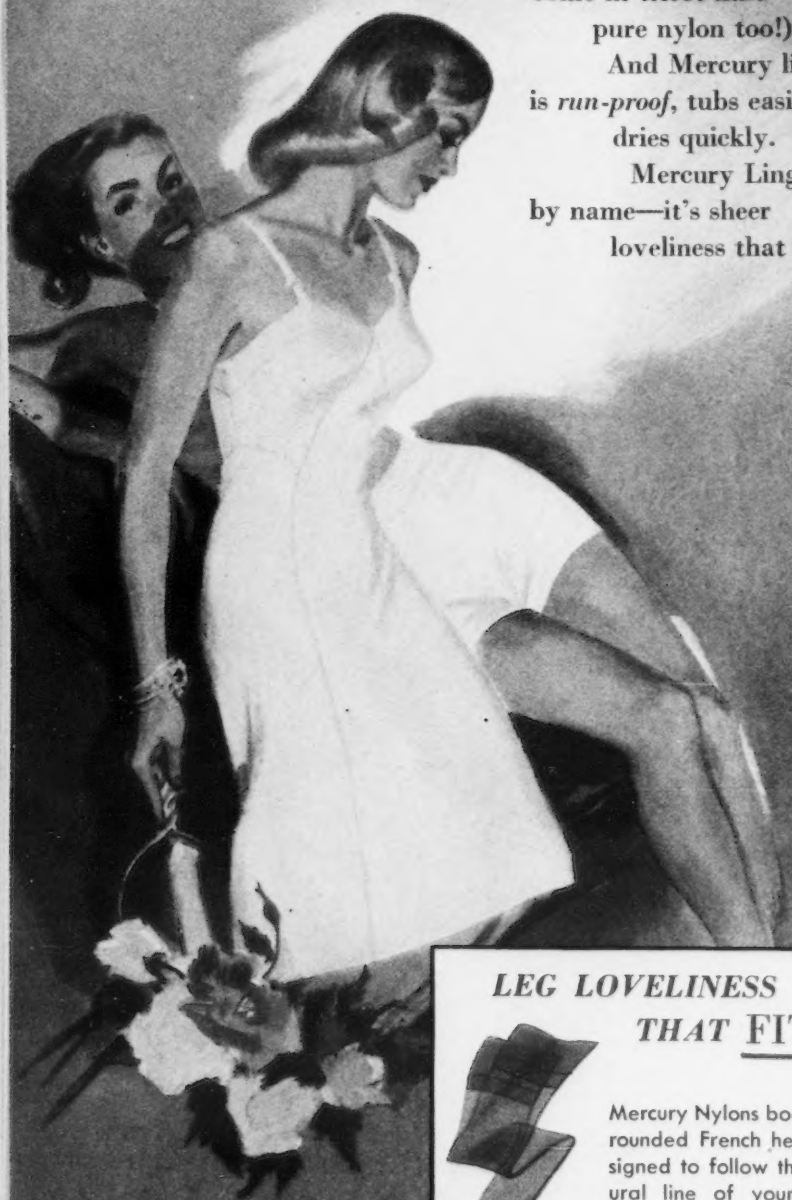
Woodbury film finish Powder

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Mercury Lingerie is glamour PLUS economy . . .
tricot-knit of nylon-over-rayon (nylon *outside* for looks and wear,
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Mercury Nylons boast the
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signed to follow the nat-
ural line of your foot.
Thus, you get perfect fit
—no damaging garter-
pull, no ankle-sag. In
fashion's newest shades!
Look for Nylons custom-
styled by MERCURY.

Fashion Shorts

from New York



THE Easter parade
will find you
lighthearted and
lightheaded. In a
bright side-swept
bonnet, perhaps.
With perky nosebags
and yards of veiling
and illusion.

Topper for a spring
suit, talking point for
the Easter parade: A
bumper-brimmed
bonnet in shiny rough
straw. Decked with
yards of taffeta.

Not much leg
showing beneath
longer - than - calf-
length hemlines.
What there is should
look doubly nice. And
does in sheer - sheer
black nylon.

Turnabout. Heel
and toe hide from sight, but the cut-out
instep is as bare as barefoot in the new
shoe silhouette. Rule is: close the spots
that used to be open; open the spots
that used to be closed.

Strap strategy. Take an open-back
sling pump. Chastely cover the toe and
swirl the strappings across the instep.
And thus arrive at an alluring profile.

Matching toast for toast. Which is
to say if your spring bonnet is in the
new shade of melba toast, your suede
gauntlets will match. Toast is one of
this season's specials.

Bustle-back dress, bustle-back glove.
Kids and suedes and doeskins display
the spring fashion silhouette. With pep-
lum and side drape also.

Suggested for a junior miss. Black
faillé for a dressy afternoon. With
eyelet collar and cuffs, she's a demure
sophisticate.

Black faille also for a redingote
through which peeps a tawny print.
Fitted waistline and swanky pockets
make the redingote news this season.

The grey flannel suit goes gay, with
a dandified wing collar and pleated pep-
lum. Make a grosgrain "cravat" of red

and white to give it
sparkle.

Two large pock-
etfuls of glamour. On
an all-purposed double-
breasted topper.
Wide revers and sil-
ver buttons, too. But
it's the spacious pock-
ets that claim
attention.

April showers
bring May flowers.
They also pipe in a
new raincoat. In an
authentic clansman's
plaid. Weatherman,
do your worst!

White is the pet
color of milliners this
spring. In felt or
straw. Spruced up
mayhap with a rib-
bon trimming in cocoa
or sand.

It's small, it's snug to the head, it's
a spring hat. And it has back interest
in a bustle bow. Borrowed from the
dress of the same notion.

Flowered chintz goes formal—with-
out snarling up your budget. And casts
as sure a spell over the stagline as a
silkily expensive print. Come to the aid
of the party with a chintz outfit that
has a belling skirt over a crinoline.

Flower garlands on your hair, but-
terfly wings on your shoulders. Another
way of saying you'll look like the goddess
of spring in a fluttery cape-sleeved dress
and delectable all-flowered hat.

A pirouette with every turn you
make! At least, when you wear a filmy
crepe with an accordion-pleated skirt.
Makes you want to brush up on your
curtsey so you can accomplish the grace-
ful gesture.

It's capes for coats and for a charm-
ing silhouette. Cape sleeves wing out
on dressy new coats. They're bracelet-
length, which calls for black gloves and
jewellery to sweep up your arm.

Half-and-half! It's a suit with the
brief basque jacket. An after-dark dress
without. And so new if it has a very
deep square-notched neckline.



Dress, Clare Potter, Jewels by de Sedle Photo, Avedon

"Spring Fever" for an Elegant Spring

Elegance, long-sleeping, bursts forth again as Spring's presiding theme, and CHEN YU creates the most elegant color ever seen on lips and fingertips.

"Spring Fever!" A rich, rich pink made richer still by tinting with the elegant blue that winks from diamonds. At finer stores, of course.



CHEN YU

SMART SET—lipstick, lacquer, Twincote—\$2.15 • DUAL—lacquer, Twincote—\$1.00 • SINGLETON (lacquer)—75c
LIPSTICK—\$1.25

"Sunnivale"

TEST-PROVEN HAND WASHABLE SOARS TO NEW SUCCESS

"Sunnivale" has made fabric history! You see it in piece goods departments, you hear shoppers talking about it, you read about it in the ads!

Thanks to Courtaulds exacting testing of rayons known as the "Quality-Control" Plan, "Sunnivale", the famous crease-resisting spun rayon fabric by Dominion-Burlington is now test-proven *hand washable*. And that means it's colour-fast to light, hand washing, perspiration, crocking, and hot pressing.

Choose "Sunnivale" for your Summer sewing. Select from a host of gay new resort prints—and try a pattern like "Simplicity", sketched, to bring out its beauty. To keep that beauty fresh we suggest washing by hand with gentle "Lux".

*Sold in Piece Goods Depts. at
These and Other Leading
Stores Across Canada.*

David Spencer Limited,
Vancouver, B.C.
Manchester Robertson Allison
Limited, Saint John, N.B.
James A. Ogilvy's Limited,
Montreal, P.Q.
The Robert Simpson Company,
Limited,
Toronto, Ont., Montreal, P.Q.,
Halifax, N.S., London, Ont.
Charles Ogilvy Limited,
Ottawa, Ont.
C. H. Smith Company, Limited,
Windsor, Ont.
"Williams," Regina, Sask.
Hudson's Bay Company,
Winnipeg, Vancouver, Calgary,
The Right House, Hamilton, Ont.



Simplicity
PATTERN #1747

COURTAULDS (CANADA) LIMITED
PRODUCERS OF RAYON YARNS ONLY

It Looks Like Rain!

We're all for these lovely, bright ways to be caught in the rain! Like this all-covering cape, in a bold gingham check of black and white. And, surprise! it's in a supple plastic whose long life is guaranteed. You can fold it up neatly into almost nothing with no danger of cracking, creasing or mildew.

Two photos courtesy
Canadian National Carbon Co.



Another cape, a pearly translucent one of the same plastic, is fun to wear because it gives the world an idea of how very smart is your new spring suit underneath! The matching sou'-wester — perfect page-boy protector—adds an angelic look. There's no stitching in either of these capes; seams, almost invisible, are strengthened because they are *heat-welded!*

Here's a coat that is more than a rain shelter! Actually, its high fashion styling and fine-ribbed fabric make it the kind of casual you'll wear through three seasons (and maybe part of the fourth).

It's a misty blue poplin with special-finish features that make it water-repellent and wind-resistant.

The fashion angles speak for themselves: deep-set sleeves which won't crush the clothes beneath... notched collar and a wide, waist-trimming belt. There's no gaping, sitting or walking, because of the generous cut of the skirt.



Courtesy Sport Togs



TOOKE

SHIRTMAKERS SINCE 1869

NuBack

for any age
or type of figure?

NuBack

is different

Nuback is not just a name. It is altogether different from all other makes. It has the famous (patent) sliding back panel.



NuBack

is the health-way



Nuback, because of this panel will not bind or ride up. It is the comfortable way to better posture and better support. It eases stocking and garter strain.

NuBack

is the smart way

Nuback is the safe way to beauty and train a faulty figure; the smart way to keep and highlight a lovely one.



NuBack

is fashion's way



Nuback fits like a glove. Dresses look better with a foundation so flexible. The sliding panel allows the wearer to sit, bend or stretch with equal ease, keeping the hips smooth and slim at all times.

NuBack

is your way

Nuback offers you the quick way to elegance, and better proportions. Homemaker, career women, or society women, Nuback was created for all women who need scientific support.



NuBack

is the corsetières' way



Nuback is the corset corsetières like to fit. It shows results. And Nuback should be fitted. No two figures are exactly alike. Only the expert fitter can tell you what you should have, girdle or corset, or both. A try-on is worth a thousand words.

WILL NOT RIDE UP



NM-47-1

New York Headlines

When people turn for a second look at your hat — give them something to remember! That's the bold philosophy behind these new-season creations by America's leading milliners

by Evelyn Kelly



Who but Laddie Northridge would poise scarlet geraniums complete with leaves, on a geranium shantung straw cloche?

And, below, Walter Florell's white straw sailor, spiked with emerald, goes high-hat with upsweeping plumes of ostrich!



NEW YORK'S incredible new hats harmonize, and oh so cleverly! with changed lines in dresses, suits and coats. Variety has no limits! But out of it all, two general trends are seen again and again:

There is the *small hat*, very simple in line and trim, but always dramatic. The important number for dinner and special events!

Other concoctions strike the lyrical lilt, with marine, roses, feathers, rich fabrics—and done up the way New York loves them, to spotlight a slick black dress or soft suit.



THE NEW hats—yes even those high - style glamorizers — make a point of comfortable fit. They slick over the head smoothly . . . no wobbling . . . no worry.

If any one angle could be singled out, it's the sideways line, although there are plenty of flattering new forward hats.

New York is still faithful to its first love, the hat worn back, often seven inches from the hairline, to publicize a beautiful wide brow!



Top of page: Red plaid taffeta on rough grey straw tricorne — Mme. Lenesta's announcement of gaiety for Spring '47.

Mary Goodfellow, famous for her gay young hats, does a beret in snowy eyelet piqué, with emerald taffeta bows.

MATERIAL evidence comes up in a wide range of luxury fabrics, all the way from embroidered eyelet to shirred chiffons. Whole hats shape from imported ribbons, printed linens and snowy piqués.

Back again are the wonderful pre-war straws: Leghorn, Balibuntal, fine Milans and Swisses. At right, Suzanne Remy recalls the 1911 "picture hat" era, using pleated black tulle ruffles to enlarge molded plastic straw. And of course it wouldn't be complete without the soaring heirloom aigrette!



She's Queen of the Ace Reporters

By-lines are her business. She's earned a front-page name, writing the big stories in a big way.

It's high pressure all the time! A tough, thrilling job, calling for speed . . . imagination . . . stamina to

hold the pace while the presses get ready to roll.

Naturally, she can't be a sob-sister on those hard-to-take days—the paper *must* hit the street on

time!—so she depends on downy-soft Modess

for comfort and confidence.

Tests prove Modess more absorbent than any other

leading napkin. Modess is more comfortable in the wearing too. The full-length, non-absorbent safety shield gives you an *extra margin of safety!*

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS



SMART GIRLS CHOOSE MODESS BECAUSE IT'S SOFTER, SAFER

With New Bodice Lines



SKIRTS this season still swing softly, yet they're quite different from last year. They're easier to wear now, because they flatter the average figure (which is seldom perfect!). True, more fabric is used, but emphasis is on good proportion. Special bodice features, as in these clever new designs, are introduced to balance gathers and drapes, back bustles, and the fullness apparent in most skirts.

Surplice lines in this bodice extend to form cap sleeves, fall in softly at the neck—so that the flat-busted figure can carry the front-gathered skirt. An especially good style for a widely spaced print. No. 1933.

Lower bodice section of this dress gathers into the upper part, shaping a sweetheart neckline, forming upper lines that are in nice harmony with the below-the-waist interest. The peplum is front-tucked for hip drapery, sweeping to a tapered point in the back. No. 1921.

Soft shoulder bows complete a long torso look, which is effected by a harem-draped overskirt. The bodice, front centre-seamed, closes with a slide fastener down the back. No. 1934.

Slender and tall? Then this is your number—with its large contrasting bow and bodice drapery repeating the polonaise swag and bow at hips. Shorter figures would look better with clips or jewelled pins in place of the bows. No. 1931.

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering see page 72.



KAYSER — HOSIERY • GLOVES • UNDERWEAR • LINGERIE

Casuals You'll Love to Wear



EVERYTHING points to a natural look this spring. There's little or no shoulder padding—just enough to keep shoulder lines even with hips. Sleeves are comfortably full—often cut in one with the bodice. Skirts swing free, with interesting detail in unpressed pleats and pockets. All these points are keynoted in these simple, wearable casuals, designed for summer fabrics.

Striped chambrays, skirtings or light rayons would be the ideal choice for No. 1936. The sleeves are cut in one with the bodice and the softly pleated skirt has the important new "side-entrance" pockets.

Cap sleeves cut in one with the shoulder yoke of No. 1930 give distinctive top detail to this frock, with its happy-go-lucky look for summer days. Side-entrance pockets again—and the skirt has plenty of front fullness in the unpressed pleats. Good in a rayon pastel.

Season for stripes it is, especially in a design such as No. 1924 which necessitates the minimum of matching in its extended shoulders and the simple four-gored skirt. The V-necked bodice is finished with bow tie of the same fabric.

A cool linen dress in this becoming style, No. 1923, would be a wardrobe favorite, come June. The big patch pockets with bright embroidery (transfer included) are its chief decoration.

Summer favorite, the front-buttoned dress—so easy to launder—comes in a new version, No. 1938. The softer details of this season are in evidence: round contrasting collar, with or without tie; cuffed sleeves, panelled skirt, front-gathered between flap pockets.

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering, see page 72

Are you in the know?



Is this the technique for a—

- ☐ Water wave
- ☐ Pin curl wave
- ☐ Finger wave

You, too, can set a pin curl wave. Starting at forehead, moisten small strand of hair with water or wave lotion. Hold strand taught . . . wind "clockwise" in flat coil from end to scalp, and pin flat. Alternate the winding direction of each row. It's smart to learn little grooming aids. And to discover, on problem days, how Quest—the powder deodorant—helps your peace of mind. Soft, soothing . . . absorbs moisture and helps prevent chafing. And Quest destroys odour completely . . . safely.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping



For that wee-waisted look, she'd better—

- ☐ Give up breathing
- ☐ Minimize the midriff
- ☐ Try corset laces

The "doll-waisted" style and your chubby waistline don't seem made for each other? Better minimize that midriff! Stand erect, feet together, arms stretched overhead. Bend torso right and left as far as possible (feel the pull) . . . working up to 25 times daily. On "certain" days you can look trim, even in your snuggest outfit with the Kotex Wonderform Belt.

No revealing outlines nag you for it holds Kotex secure with flat, patented clasps. It's elastic, adjustable, washable.



Fashion Makes Up For Lost Time

Continued from page 18

cutting into the stuff itself. A muslin shape may be fitted two or three times before it is satisfactory. After that come the fittings of the dress in the material chosen. Usually there are two or three fittings, sometimes as many as 10.

I am lucky in that I have a large modelling room in which I can get right away from the model and see the dress in all its movements and in various lights. The work itself is incredibly detailed—every seam, every fold, every tuck, every dart has to be watched in relation to the correct proportions of the dress. The more trained you become, the quicker you can make decisions.

The result of all this work which has been exercising the energy of approximately 50 people for two months is shown when the collection is unveiled before the public. In the excitement of the moment you forget the strain and fatigue. But I can never comprehend, when I watch the showing, that the making of clothes that look so simple, so casual, should have cost so many people so many sleepless nights. Is it worth it? Of course it is—a thousand times yes!

Britain's Big Ten

The haute-couture in Great Britain is now efficiently organized and is already competing in the world market. In 1941 the leading fashion houses in London—the big ten—formed themselves into a group which is known as The Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers. This step was an enormous help during the war years. It meant that the designers could speak with one voice to the various Governmental departments concerned with the thousand-and-one restrictions and edicts that controlled trade. When peace came it was possible, again because of the Society, to organize the regular showing of collections to overseas buyers, thus stimulating the export drive which the Government promotes with such efficiency.

The first chairman of the Society needs no introduction. He was Capt. Edward Molyneux, and his resignation, due to the high pressure of work since he controls houses both in London and Paris, was lately announced; he remains a member of the Society. Norman Hartnell succeeds him. Hartnell, too, is well known and his brilliant designing of clothes for H. M. Queen Elizabeth has received world-wide recognition. Other members of the Society are Peter Russell, well known to Canadians; Creed of Paris fame; Elspeth Champcommunal of Worth; Digby Morton the suit king, and three newcomers, Hardy Amies who last year opened with great success his Georgian house in Savile Row; Bianca Mosca, always extremely well dressed and lately established in an enchanting house in South Audley Street; Angele Delanghe who is also well known in Canada; and myself. We meet regularly and know each other well, and the Society, born of wartime necessity, has already done an immense amount to boost Britain to the highest rung of the fashion ladder.



Are you in the know?



If you're higher than your squire, should you—

- ☐ Wait for a taller date
- ☐ Come down to earth
- ☐ Play stooper-woman

What if he isn't tall and terrific? A short beau in tow is worth ten highboys on the loose. Come down to earth; avoid towering hats . . . swap spike heels for new, smart flats! No need to stoop. Even at "those"

times, your bearing can be poised and proud, because with the help of Kotex, no telltale outlines show. Those flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines . . . send your confidence soaring!



Could she look trim as a bellhop, by—

- ☐ Steaming in a Turkish bath
- ☐ Dusk-to-dawn jitterbugging
- ☐ Wearing a girdle

Now there's the "bellhop look" she'd like! A girdle will help. The kind that belittles her waist, straightens that slump. Girdles are made so cleverly nowadays, you scarcely know you're wearing them. Like Kotex . . . and Kotex belts. For Kotex is made with lasting softness . . . made to stay soft while you wear it. And that adjustable Kotex Wonderform Belt fits so comfortably, smoothly (it's elastic) . . . lets you bend freely without binding.



When he admires your dress, do you say

- ☐ "Really? This old sack?"
- ☐ "Are you kidding?"
- ☐ "Thank you"

Some gals imagine they must shrug off a compliment. Why embarrass a fellow? When he tosses a bouquet your way—sweetly say, "Thank you". Giving out with the right answers is a mark of poise. It's smooth, too (at certain times) to know the right answer to your sanitary protection needs. Kotex—naturally! Because you get extra protection with that exclusive safety centre of Kotex . . . just another reason why you can count on Kotex.



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins

*T. M. Reg.



Glance
ON THE DRESSING TABLES OF THE
NATION'S WOMEN...

AND YOU'LL FIND WELL-GROOMED WOMEN
PREFER "WELGROOM" COMBS

Women who insist on hair that's always neat, call "Welgroom" Combs their "first aid to hair care." Durable, long-lasting, "Welgroom" Combs have accurately-spaced, long teeth for smooth combing, easy cleaning. Rounded teeth prevent scalp injury.

Get several "Welgroom" Combs at your drug, 5 & 10c store, or notions counter today — Handle and Dressing Combs for your dresser — Curl Combs for arranging your hair-do, Bobby Combs for your purse.

Sparkling plastic,
crystal-clear colors.

Keep well-groomed with

welgroom
Combs for women



Made in Canada by the makers of
"Goody" Curlers, Wave Clips, Grip-
Fast Combs and Barrettes.

Hollywood After Hours

YOUR favorite star may be the *femme fatale* of the silver screen, but it's the clothes she wears in her private life that really make you want to award her a special Oscar!

She carries . . . but how! . . . the clothes of all generations into theatres all round the world . . . classic draperies of ancient Greece . . . hoops and crinolines from history's pages . . . the sleek sophistications of New York café society . . . and all brought to reality by her personality!

But out of all these she emerges as a definite person, to be remembered by her individual taste in what she loves to wear during her precious time-off!

It may come as a surprise to you just to see how preferences range from sleek tailored numbers . . . slacks and skirts and such . . . to the frothy concoctions that are completely of the lights-and-soft-music category!



Viveca Lindfors, lovely Swedish star, likes this soft beige jacket and matching gabardine slacks; says it's the ultimate in comfort. "Ships in the River" is her first Hollywood picture.



Photographs from
Warner Bros.

Jane Harker, to be featured soon in "Deception," chooses a two-in-one glamour gown, a wonderful foil for her blond vivacity. It's heavy white crepe, and can be worn with or without overskirt . . . with or without very full half sleeves of black lace.

They walk, work, relax and sleep in glamour . . . these famous Hollywood stars, shown here in moods of lovely, lovely leisure!



Andrea King (above) thinks the short nightie, which they call the "Tommy," is a wonderful notion. This pert brevity has full shirred sleeves and a very demure Peter Pan collar!



Patio pyjamas of ocean blue shantung, sequin studded at the shoulders, have the feminine quality that appeals to Eleanor Parker, appearing in "Never Say Goodby."



Another romantic creation so perfect for Eleanor's blond beauty is this chiffon negligée, pale, pale blue, with blue satin drop shoulders; over matching crepe gown.

HOLLYWOOD, quick on the uptake, bowed its head with its tongue in its cheek to an official ruling that women's nightgowns were "non-essential!"

And, what started in fun may well indicate a new trend in sleeping . . . judging by the results! (See left.) The very short nightie is made on the familiar, easy-going butcher-boy lines—really a long pyjama top with full sleeves, rounded yoke.

Already the style has been taken up, and you'll see a few of these short sleepables in Canadian shops early in the summer.

We're told they're wonderfully comfortable and as you can see they are not . . . well . . . unflattering!

your *Spring wardrobe* will include lovely practical **NYLON**

THIS SPRING nylon steals the fashion spotlight with glamorous evening dresses and very feminine blouses as well as gossamer stockings, slips, panties and figure-flattering girdles and bras.

Nylon fabrics are not affected by perspiration. They do not soil readily and ordinary stains wash right out. Nylon garments—pleated, ruffled, tucked—will launder as quickly and happily as your precious hosiery without shrinking out of shape.

To assure you of shopping satisfaction, look for the nylon tag which identifies quality nylon merchandise. Nylon Division, CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED, P.O. Box 10, Montreal.

C-I-L *nylon* YARN

CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED **C-I-L** MANUFACTURERS OF NYLON YARN FOR THE TEXTILE INDUSTRY NY-47-3

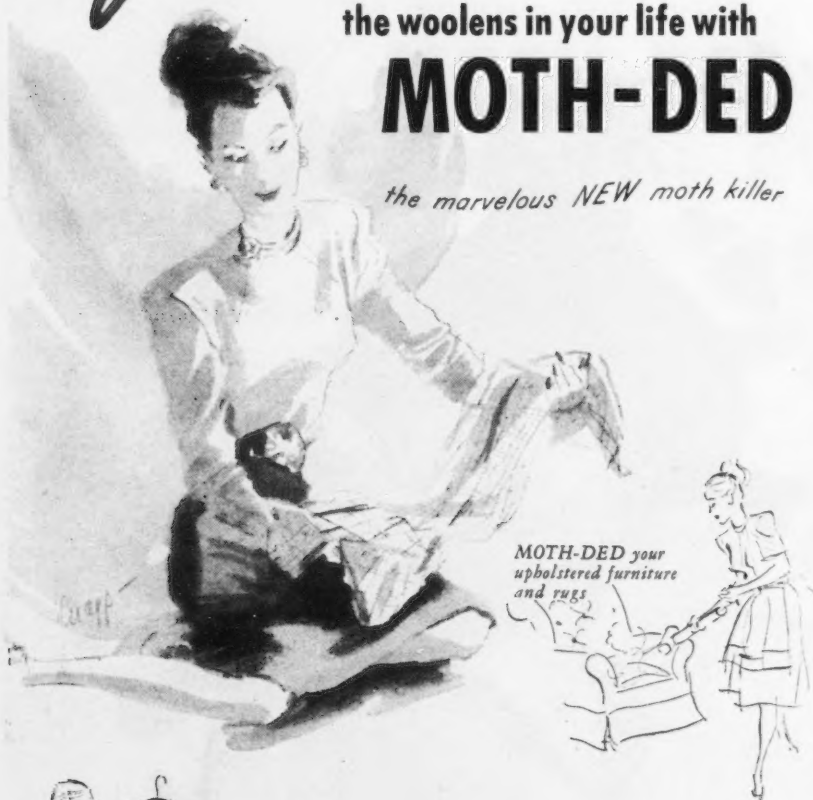
WARNING!—MOTH DAMAGE ON THE WAY!

protect

the woolens in your life with

MOTH-DED

the marvelous NEW moth killer



MOTH-DED your upholstered furniture and rugs



MOTH-DED your winter woolens

CONTAINS 5% D.D.T.

One thorough spraying
lasts for months.

Safe! Sure! Economical!

Every drop effective

—contains no water.

MOTH-DED your blankets










Only **39¢** 16 oz.

Don't forget to spray closet
walls and floors, storage
chests and drawers.



HINTS FOR STORING WOOLENS:

Before storing your woolens for the summer, brush  them carefully in the open air  spray  all cracks and crevices in your closets and chests  with Moth-Ded . Then spray the garments  or blankets  and put them away.

Made in Canada—Boyle-Midway (Canada) Limited, Toronto

You're Being

Canadian designers, alert to your tastes and preferences, sum them up in fabrics, colors and sizes in the new fashions!



By Shrybman

One of the smartest summer suits, a travel-minded grey chalk stripe. It looks and behaves like a light wool, but actually it's one of the deceiving new light-weights, a tropical-type spun that holds its press!

LOOK around carefully . . . you're being watched!

By a powerful group of manufacturers whose combined energies make up one of Canada's largest industries, Fashion!

The way you respond to new fabrics, colors, styles . . . the way you wear your clothes . . . what you buy and what you don't buy . . . all these add up to vital fashion statistics!

First it was a rumor but now it's a fact that the Canadian woman is becoming less conservative in her clothes. She's much more critical, alert, and willing to accept genuinely new ideas! Wonderful stimulation for Canada's style creators in the mills and fashion houses who are working together as never before!

Fabrics First

Along with some of the dear old familiars that mother and grandma still sigh about, there are lovely newcomers that deserve a warm welcome.

For example, the stunning new rayon

weaves, all in good colors and finishes. Art work in the print motifs is beyond the layman's dreams! Some of the numbers in paintbrush or crayon effect defy your eyes and fingers to tell them from real silk!

Among the best washables are the new rayon spuns. You'll find spuns too in lightweight tropical-type finishes—wonderful fabric for summer travel.

Rayon jerseys, now completely glamour-minded in colors, weaves and print designs will be about the most popular fabric for hot weather. You can roll jersey up . . . pack it away . . . sit on it for hours in sticky weather, and still never get that Wilted Winnie look.

Nylon Marches On

What will appear next to our wondering eyes! Right now it's nylon velvet, soft as the ear of a very young kitten . . . no wrinkling . . . shrugs off soil. It's on its way in bathing suits . . . honestly! . . . and they say it dries while you get into your suntan lotion.

Processions of nylon taffetas, price-

g Watched!

by Evelyn Kelly

less-looking and crisp . . . and nylon marisettes, pastel perfections . . . will float down church aisles this year. The shades range through a romantic mood: Forget-me-not Blue, Petal Pink, Grey Dawn, Blue Cloud!

Other pastels are named in the same cool and refreshing vein: Sea Shell Pink, Nymph Green, Sea-Sky Blue, Dolphin Blue!

What You Ask For

When you're spending precious house-keeping money on the clothes allowance for yourself or family, it pays to find out just what you may expect from a fabric!

Will it stand washing, or must it be dry cleaned?

Very comforting to know how it'll take dry cleaning! Will it sag or stretch . . . rip at the seams . . . lose its color?

Pretty sad, if it's a washable, when it slyly shrinks away . . . or if its color runs or fades!

Which is just saying that label-readers do stretch their kudos and their funds a little farther by hanging onto the labels and following instructions.

There's a lot of very costly research going on in labels all over Canada . . . and the manufacturers who are watching the results beg you to watch the labels!

"Try and find out!" you may say.

Dress by Deja, hat by Peggy Anne



By Teenage

Here's gay flattery for a teenager . . . wonderful dash, and easy to wear! Navy and white color-do . . . the top, crisp bengaline; the skirt in soft crepe.

Well . . . there's usually some one person in a store who can tell you all you want to know about fabrics . . . to point out what is really tried and true, and what it means to you. Pays to be inquisitive!

Exterior Decorating

The statistical measuring rod has proved that Canadian women, like the Americans, average five - foot - five or under, in height.

So if that's you, ask for garments scaled to your size.

This long-awaited recognition of us shorties is one of the best bits of news these last few months! Top-flight designers now turn their attention to new flattery for shorter figures, in shapes of necklines and sleeves, careful study of hips and waistlines. And they're being very careful about too much decorating in the way of bows and such!

Designers never have liked their garments being altered, and now that they agree on an average, they'll see to it that you get "Style in your size" in so far as they're able to accomplish it!

It's important for you to know what looks best on you! And if you stay in your own size range . . . and you'll be happier in the long run! Not to mention what you'll save in costly alterations!

That's the way your own Canadian clothes industry is watching you—and watching out for you! +

Summer black builds up the ego, whittles the hips! Jacket; white Swiss embroidery on black marisette. Skirt, black crepe. And very new, the double-brimmed milan straw.



A lady's delight knows

no bounds when she

finds Orient* nylons —

so clear, so sheer,

so completely in

keeping with lovely

Spring fashions.



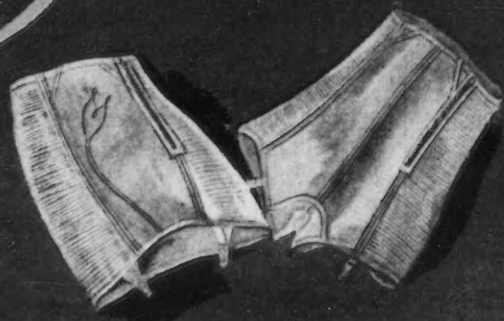
*C.S.P. Ltd. Trademark

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL STOCKINGS



fashions by Judy 'n' Jill

Corsees gives you figure glamor



Corsees...in action
...flatters young figures!
Flexees light and
lovely two-way control
...wonderful with a
Flexaire bra in the
new Pulchra Design.

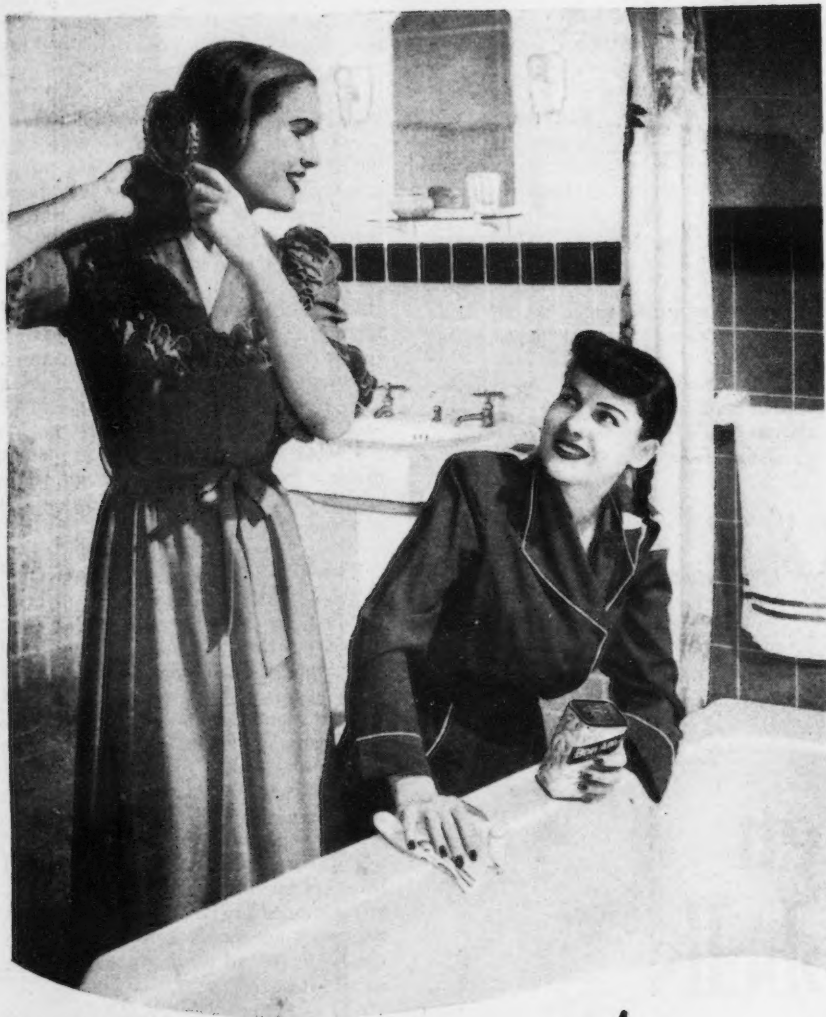
*reg. trademark

CORSEES* pantie and step-in girdles by FLEXEES* world's loveliest foundations

Chatelaine Fashions

Fashion's whimsey
turns to a new casual, the
carré print, in which
the front skirt is a pleated
floral square . . . in horizon
hues, violet, rose, green, on
an azure ground. Bright
for sudden spring . . .
right for hot summer!
The face-framing hat is of
milan and woven Swiss straw.





NANCY: *You sure cleaned that tub in swingtime!*

JEAN: Check, chick! It's easy when your cleanser doesn't leave dirt-catching scratches.

NANCY: Guess I'm not hep to housework, darling. What have scratches got to do with speedy cleaning?

JEAN: Everything! They trap dirt, and that means you have to scrub like crazy. That's why I stick to Bon Ami—it "hasn't scratched yet!" Just slides the dirt away like magic, and polishes, too.

NANCY: I can see that by the way your bathroom sparkles.

JEAN: And you can see by my hands, too—Bon Ami's one cleanser that won't mess up a manicure!

US: Bon Ami is perfect for *all* cleansing—sinks, bathtubs, windows, mirrors, pots and pans, metal and enamel surfaces.

Bon Ami



THE SPEEDY CLEANSER that
"hasn't scratched yet!"



MADE IN CANADA

Fan Fare...



No nonsense about them—the three ladies Apley in the 20th Century Fox interpretation of John P. Marquand's brilliant novel.

"The Late George Apley"

*"Hurrah for the city of Boston,
The land of the bean and the cod,
Where the Lowells speak to the Cabots
And the Cabots speak only to God."*

So runs the old rhyme that John P. Marquand made the theme of his Pulitzer prize novel, "The Late George Apley." His biting satire of Brahmanism in Boston lost nothing of its sting when it became a hit play several seasons ago. Now comes a somewhat watered-down but entertaining screen story of stuffed shirts on Beacon Hill.

As sheathed in a hard crust of family tradition as were his book and play predecessors is Paterfamilias Apley. To George Apley, his stentorian-voiced sister Amelia, and his mealy cousin Horace, there is no other city but Boston (circa 1912) and Harvard is her prophet. New York is a foreign country, Yale anathema, and any break with custom verges "a bit on the radical."

Attempts at heresy in the Apley clan are summarily quelled. Son John is dissuaded from marrying a girl from Worcester (!) whose family is in trade

(!!), because Father doesn't think the Blue Hill Bird Watchers' Society, of which he aspires to be president, would approve the match. And he almost succeeds in breaking up the romance between his daughter Eleanor and her college instructor, who has added insult to injury by being a native of New York and working his way through Yale. Almost but not quite, for she is made of sterner stuff than her brother and goes off with the man of her choice at the end.

The ironic implication of the book that Apleyism is carried on from father to son is lost in the usual happy-ending, change-of-heart formula of the picture. The "late" George Apley is still very much alive and apparently reformed when the curtain rings down. But if it doesn't match the play and book for acerbity, the picture does have good pace, sustained liveliness and played-to-the-hilt performances by Ronald Colman as Apley père, Peggy Cummins and Richard Ney as his daughter and son. Peggy lost out on the "Forever Amber" role, but Amber's loss is Apley's gain—and probably Peggy's too, if she wants to stay on the alkaline, or respectable, side.

"Boomerang"

Hollywood detectives are as easy to spot as Hollywood blondes. They're invariably hard-bitten, tight-lipped; they have a nice private-investigating setup; and they're almost always Dick Powell, Alan Ladd or Humphrey Bogart. The women in their lives are just as invariably Veronica Lake, Lizbeth Scott or Lauren Bacall. When the clue-master attempts to get the lady out of a jam, he tangles with both the law and

the mob, is mauled for his pains, but justice and love come out topside after a breathless chase over waterfront and through warehouse. It hasn't changed much since Pearl White and the early serials.

"Boomerang" is different—a solid departure from the pattern. Based on an actual unsolved murder, it is keyed with the "March of Time" technique so successfully used in "The House on 92nd Street," and that other picture,

The good life in Boston . . . an oldtime western streamlined . . . and a who-didn't-dunit; three new movies coming your way soon

"13 Rue Madeleine." You'll still get your creepy thrills, but in a new way. Refreshing.

Actually "Boomerang" is more who-didn't-dunit than who-did. A well-loved priest is murdered. The opposition newspaper makes capital out of the reform government's failure to catch the criminal, but when the police finally make an arrest it looks like an open-and-shut case. Except to the young state's attorney who decides to face up

to personal scandal and political ruin to prevent a miscarriage of justice.

Dana Andrews carries off the role of the attorney convincingly, but besides Jane Wyatt and Lee Cobb there are few other familiar names in this film—all of which contributes to its authenticity. Perhaps you will wonder at the higher wisdom of the scenarist who penetrates the identity of the murderer where the police and state's attorney have failed, but this shouldn't be too distracting.



Dana Andrews and Jane Wyatt console each other in "Boomerang," a detective story with some new angles and new faces.



Teresa Wright in revengeful mood: she plans to shoot her husband.

Pursued (Warner Brothers)

Here's a western that's quite a way off the beaten sagebrush. Penned by Niven Busch, whose "Duel in the Sun" has been causing so much advance commotion, it's an absorbing yarn of the old Southwest that, for a wonder, doesn't deal with cattle rustlers, although there's feudin' and shootin' ap'enty.

Everybody has to be sort of dour in this picture, even pretty Teresa Wright. There's Robert Mitchum, who is haunted by an inexplicable nightmare of spurred boots clumping across a wooden floor. Nobody likes him very much, least of all his adopted brother, the screen newcomer, John Rodney. When Teresa Wright marries him, it's because she wants to shoot him in revenge for the deaths of her brother and fiancé. (Don't worry—her attempt ends in a clinch, not a killing.) Also disgruntled are Dean Jagger, who nurses a mysterious hatred for Mitchum's family, and Judith Anderson, who, as Rodney's mother and Bob's adopted parent, is pretty harassed by all these goings on.

An eerie musical background and good photography help sustain the sombre, tense mood of the picture. But this study of a man tormented by the secret of his unknown past is not as effective as it might have been, largely because Mitchum's performance is sullenly unvaried. His gloomy Jeb Rand lacks the depth that the role requires.

Possibly, however, direction is to blame because the performances of the rest of the players are rather monotonously pitched too. The picture could have been relieved by a few light touches without losing in intensity. However, it has action, scenery and originality to compensate.

When baby's tears come from "Childhood Constipation"



. . . give gentle **Castoria!**



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

WHEN the trouble is "Childhood Constipation" . . . when your child's sunny little smile turns into whiny tears — here's the wise thing to do:

Give him Castoria. It's so gentle and safe, yet it works thoroughly and effectively. It won't upset his sensitive digestive system.

Unlike adult laxatives — which may be too harsh — Castoria is specially made for children. It contains no harsh drugs, and will not cause griping or discomfort.

CASTORIA

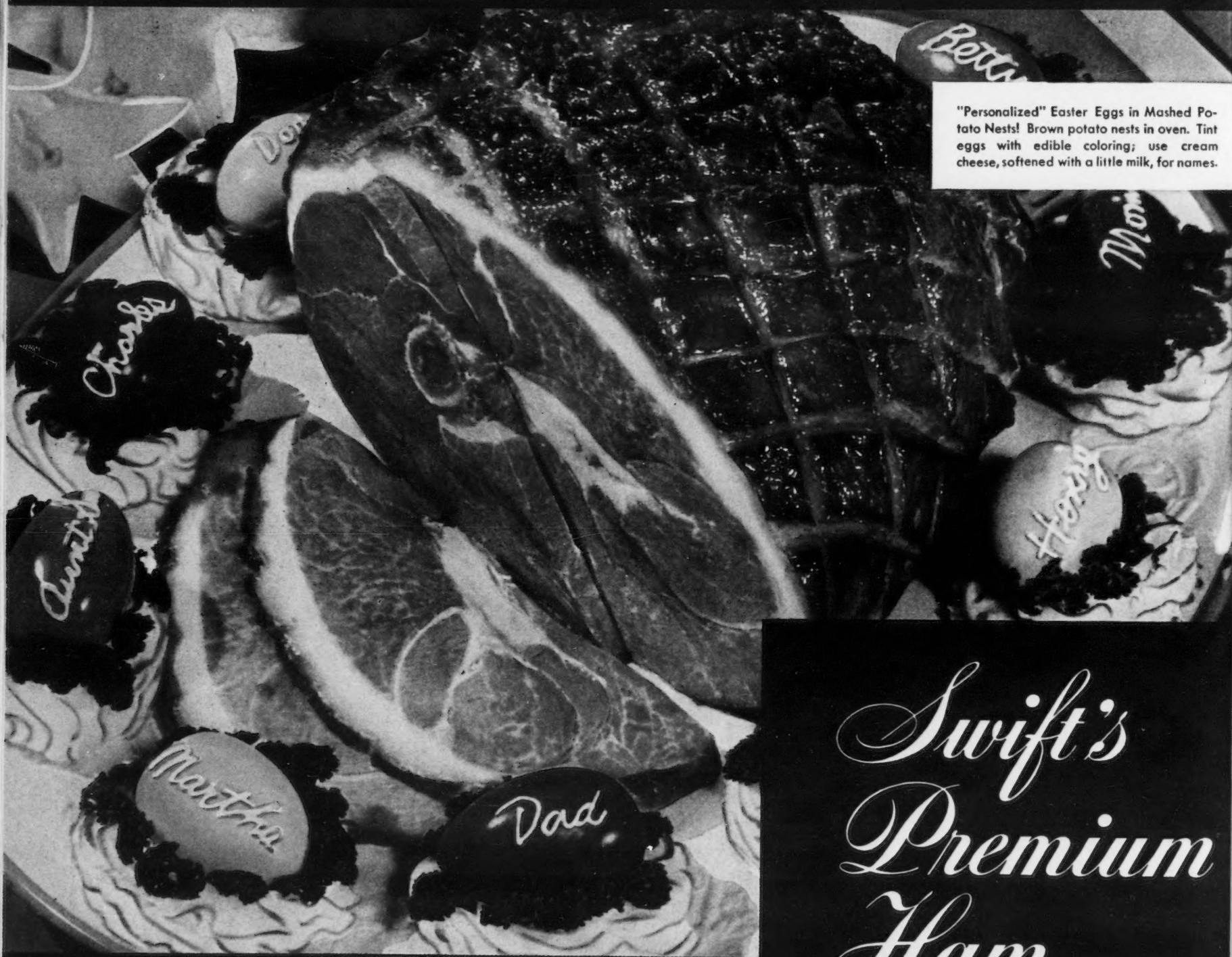
The **SAFE** laxative
made especially for children

And Castoria has such a pleasing taste that children really love it. They take it gladly without forcing.

Get Castoria at your neighborhood drugstore today. Be sure to ask for the laxative made especially for children.



For more than fifty Easters...



"Personalized" Easter Eggs in Mashed Potato Nests! Brown potato nests in oven. Tint eggs with edible coloring; use cream cheese, softened with a little milk, for names.

Swift's Premium Ham

BROWN-SUGAR-CURED!

● At Eastertime, as all year round, one particular ham is traditionally the choice.

Swift's Premium! For half a century and more those words have signified

the finest . . . through all those years its quality has been

unfailingly maintained. Yes, you know you can

count on perfection when

you get Swift's Premium

Ham. So . . . make early

arrangements with your

dealer for Easter.

Available in 2
styles: Blue label
—for easy cook-
ing at home; Red
label—ham that's
cooked and ready
to eat. In buying
a slice, look for
the word "SWIFT"



GOOD EGG—the Hen! How could we properly celebrate Easter without her?

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. But a chicken in a potpie is better than any of them. That's me—prosaic. And hungry.

Perennial as April itself is my rendezvous with the new seed catalogues. And how my armchair garden does grow! Never did ordinary fruits and vegetables display such ambition. My larkspur and cabbages would knock your eye out—if you could only see them. But I find that a castle in Spain is easier to come by than the June garden that lives up to my April dreams.

Honors are even in the perfect pie between the crust and the filling. Remember that.

Nutritionists keep ding-donging on a worth-getting-up-for breakfast. And the wisdom thereof. So maybe we'd better scrap this piece of toast and cup o' coffee idea and go to town on a real meal.

Plain creamed eggs and *oeufs à la* something or other are sisters under the shell. Difference is usually just a little matter of a few mushrooms. Some slivers of pimento, a trick or two of seasoning. Maybe a dash of sherry—I dunno.

Parlor game: Props for this stunt are a milk bottle and a dozen or so wooden clothespins. Set the bottle on the floor, then have each player in turn stand about a foot from it and try their luck at dropping the clothespins—one at a time, head first—into the target. Rule is that players stand upright and hold the arm about waist high. They call this Bombing Berlin—style 1947.

A kind heart and a nice disposition are important in getting your man. But I can't help thinking that the right shade of lipstick helps.

An herb garden this summer can help to solve the gift problem next Christmas. Folks on the receiving end will Oh and Ah over a jar of sage jelly, a bottle of garlic vinegar and an envelope of mixed dried herbs—as I did. They came from a smart gal in B. C. whose tiny garden was “productive of some gorgeous tastes and some elegant smells.” I ate the jelly with roast goose, tossed some salad greens with the vinegar and a nip of oil, and put the herbs in dozens of things—to the benefit of all.

Ham belongs to Easter as roses belong to June — special but not exclusive. Ever try spreading an inch-thick slice with a mixture of red currant jelly and horseradish, then baking? Now's the time.

One of the compensations of advancing years is the time to sit at the window of a morning and watch the bright young career girls running for the streetcar.

In April it's the wise woman who carries an umbrella when the sun shines. Any fool will carry one when it rains.

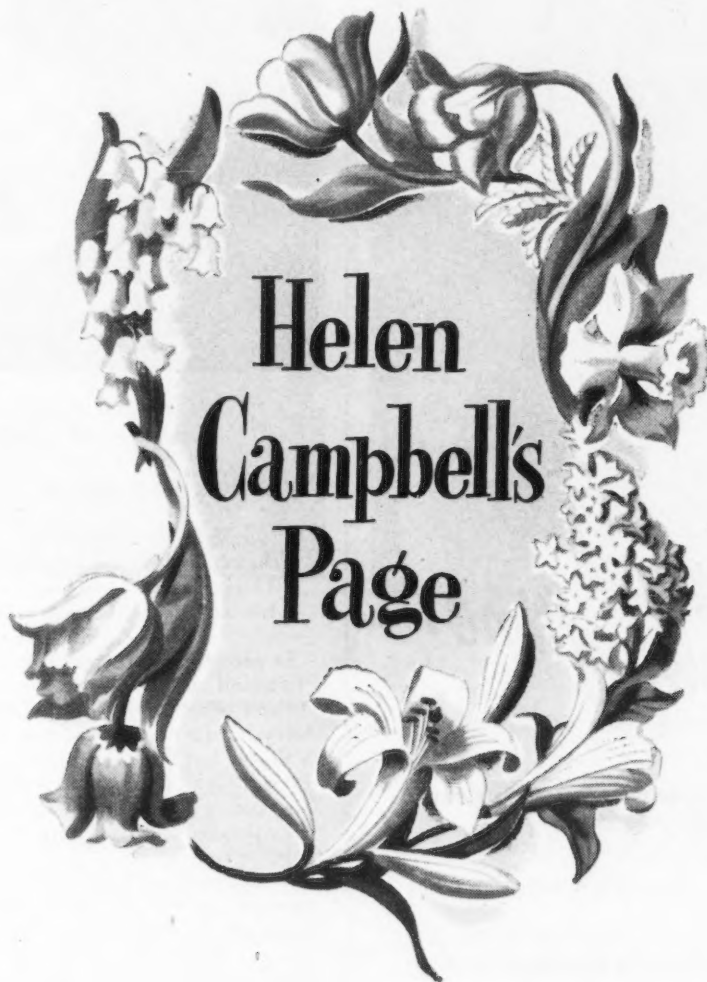
New wrinkle for prunes: Half fill a glass sealer with the fruit, then add water to half their depth. Screw the top tight and put in the frig. Next morning turn the jar upside down; leave till evening; reverse position again. Keep doing—*a.m.* and *p.m.*—for two or three days to banish the prune's worried look and smooth its countenance.

A trifle is no trifle. I'm telling you it's a bang-up dessert with as many variations as a tiger lily has spots. You can use either macaroon or cake crumbs or cubes; sherry or fruit juice; jam or jelly, with such other additions as fancy suggests and conscience allows. But you'll always make a nice smooth well-flavored custard to go in it.

And while I'm on the soapbox I'd like to point out that taking down storm windows and putting up screens is often the occasion for a little stronger-than-usual language. I don't recommend such goings-on, but if screens aren't all present and correctly numbered I'm inclined to think that the putter-upper is justified. Does that remind you to mark which storms are for which windows, if you haven't already done it?

“Oranges and lemons say the bells of St. Clements.” Good theme song.

Lady that's known as Lou tells me that a smallish marble makes a dandy darning bulb when you're mending a glove finger.



Spanish cream made with half milk, half coffee will make you wish you'd left more room for dessert. Start with your regular recipe but up the sugar a tiny bit.

Hang a striped blanket with the stripes up and down, not crosswise. When you wash it, I mean. Discourages the color from running into the white part.

Let the king's horses and the king's men try to reconstruct Humpty-Dumpty if they want to; you'll be better employed whipping up a soufflé. And you'll make a better fist of it. Try it with cheese and chives and serve with buttered asparagus. Bran muffins.

Isn't it funny, but it's true, that a henpecked man seldom gets to be the top dog round his office, or anywhere. I don't say it couldn't happen but the odds are agin it. And maybe it isn't so funny either. Perhaps he needs a little home practice at being a big shot.

Why is it that so many old clothes you wouldn't be found dead in acquire new glamour when you think of giving them away; that so many pie and puddin' recipes call for whipped cream—and always the best ones; that so many magazine stories are continued so many pages farther on; that so many people grow so many beets and want me to help eat them—and I won't; that so many men are called Bert—the Alberts, Huberts, Cuthberts, Egberts, Bertrams, etc.—and you never know which (but maybe you shouldn't be trying to telephone him anyway; not till you're better acquainted)?

Treasured possession of E. M. S.—reader and pen-pal—is a cookbook hoary with age and bristling with erudition. Here, for instance, is the way it advises cleaning satins and sarcenet (fine, thin silk, the dictionary tells me): Mix together 4 oz. of soft soap, 4 oz. of honey, the white of an egg and a wine glass of gin. You're supposed to brush

this on and rinse it off. It might work—who knows?—but it looks to me and my correspondent like a good cocktail ruined.

Jelly roll past the first bloom of its day-old freshness can still make you a grand dessert. Cut in inch-thick slices, toast under the broiler until warm all through and lightly brown on each side. Serve with lemon sauce.

It's only a woman with homicidal tendencies who puts a small slithery rug at the head or the foot of the stairs. And only a man tired of life neglects a loose tread or a wobbly stepladder.

Posies with a light, delicate scent make a better centrepiece than those with a powerful fragrance. Food smells nice too, you know.

The little country church I attended in my youth was known to all its members as the meeting house. And it was that. Here the neighbors gathered of a Sunday, here they flocked for the fowl suppers and box socials which paid for the new carpet and replaced the wheezy organ. Here the women brought their best cooking, the children said their pieces, and, I think, the men sometimes arranged a horse trade.

Pop some popovers—for papa. He'll love 'em for Sunday morning breakfast or for supper any day. You know about heating your molds before pouring in the batter? And serving your pops hot as all get-out?

Grandmother tied on a crisp white muslin apron every afternoon—and made herself a heap of washing. Now her grandchild dolls up in a gay plastic affair which a mere slick-down with a damp cloth keeps as fresh as a daisy. Maybe the good old days weren't so good—not on ironing day anyway.

Pie-eyed: All men are; nothing they like better to look on than a fresh rhubarb double-crust with the juice oozing out just a little.

A little sour cream makes a lot of good things better. Add a spoonful to vegetable soup . . . salad dressing . . . veal gravy . . . coleslaw. Use in biscuits, muffins, pancakes, gingerbread, chocolate cake, dozens of other dishes.

Here's a try—Sour Cream Potato Soup. Cook two cupfuls of grated or finely diced raw potato and a thinly sliced onion in three cupfuls of boiling water. Season, then stir in a cupful of sour cream. Serve hot with a scattering of fresh chopped parsley.

Lucky's the daughter whose mother starts her early in the way of a good housekeeper. So's her future husband.

Like the slipper to Cinderella is a maple sauce on a plain baked custard.

For April reading I give you “Home-made Banners”—first novel (but not the last, I hope) by a writin' fellow called Ralph Allen. May be strong stuff for some, but it's nevertheless an important reminder of what all of us were concerned with a few years ago. And a pretty impressive record of the camaraderie among Canada's foot soldiers. Wonder what's happened to it now—the camaraderie, I mean?

Lavender is so fitting

BY APPOINTMENT
PERFUMERS TO
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YARDLEY LONDON



It is a care-free mood that the Yardley Lavender brings—a lilting spirit in tune with whip of wind and grace of youth. It is the fragrance which says you are glad to be alive—the fragrance which lifts up your head. It is the one lovable fragrance you can wear always.



Yardley English Lavender—\$1.25 and up.
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Fashion Makes Up For Lost Time

Continued from page 9

will disappear and every trick will be used to accentuate feminine charm.

During this experimental period the same tentative searchings are going on in all sections of the industry; textiles, accessories, hats, umbrellas and so on. This puff of fresh air is refreshing designers and stimulating their creative powers.

The freak postliberation hats of France were a hangover of very subtle anti-Nazi defiance, but they were freak hats. Today, although development is experimental, all the great resources of French taste are concentrated on trying out anything a woman can want. In Great Britain the quality of design in textiles improved enormously during the war. Miracles were, and still are, being performed in the improvement of the technique of fabric printing.

France vs. Britain

But France has something, some personal quality—let us say it loudly and with pleasure—that is withheld from other countries; an indefinable subtlety which appears in various moods and leaves one breathless with delight and admiration. The most surprising and outrageous colors are chosen which, when scattered in a design across a summer crepe, produce a unified thing of beauty. Always this French charm is founded on common sense—a sense of the commercial and of what is most appropriate for the moment. I suppose the basic reason behind all this is that France is essentially a woman's country where women are cosseted and their "peacockings" applauded.

England, on the other hand, emerges triumphant over anything to do with more masculine materials. British wools are unrivalled; the highest standard of weaving, traditional knowledge of basic requirements and a sense of color bred in the mists of English countryside, all go to produce the tweeds and flannels, the worsteds and serges that are famous throughout the world.

The importance of tailored clothes in Britain is, I think, due to the quality of the country itself. It is a hard country with a hard climate—damp, misty and often fog-wreathed. Generally speaking, women of fashion create a background for the men. They ride, shoot, enjoy and understand country life. This general appreciation of the country has a far-reaching influence on clothes and explains why practical English tailoring is the basis of the English fashion industry. Tailor-mades are always classic in shape and it is seldom that one finds any drastic development beyond changes in detail on such things as pockets, collars, and cuffs, although the trend today is for rather longer coats with rounder, less military lines. To achieve this roundness, shoulder padding is steadily disappearing and to balance the dropped shoulder effect hips are by various devices accentuated. This is done by rounding the fronts, spotlighting the pockets and in some cases by actually padding out the hipline.

The lengthening of the coat has called for a slightly longer skirt, and although the change is imperceptible there is in tailoring the same development of the silhouette that we find going on in all

dressmaking. Colors too are somewhat standardized, but each season a new color appears on which a complete range of subsidiary shades can be based. I am, at the moment, using a very fine new series of diagonal tweeds all based on a curious dark smoky-brown. The suit coat is in this strange brown striped diagonally with a grey-beige; the skirt is grey-beige and the topcoat smoky brown. It is a satisfactory combination and I have teamed the outfit with a clear butter-yellow crepe for the shirt.

A Dress is Born

It is true, of course, that each designer works in his own way to produce his particular signature on the clothes he makes. But I would like to be permitted a word about how I myself design collections, because there seems to be a good deal of whimsical misunderstanding about a designer's work. The general idea is that two or three times a year a designer sits down at a drawing board and goes into a creative trance from which he produces a series of extravagant, often impractical, models. This is due, to a certain extent, to the impression created in the expensive fashion magazines. The clothes illustrated are nearly always the highlights of a collection—clothes which are "eye catchers" and often created by the designer for purely publicity purposes. You seldom see illustrated the series of little black dresses, the simple straightforward suits which are what the customer usually buys. In fact, a designer is a practical person producing goods which are for sale.

He makes probably two (in pre-war days three or four) collections at specified times during the year, but as a rule he is designing the whole time. That is how I work. My mind is on the job always; in buses, in the cinema, on underground trains, at parties, I am (because I am trained) watching and absorbing constantly the various influences that come my way. From time to time ideas emerge. They may come from the typist on the bus, who, in a hurry to get to work, has put her coat on badly and consequently has produced certain interesting folds across the back. Or I may get a line for a new sleeve from the way a woman wears a fur.

I note these various ideas in a small book I always carry with me. Then when the time comes for collection designing I make larger and more detailed sketches of the various jottings. But I draw very badly, so I find that talking is the easiest way to put across what I want. I have a large modelling workroom under the supervision of an extremely intelligent and, what is more important, a sympathetic fitter who, so far as I am concerned, is a key person. I explain to her exactly what it is I am searching for in each dress, the subtle twist that I require, the manner in which the grain of the material can be used and so on. A good modelist becomes excited over the ideas in a new collection and the enthusiasm runs like a contagion through the workroom. So the idea for a dress is launched.

Next comes the first fitting of the shape of the dress—in muslin—on the model girl. The drill is to use a very cheap muslin which can be altered, wasted and probably thrown away before the right shape is found and before

+ Continued on page 31

Make a Minty Mocha Cake

Light and luscious made with MAGIC

A melty-rich Mocha Cake with just a hint of spicy peppermint! It's Magic's Minty Mocha Cake, a dream of a dessert, with a texture that's pure velvet and a smooth, luscious flavor that makes it about the most delectable cake in the world!

For outstandingly delicious flavor, delicate texture in everything you bake, always use Magic. You can depend on it to help insure finest baking results in all kinds of cakes, biscuits, desserts. Once you use it, you'll see why it's been a standby with 3 generations of Canadian homemakers. Get Magic Baking Powder today.



MINTY MOCHA CAKE

- | | |
|--|---|
| $\frac{3}{4}$ cup shortening | 3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar | 1 teaspoon salt |
| 4 eggs | $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk |
| 4 squares (4 oz.) unsweetened chocolate | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla extract |
| $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted all-purpose flour | $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon peppermint extract |
| | Mocha Frosting |
| | Walnut halves |

Cream together shortening and sugar. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each. Melt chocolate over hot water; add melted chocolate. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Add alternately with milk to creamed mixture. Add vanilla and peppermint extracts. Pour into two greased 9-inch layer pans. Bake in moderate oven at 350° F., 30 minutes. Cool 5 minutes. Remove layers from pans; cool on wire rack. Spread frosting between layers

and on top and sides of cake. Decorate with walnut halves.

MOCHA FROSTING Cream $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter. Sift together $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioner's sugar and 2 tablespoons cocoa; gradually add, creaming constantly. Add about 3 tablespoons freshly made coffee to make mixture right consistency for spreading. Add a few grains salt. Mix well. If desired, a few drops of peppermint may be added to provide a mint flavor to the frosting.



Soft Woman

by Helen Friedel Mosier

Illustrated by F. Scott Wood.

COCKY. That was the name given to Jeanie's husband.

It was a name to ride on his thick wide shoulders when they squared off, as they did now, to give an account of themselves. It went with that way of carrying his chin, sort of up and at an angle.

Jeanie shut her eyes tight. And all at once she couldn't close them tight enough. Even when he swept through her old home, Apple Glen, four months ago, she had seen how the name fitted him right up to the tight waves of his black hair, but she could close her eyes to it then. Cocky.

And now he was moving around the choked-up, rented bedroom. "Ain't I good to you, Jeanie? You talk of leaving me! You with three pairs of real silk stockings I got for you!" He shook his wide shoulders. "What you mean, I've got to change my ways! I'm okay, Jeanie!"

He kept on his hat. Jeanie lifted caramel-brown hair clouding around her neck, and tried to harden herself against him and the rakish slant of that hat. One of the things about Cocky was the way that his hats were his own, in a way that no other man seemed able to possess a hat. But when he began trying to see her at a different angle, as if she were a new hat—

"... I don't know what ails you, Jeanie! Why, when I think of that wide place in the road where I got you—" he bit off the end of his cigar. There was a creaky board in the floor. Cocky was on it, strutting, on that one creaky board. "'Course I know that I haven't got a high-class job. Going around over the country fixin' juke boxes that are ailin' isn't much—but shucks, Jeanie, I—I got some things up my sleeve."

Jeanie broke in, for the first time. "That's the trouble, Cocky! I'm—not liking the looks of—what seems to be up your sleeve!"

What had happened was—always before, until now, she packed her own suitcase and Cocky packed his, but today she had fingered through his folded clothes. Because she loved him, and she liked to touch his things. And wrapped in some trousers lay a revolver.

Jeanie had melted down against his coat on the bed. There, in a funny little + Continued on page 69

"As long as I live I've got you," Cocky told her. And Jeanie knew it was the truth... there was only one way to free herself from this man and the terror of those hidden guns.



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

"Our Latchstrings Out Again!"

"What fun to entertain once more! And how good it is to have such a marvellous soup as Campbell's Cream of Mushroom to add to the welcome! I simply never tasted such wonderful blending of mushrooms and

cream. Of course it's a 'must' in entertaining. And my husband practically commands this soup at least once a week, even when there's just the family — 'because I like it' says he, giving a man's best reason!"

Made by Campbell's in Canada

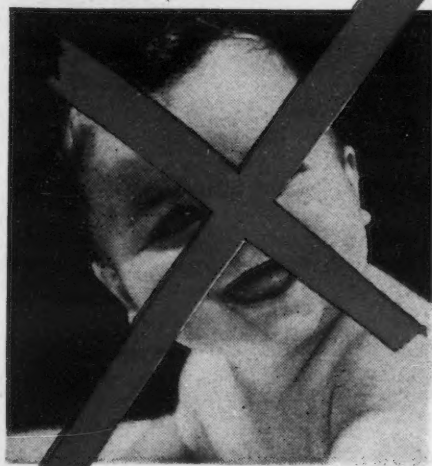


Campbell's

CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP

Made from tender hothouse mushrooms and extra-heavy sweet cream . . . Have you served this luxury soup lately?

I'm Not Having Any



MY HUSBAND and I have been married five years. Some people say the first five years are the most difficult. When my parents announced our engagement, one of my friends, a divorcee, said we'd never last that long unless we had a child.

Her forebodings weren't dependent on any glaring quirks in our personalities. Looking back, I suppose I should say Jack and I were pretty average. Jack came from a small town out west and I grew up in Toronto. When we met on the campus, he had already started to be engrossed in a hundred diverse activities, and I was what was considered to be a popular girl. We were married a few years after graduation—quite young, quite sure, quite healthy. So you see our stock would probably be vigorous. And our decision not to have a baby, since my resistance is first-rate, hasn't been directed by any bogey of mine about pain.

At first I didn't think much about it. And then the war came along. Jack joined up and I took a job with an advertising agency. It was a satisfying job at which I still work part time, and while I missed my husband terribly, I didn't leave myself much time for the fretting kind of loneliness. There were then, as there are always, more stimulating things to do than anyone ever has time for. I've always enjoyed meeting new people and there were many in and out of Toronto in the war years.

We are still meeting new people. Jack's job keeps him active all day and I was brought up to believe that it's a woman's duty to plan her husband's evenings. Some men might object to an arrangement like ours, but Jack says it relieves him of a bagful of small details. Neither of us drinks excessively—in fact more than once we've gone home sober from four cocktail parties in a row, so that while we are primarily party people we don't hangover much.

Maybe the way we live should be irrelevant to the case I'm trying to make. If painted too glowingly, we just sound selfish. Maybe you're wondering why I'm bothering to justify my stand at all. My reasons are simply that I think the woman who tries to live the traditional kind of life today is gypped. Moral and sociological pressure, bent on making every woman bring forth babies, has only a raw deal on hand for her kind.

I know a woman doctor of unquestionable skill who is devoting the major part of her life to cancer research. Her husband recognizes the importance of her job and they run their home on an enviable partnership basis. But what is the first thing people who hear of her work want to know? It's "Has she any children?" And, getting a negative answer, they say, "Of course she hasn't anything else to take up her time." Only the rare amazon who works, housekeeps

...Now about

and rears her young gets approbation from those who benefit.

Naturally, fury at such a system wouldn't be enough to keep me from having a child, if I could see the much-bruited beauty, fulfillment and happiness in doing so. I do not believe that children could make Jack's and my life happier today. Too many people bring youngsters into the world for that reason. If you're happily married, babies won't make you happier. If you're not, they'll make every nerve in your marriage cringe.

I'M NOT, I think, an unfeminine creature. Like many others, I'd rather spend an evening with two or three women friends than with a chattering group of them—but, generally speaking, I get along well with my own sex. Until they get pregnant.

Then something happens to them that I don't like. Against their own better sense, their interests become introverted. Nothing else in the world exists for any of them but their young baby—than its habits, than its carefully formulated and vitamin-packed diet. In almost any gathering of mixed couples you will find the young mothers steering the feminine conversation their way. Whether she's interested or not, the unmarried friend is forced to listen to a rapid-fire exchange of mother lore including every subject from fainting spells to porridge. How often I remember catching the sympathetic eye of another childless woman at a luncheon and gratefully recognizing her as a fellow sufferer from self-centred creatures.

There are many people who should have babies—women who truly like to be housewives, who get as big a bang out of making a perfect soufflé as reading a good book. Lots of people who concentrate on their homes make awfully good mothers and are pleasant people to know. There's nothing wrong with their preoccupation—but I just don't want to be that kind of person.

By taking this attitude, some people will say that my position is selfish, that I am typical of the restlessness and instability of the postwar generation. Of a society peopled by so many misfits like Jack's old pal, an air force war artist, who had the time of his young life flying over battered Europe and just can't rehabilitate himself to a wife and a family of young kids now that the show's over and he's come home. He looks tired, hates his peacetime job. Well—I don't deny that, perhaps like everyone else, I feel a little more tensed up and a little insecure. The "Live for the Day" feeling that war evokes is still conditioning our habits of thinking. Even the fact that Jack and I spend comparatively few evenings quietly at home bears this out.

But I am not like my friend Anne who is having a baby and who believes that the institution of marriage is so insecure these days that she may have to look after the child all by herself. A funny thing about that situation is that Jack told me the other day that Anne's husband doesn't want to have a baby for the same reason. He thinks *he* may have to look after it. Their reactions may sound pretty silly and farfetched, but a well-known local obstetrician tells me that it's quite a common reason for the fact that so many marriages are fruitless today. So far as I'm concerned, I think Anne should be prepared to look after the child all the time if she has one. Most men leave home in the morning intent on their work and when the best of fathers come home at night they crave relaxation. It looks as if a woman has to be sure enough that she wants a baby to be willing + Continued on page 64

Creation is as old as Eve, and as modern as next year — a woman's very special business about which only she can speak with the true authority of experience.

I'm Having My First

WHAT did they mean, anyway, when they dubbed this event "interesting"? Maybe it is, to the baby. And maybe even poppa shows some slight interest in it. But hey, take a look at momma.

Her days of the Lost Waistline are as nightmarish as any Lost Weekend. "Hank of hair" is only the name for the stuff that keeps her skull warm, and her arches creak like a rusty garden gate when she makes a progress across the room.

Every time she sees her silhouette in a mirror she wants to wrap herself in an Indian blanket and crawl into a nice dark cave. She remembers, as from another life, those days when she was a svelte career girl. Her friends are, of course, indispensable at this time; they jack up her morale telling her how difficult it is to get baby-sitters and how she's going to hate staying home night after night. The little bundle from heaven gets to be more and more of a problem child, months before its birth.

For escapist moments, momma turns to the guide books, "How to Be a Mother," "So You're Expecting!" and "All Set for the Stork?" But when she reads for the twentieth time, "the birth of a baby is the most glorious achievement in the life of a woman," and still gets so little real help to build up her confidence, she turns downright cantankerous.



having babies

Here are three candid discussions voluntarily submitted to Chatelaine by women unknown to each other; for obvious reasons their names are not used.

I know; I'm going through that "interesting condition" for the first time, right now. Maybe all that dawn of mother love and fulfilled happiness will come later, but just now I have only somebody else's word for it. And if there is an enlightened public point of view about this natural function, I, in my small corner, am still in the dark. My friends insist on keeping me there. They phone to say, "I'm having a party, but I know you won't want to come." Why the heck not? Apparently the old tribal custom of putting a pregnant woman under taboo is not yet dead. What is one supposed to do for nine months? Sit at home and knit pink or blue soakers? Me, I can't knit, but my mind could be normally active if it weren't for this social frustration. Canadian society is still in mental hoopskirts when it comes to accepting a woman great - with - child — and a quite legitimate child, at that.

THE ATTITUDE extends to practically all sections of the community—even the makers of those draperies coyly known as "maternity garments." I know now that it is hopeless to expect anything but haughty withdrawal from those smart little shops where I once bought my clothes. After one or two tries I finally dragged my steps to the place that "specialized." I was led into a cloistered room that reminded me of a funeral parlor.

In tones dripping with intimate sympathy, the clerk said, "Well, well, so we're expecting a little stranger, and we want something to wear?"

I said, "I am, but, sister, I don't know about you." (Question for the psychiatrists: Why does the whole world, including the books on the subject, address pregnant women as if they were subnormal children?)

Anyway, a series of little maternity numbers were brought to me. On a beer barrel they would have looked fine.

"But I look so—so pregnant in them," I was thinking out loud.

"Oh, but we wouldn't want to disguise our condition, would we?" cooed the expert.

"Never!" I agreed, easing my bulges back into a straining suit skirt. But why, I asked myself, should a girl who always liked pretty clothes suddenly swathe herself for half a year in plug-uglies? Why should she drape herself in black or grey when they give her particular skin at any time the glamorous shade of pea soup?

It was at this period that my doctor suggested I'd better get myself a little invention known as a "maternity belt." I didn't mind if it would stop that ache in my back.

The place where they fit these things was an anti-septic-looking shrine, and the spinster in starched white who produced the apparatus had the air of a vestal virgin revealing the sacred relics.

Relics, that's what they were. When the Victorian age took itself off, dragging its whalebone and canvas behind, some fiend must have left this gadget behind as a souvenir for the

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I've Just Had My Last



BOB AND I always liked children, so after we were married we had them—three in quick succession: two sons and a daughter. Just what we ordered. "That's the way to do it," I remember remarking. "Close together so they'll be companionable."

When Susan arrived to join her brothers, we settled back to enjoy our fine little family.

It was after Susan's tenth birthday party that I began to have that old familiar feeling. Food was what I bought at the market for everyone else to eat. The fact that I was consistently skipping breakfast had nothing to do with the faddy new diet my sister was urging me to try. There were other symptoms, too.

A visit to the doctor drew beaming confirmation. "Well, Mrs. A., I guess I don't have to tell you..."

He didn't. But at least he made it official. And it could have been the menopause.

I hurried home, nervous as a bride. Would my husband be noncommittal, thrilled, or just plain surprised? Compared to this, the first announcement years ago was about as exciting as a routine weather report.

After dinner I could hardly wait to get the children out of the way. "I have something to discuss with your father," I said with masterly understatement.

Then, when he was settled for a quiet evening in his favorite chair, I dropped my little bomb. The expressions flickered across his face in rapid sequence: casual interest as I began; amazement as I went on; then the wide boyish grin that started this whole family business so many years ago.

"Honest, honey? Not fooling me!" He couldn't have done it better for the movies.

Well, thank heaven both of us still had the same opinion: that Life with Children had its special rewards.

I TRIED to remember how I felt before, but the feeling defies recapture. If a woman has been off the production line for a long time, she's inclined to be nostalgic about earlier pregnancies and wonder if this will be anything like them. It won't.

In the first place, you won't catch the spotlight in the same way. The afternoon you break out the knitting needles, your bridge pals, instead of gushing and gurgling, will shriek, "What, not again!" And sooner or later you're bound to run into the friend who purrs, "Darling, at your age you're a wonder. I know someone else who's having a sunset baby and she looks like a hag, positively a HAG!"

Depending on your temper, you can either stay silent behind a smile or murmur with the minimum of venom, "But I'm not really ancient—just 40 next month."

You'll never forget that pampered first pregnancy, away back, when you slept late every morning, napped after lunch, dressed and fussed over yourself luxuriously. Now, from the point of view of a mother-of-several, you marvel at that old indolent self. You still like to lie in bed, but there's the family breakfast to be cooked. There's a good-sized house to look after. If there's 20 minutes for an afternoon rest, wonderful! Though your husband loves you just as much, he's a devoted father and it's years since his heart has been yours alone.

You don't have to brief your obstetrician on this. He's as familiar with the setup as you are. So when he says, "Mrs. A., relax. Stop tearing around and for goodness sake, take it easy," you suddenly realize that that word "relax" dropped out of your vocabulary years ago. But though it may not be possible to carry out this advice to the point of spending the day on a chaise longue, it's worth while pausing to reflect. You must recognize your limitations. You are 10 years older. You're not Superwoman, and you needn't try to be for the next few months. You can eliminate from your calendar a lot of activities that tax your energies and give little in return. Then realign the responsibilities of your household, and let the family feel that this baby is a co-operative venture in which all share.

IT WILL take some doing to get the children used to the idea in the first place. Chances are they'll greet your initial announcement with the same hearty approval they would feel if you had just confessed you smoked opium. Nevertheless, if you're the skilful mother you ought to be by now, you can bring them round to a cheerful acceptance of, and indeed a special interest in the coming event. The boys will be planning to make "him" a goalie; sister will be renovating dolls' clothes for "her." You will be touched by their eagerness to save you stairs, their sudden predilection for washing dishes, the general helpfulness you couldn't wring out of them before. With some warm appreciation of their thoughtfulness—from both parents—they'll become your willing slaves.

Your appearance—in attractive maternity dresses in becoming colors, with hair and shoes neat, and some make-up to brighten the general effect—is going to be of special importance to the children. They're of an age to notice and remark; they want to continue to be proud of you.

Those days you're going to be in hospital should be marked "RESERVED." Resolve to keep them to yourself. You're going to enjoy them in a justifiably selfish fashion. Spend a little money on some new nail polish and a matching lipstick when you go through the ritual of packing your bag. Some new nighties are in order, and a glamorous bed jacket. It does a lot for any middle-aged woman to have her husband's eyes light up when he visits her in hospital. You'll realize you wouldn't trade places with Hedy Lamarr!

Once the baby arrives, relax! The nursery will give him skilled care. Dismiss house and family from your mind. Don't cross-question your husband till he breaks down and confesses the trouble with the washing machine or Billy's cut knee. This is your chance to rest and save up strength. You may not be allowed to stay in hospital so long, for times have changed since your

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The Secret Places

by **Beryl Gray**

Illustrated by Ted McCormick

Suspicion is an ugly weed, quick to spread,
hard to kill. It was incredible that it should have
sprung up between Sandra and her mother . . . and
intolerable that Julia should
discover its roots in her old love
affair with Michael Farrel

WHEN SANDRA was 15, Julia sent her away for 10 days to visit her aunt in the country. She sent her away a quiet, shy little girl who had never given her a moment of real concern, and she came back with the glow of happy memory in her face, and the stars of rapture in her eyes. Just at first Julia was delighted. Perhaps she had kept Sandra too sheltered, and too much alone. Perhaps that happened too easily when a woman was left, with too little spare time, to support an only child. A wholesome country atmosphere with three girl cousins must have been exactly what she needed. The night Sandra returned, Julia settled in the living room of their pleasant little apartment for a comfortable chat. She smiled across the room. "So you really loved being at Aunt Margaret's, darling?"

Sandra was curled in a corner of the couch, eating an apple. Her slim brown legs were tucked beneath the skirts of a short blue dress, and she nodded eagerly.

"Oh, yes. Do you think I can go again?"

"Why, I expect Auntie would love to have you again, sometime. Or perhaps we should ask the girls to visit us."

The eagerness seemed to fade a little.

"I don't think so, Mum. You see . . ."

"I don't mean all at once, dear. Which one did you like to play with best?"

Sandra lifted one hand, and tossed back her soft brown curls. Her hair, when loose around her neck, gave her face the soft childish look

that had lingered on from babyhood. Now, something in the gesture reminded Julia uneasily that Sandra would scarcely be a child much longer. She answered her mother gently.

"I hardly played with them at all. Even Joanie's only 13."

"Oh," said Julia, not quite realizing the enormous gap that two years could make in adolescence. "Then—just what did you do?"

"Oh . . . I helped around, and read, and saw all the animals—and I walked. I walked a lot."

"By yourself?"

"Not always by myself."

"With whom, dear? Auntie?" Julia was still asking the bright casual questions a mother will ask as a matter of course after having been parted from her child. She wondered afterward just when the first faint prick of fear touched her heart. Was it when Sandra very briefly hesitated?

"No, not Auntie. A . . . friend."

Even then apprehension did not come. "A friend?" she enquired with genuine interest. "How lovely, darling. How old is she and what's her name?"

The apple rolled suddenly to the floor. Sandra darted after it, and lost her balance. She knelt for a moment beside the couch, and regarded her mother, still laughing a little.

"Mum, did you like it when you lived there a long time ago? I mean, when Grandma was still alive?"

Julia did not realize at once that she had

been most successfully diverted. "Of course I liked it. It was my home."

"I liked it too. I think the scenery is beautiful!" Sandra's voice grew warm with reminiscence. "Do you know I found the loveliest little spot down by the river near the waterfall. It was grassy, and there were trees and flowers, and no one else ever seemed to go there. It was the prettiest, most secret place . . . Oh!" She broke off as the doorbell rang. "There's Susan—and I've got so many things to tell her."

She hurried into the hall, and the gay young voices faded into the bedroom. Behind the shut door, they dropped to whispers. But by now Julia was not even listening. Perhaps she had heard nothing since those words, "the prettiest, most secret place . . ."

FOR SHE could see that place too—serene and beautiful in the soft warmth of late spring and early summer—with a carpet of wild flowers in the grass, and the sunlight dancing in brilliant, fitful patches through the leaves. That place held memories that time and disillusion and pain could never wholly drive away—memories of shared youth and ecstasy and the awakening of the wild, sweet hopes and dreams of first love. She could see him yet, after 18 years—tall and dark and slender, with gay laughter on his lips, and in his eyes a bright bold confidence to face the world. They had walked through the green woods, hand in hand, and they had

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PEGGY HAD leisure for looking at another man. She was out in front of the bright white colonial-type house raking brittle leaves in her new velvet slack suit that matched the mahogany red of her swinging hair, not thinking of her husband who got home from the city only every two weeks, but thinking of Kingsley King, the new and decidedly good-looking neighbor.

She made it a point to be in front of the house when he passed late in the afternoon. He came out from town on the 4.22 and walked home from the station.

Their speaking acquaintance had become a whispering one in Merrywold, she knew, but that was Merrywold!

She and Pete had been married for two years. Pete was an adorable (most of the time) husband, blond and athletic, quiet-mannered and devoted, but there he was 200 miles away, with the excellent position that had been offered to him after his discharge from the army, and here she was waiting in their perfect little house. There just weren't any apartments to be had in the city. Pete lived at his club.

The way it was working out—well a husband on fortnights wasn't husband enough.

She raked the leaves and kept looking down the leaf-fluffy sidewalk. Pet squirrels—Mr. and Mrs. Grey—ran up the big maple tree with whole red apples in their mouths, and Midge, the fox terrier, kept in the house because of them, looked out from wide-ruffled curtains and made whining noises.

Peggy thought, "I'd like to say to Kingsley, 'Come in for a cocktail.'" And would he come!

She gave herself a preview of the two of them sitting on one of the pale green twin divans before the fireplace, Kingsley, dark and poised, getting across with his eyes how desirable he found her.

She knew how the velvet suit flattered her clear skin, deepened her brown eyes and slenderized her already slender figure. She liked the warm champagne make-up the girl at the cosmetic counter had suggested. The girl had said one's mouth was one's dumbest feature. Peggy knew that her mouth was not a dumb feature. It was curved and soft-looking and could command a kiss.

Kingsley was older, and he was mundane—too mundane to come in for *one* cocktail.

SHE SAW him coming. He was walking slowly as if to prolong the walk from the station in order to enjoy the cold, leaf-acrid air. She pulled the rake full of noisily protesting leaves to the edge of the sidewalk. "Hello," she said.

He had a handsome smile and a thrilling deep voice. "Hello." He stopped conveniently near the front walk. "This has been a nice day."

"But chilly," she qualified.

"Nothing a log on the fire won't take care of," he said.

She could hear Madelaine Clement's baby screaming its head off in the yard across the street. The baby's crying filled the space left by what Kingsley wanted Peggy to say and what she wasn't saying.

He wasn't the type to remain long after a girl missed her cue. He sauntered on up the street.

Peggy picked up a leaf. She heard Madelaine say in a distracted voice, "Junior, please!"

Poor Madelaine! She had let Morrison crowd a baby into the first year of married life. Peggy hadn't let Pete crowd *her*. He'd wanted to. She liked Madelaine, only they had so little in common with Madelaine anchored to the house. It was Pete and Morrison who were close.

She shouted, "What's the matter with the baby?"

"Hungry," Madelaine shouted back and appeared to be shoving her blowing black hair

Leisure for Looking Around

by Louise Skene

Illustrated by Tom Miller.



"Hello." He stopped conveniently near the front walk. "This has been a nice day." "But chilly," she qualified.

An absent husband, a lonely wife, and good-looking Kingsley King just next door. Triangle material, you'd say, and you'd be right — but only to the moment when Pete, two hundred miles away, supplied a brand-new angle of his own

out of her face with a trowel. "I'm trying to get these tulip bulbs in."

Peggy crossed the street. She would joggle the carriage for Madelaine. Besides, she wanted her to see the new velvet suit.

If she hadn't gone over, she would have never known about Pete and the other woman. The frightening part of it was she had felt so sure of Pete. That was how insidious an attack on your home could be.

Junior was looking very horrid with his wet mouth wide open and his wet eyes squeezed shut, and when Peggy joggled the carriage he howled deafeningly.

"I'll have to take him in," Madelaine decided.

"I'll stick the bulbs in for you—where do you want them?"

"Oh, you're too dressed up." But she looked longingly at the bulbs and said, "Along the path, about three or four inches deep and six inches apart."

Madelaine's hair hadn't seen a permanent since she'd been married. There was just a feeble twist at the ends. Peggy thought perhaps she hadn't had the money—there were so many things for a young couple to buy—house and furniture and car—without crowding in a baby. Yet Darwin tulips were something she could have gone without certainly.

Madelaine put Junior down and untied a plaid apron and tossed it to Peggy. "Here!" Then she said, "Here," a second time and stripped off the sweater—Morrison's black one.

Peggy tied on the apron. She hated putting on the sweater, but the wind was biting. She thrust her arms into the warmed sleeves and pushed her cold hands into the pockets. That's when she found the letter.

It was from Pete to Morrison and was postmarked the day before yesterday. She thought about the letter all the time she was digging the holes for the first 10 Darwins. She couldn't understand why Pete had written to Morrison when they would be seeing each other so soon. The only thing she could think of was that Morrison had tattled to Pete about Kingsley King. Morrison was a hound for home and hearth—a one-man crusade against broken homes and the causes thereof.

Morrison had come over to borrow something on two afternoons when she had been talking to Kingsley and had outstayed him both times. If this letter was Pete's answer—

There was a way to find out. She made sure that Madelaine was in the kitchen feeding the baby, then walked quickly into the empty garage and read the letter: "Dear Morrison, I am going to leave her. The decision is made and it's Peggy. Your arguments are sound and thanks for everything."

The next paragraph was about their work. They both were architects. She skimmed it and raised unbelieving eyes to the first line, "I am going to leave her. The decision is made and it's Peggy."

SHE WAS trembling inside and shivering outside and shaking all over. She kept the letter—pushed it deep into the pocket of her slacks.

She pitched the apron and sweater onto the porch glider, left the bulbs and trowel in the middle of the brick walk and ran home as though she were pursued and never stopped

until she reached her twin bed and flung her length onto it.

Pete! Her whole world had been cracked. She cried with disillusion and self-pity and rage. She cried with humiliation that Morrison had had to go to bat for her. He hated her too; she knew he did, and he had argued that Pete should give up the other woman only because Morrison was one of those keep-the-home-together guys—one mate for life and a baby every year of your life!

She cried with consuming jealousy. That little tramp whoever she was! No, she wouldn't be a tramp; she would be someone like Fern Alna, someone to whom Pete was as inexplicably attracted as he had been to Fern.

Fern wasn't pretty, had been married six years and had let herself go. She was overweight and undermade-up, yet Pete never failed to comment, "That Fern Alna is a pretty girl!"

"What's pretty about her?" Peggy really had wanted to know.

"I don't know—she's natural-looking, and—" he outlined a figure eight.

Pete always danced with her. He found her so absorbing that sometimes they stood still on the dance floor. Peggy spoke to him about it.

"Oh, she was telling me the dirt about the Kilroys."

"There's going to be some dirt about us if you ever dance with her again."

"She isn't much of a dancer—"

"Well, if you ever stand still with her again. What about the Kilroys?"

Fern had moved away, but the undeniable attraction she had held for Pete remained to baffle Peggy.

She was crying now because she loved Pete so. He had made his decision and it had been she, but how could she be sure that the same thing wouldn't happen again, and another time the choice might not be—Peggy.

It must not happen again! She grew quiet and determined.

She didn't begin to get anywhere until she stopped blaming Pete and looked directly at herself—past lovely face and good figure to her tantrums.

The most recent came to mind—and over such a small thing. Pete had written to try to get some "shots—32's." He couldn't get any and he had to have some. She had been getting ready to entertain the bridge club, but she had rushed downtown and finally found some. She had felt frumpy at the party, but decided pleased about the 32's. Pete had sounded urgent.

"I got them, darling," she told him when he came home the next day. "I got the shots."

"Swell! Where are they?"

He had been completely puzzled when he looked at the 32's.

"Aren't they right?" she asked, worried.

"You said shots—32's."

Then he roared with laughter. "I wanted shorts size 32—s-h-o-r-t-s!"

"Then why didn't you write shorts s-h-o-r-t-s?"

"Typographical error."

"You do that all the time," she railed, "leave out letters and leave off letters so the meaning is changed! Even when you write love letters they + Continued on page 66



PARIS

The shape of the future is already forming in the minds of the great European designers: longer skirts, shoulders that curve naturally, materials draped and molded to the body, subtleties everywhere to accentuate feminine charm.

Fashion

CLOTHES DESIGNERS have to be observant, constantly on the alert. They must not only understand the reason for general fashion trends but also visualize the likely developments of the future. They are, in fact, trained to know what it is that women are going to want to wear before the women know it themselves.

This is not as complicated as it sounds. There is always a natural follow-up in fashion which, brought to the lowest common denominator, is this: if you wear *short* skirts for long enough, you will eventually want to wear *long* skirts. It is the timing that counts, because you, the public, will never accept a new development if you don't like it at the time it is offered to you. Thus there can be no such thing as a "Fashion Dictator." You who inspect and approve, or disapprove, the designer's work, have the last word. The designer's job is to interpret into clothes terms what you yourselves are going to want, and want badly.

Of course, if one delves into the broader fields of fashion evolution one finds immediately that social happenings have a direct influence on the clothes of the day. Wars, the hang-over of wars

The French touch, for a brisk walk down the boulevards: soft grey wool, the skirt front-pleated, longer jacket, slant pockets and long lapels. By O'Rossen.

The hobble skirt experiment has released a spate of new drapery ideas. Jeanne Lafaurie designs this evening gown with Grecian remarks in its fluid lines.

Almost global in yardage: this black taffeta, with its shoulder treatment baring the back. By Lafaurie.



Makes Up for Lost Time

by Victor Steibel

and peace; the emancipation of women, industrial revolutions and so on, are each in turn responsible for changing fashion. Upon these circumstances depend whether women shall wear long or short skirts, have tightly corseted figures or be casually boyish, wear elaborately arranged hair-dos or cloche hats. During the 15 years I have been designing clothes I have seen changes which have had remarkable implications. In 1939 the development of the pre-war silhouette was terminated abruptly, and fashion was "put on ice" for the duration. This was inevitable because of practical and psychological reasons. Nevertheless, woman being the capricious creature she is, there was not a complete stoppage. What happened was that the shape crystallized and the only development was an exaggeration of salient details.

On the outbreak of war, clothes were free and easy, with nippy waists, short swinging skirts and squared shoulders—a youthful shape for the young people who were about to cope with life's most sombre realities. "Austerity" and "Utility" became fashionable words, and the conceits of fashion disappeared. But a small thread of development carried on, with results which, I think, were not very attractive. Shoulders were padded to American-footballer proportions; skirts rocketed up to reveal the unattractive backs of women's knees; youthful well-brushed hair got itself into a tangle of elaborate snail-like curls which cascaded in a variety of colors down between the shoulder blades. It was indeed an artificial development, a grain of saccharine to sugar a very large pill, and on those grounds only was it justified.

Now comes the chance to break through the sterility of wartime. Here is the greatest opportunity that dress designers have had for the last half-century. It is exciting and stimulating to anticipate what the future will produce, and this searching about is absorbing the minds of all those concerned with fashion design. No one knows, and it would be presumptuous to forecast. However, it is possible to plot the broad course that fashion will take during the next few years.

Reinstating Feminine Charm

This is what I think will happen. There is already a breaking down of the hard wartime geometric shape, and straight lines are now giving way to curves. This movement is likely to be accentuated, but of course it will be many months, possibly years, before the final shape crystallizes. Between now and then we shall see an abundance of mediocre clothes; freak clothes that gey the efforts of the good designers; vulgar clothes that cheapen serious endeavor by their over-elaboration. Before a reasonable shape is achieved, the pendulum will swing violently and we shall go through many growing pains.

Today the situation is embryonic, but for the designer, fascinating. Clothes become more feminine, they become more elaborate in detail though curiously enough more simple in shape. They require the highest standard of dressmaking. Everything is being done to spotlight feminine charm by molding materials to the body, draping the bosoms, veiling the legs with longer skirts and rounding the shoulders. The reappearance of the hobble-skirted dress is a stunt, but as a basic shape it is a contribution on which a good deal can be developed. I would say that skirts will become longer, shoulder padding + Continued on page 18



Victor Steibel, brilliant young English designer, member of London's "Big Ten" group, and author of the accompanying article, is caught by the camera at work on a new gown—still uncut from the bolt.

A trio from Britain's high-stylists: (from left) Hardy Amies' red and white printed silk suit; Digby Morton's subtle tailoring in a double-breasted dress; striped dress and jacket by Champcommunal of Worth.

LONDON



My Girl



OCTOBER 6. Tonight we had our meeting of the M.K.'s to decide what new members we would take in. The girls voted Marnie Green in, even after I told them what there was to know about her. Of course she's my girl friend. I've chummed with ever since we were little kids, and I wouldn't dream of saying anything catty about her, but I just told them what I honestly thought.

I just said that while I wouldn't call her a drip, or even a sad case, I had to admit that she has just a little condition. They said, "How?" And I said, "Well, to tell the truth, she just doesn't seem to have a speck of s.a. She never has dates, even for a coke at Harold's, and I just wondered if our sorority wants girls that are so unnormal."

But they said her father has a swell boat and belongs to the Yacht Club, and next summer it would certainly be nice to have a boat in our sorority.

So we are taking her in; and then our president appointed me to be her Big Sister. That means I have to help her in all the ways she isn't quite normal. Of course it won't be hard to tell her about not getting a permanent so frizzy again, and her sweaters are too tight (she needs at least a 38). But about how to act around boys, that's going to be a big fat problem. A girl is, or she isn't. Sometimes you just can't seem to do a thing with a person like her, that has a condition.

October 7. Today Stu Johnson, with whom I have been going steady for three weeks now, called up and said we are going to a show tonight. I remembered what I was supposed to be doing for Marnie, so I said did he know anyone he could get for a new M.K. for a double date? He said was she a drip? And I said certainly not, or she couldn't be an M.K. So he said he would bring a kid he knew, and I warned him we didn't want any drips either.

I'm going over now to get Marnie ready, with the right color of lipstick, and try and stretch her sweater with a steam iron. And tell her for heaven's sake try not to act boring. An M.K. is supposed to be able to get dates.

October 8. I was kind of surprised at the boy Stu brought for Marnie last night. Stu said he'd known him quite a while, but he'd never brought him on a double date before. His name is Frank Young, and he is taller than Sinatra, but has the same kind of soulful eyes. It seems kind of a waste that our crowd hasn't met him before this. He likes all the things I like, because when we were having malts and hamburgers at Harold's after the show, he played all my favorites on the juke box.

On the way home we got kind of mixed around, so he walked

OCTOBER 8 Last night on the way home we got kind of mixed around, so Frank walked home with me.

NOVEMBER 5 We-e-ell! I got the shock of my life when I saw Earl and his car.



Harper Goff

Friend's Condition

by MARION WALDEN

home with me and Stu walked home with Marnie. Stu called me up today, and acted like it was my fault. He said what was the big idea, weren't we still going steady? And I said, "Do you want your father's agate ring back?" And he said, "Not unless you don't want to wear it any more." And I said by the way, what was the big idea of him going home with Marnie, and we had a big fat argument about that.

I'm going to have to talk to Marnie after she gets initiated into the M.K.'s, because one of our secret pledges is that no M.K. ever takes away another one's boy friend.

October 12. We had our initiation meeting tonight. Now Marnie understands about our pledge, I can tell her to lay off Stu. She let it slip that he called her up at least twice this week, and he walked past her house several times and hung around. I saw him from here. Of course I'm glad I'm helping her get along all right, and if I should decide to not go steady with Stu any more, I'd be as willing for her to have him as anyone. Only it's just the principle of the thing.

Frank Young calls me up every night. He's got some wonderful records, and he plays them over the phone until Daddy hangs up the receiver. I told a couple of the girls, and they said, "Why, Drika, are you going to break up with Stu?"

And I said, "Well, I don't know. Frank and I have such a lot in common."

And one of them said, "If you quit going with Stu, will you give him back the agate ring?"

And I said, "Why should I? I didn't give back the tennis pin Jock Winters gave me, or the green stuffed horse I got from Binky Meyers, or any of the other things I've got from boys I've gone steady with."

October 17. The most wonderful thing has happened. I'm going steady with Frank Young! I had a big fat row with Stu on Saturday night, and on Sunday I started going steady with Frank. He gave me the darlinest little airplane to wear on my chain, and it has a real sentiment, because he's going to be a pilot when he gets through school. Dad and Mom made me give back Stu's ring because they said it was too valuable. I thought it was silly, because it didn't cost Stu anything, and his father didn't want it any more, or he wouldn't have let him have it.

Anyway, I'm just terribly thrilled about going with Frank. He has the most wonderful records!

October 18. Today I noticed Marnie wearing Stu's father's agate ring on a chain around her neck. I'm glad she's getting along all right for a girl that until I started to help her was almost a sad case, but I did think that she might have the decency to wait a little bit longer after her best girl friend broke up with a boy before starting to go steady with him.

I said, "I see you have that old agate ring," and she said,

"Mew," which is a thing we 'M.K.'s are very sensitive about. We started calling our sorority Mu Kappa, and everyone that was jealous because they couldn't get in it started calling us the Mew Cats, so that's why we changed it to M.K., but I can't even write in my diary what it stands for, it's that secret. At school they don't approve of sororities, and they won't even let us call them that; they call them social clubs. They made a lot of rules like having a parent adviser, so we picked out one of the girls' mothers that minds her own business the best for ours. I'm sure glad I got into one, because it teaches you how not to be a drip, and you have a lot more fun.

I had to tell Marnie about that mew-cat business, though the M.K.'s never bring it up, and she said, "Okay. Are you mad about Stu?" And I said, "No, I guess not." And I showed her the airplane I got from Frank, and we talked about Frank and Stu for four hours.

October 27. It's certainly lucky for me that I quit going steady with Stu when I did, because now he's moving out West. For a while I kind of wondered if I'd made a mistake, because although Frank has such wonderful taste in music, it is less convenient going steady with somebody that doesn't go to your school, and I wondered if I should have quit Stu. He was a pretty good all-around boy to go steady with. But now here is Marnie without anybody, which is where I'd have been if I hadn't broken up with him.

Marnie feels terrible, though she thinks it will be exciting to write letters. She went and bought some gruesome pink stationery, but I told her for gosh sakes, no M.K. would ever use a thing like that, and to get plain airmail kind. I think I'm going to have to do a lot more for Marnie, or she'll slip back into having a condition again.

November 4. That mother of mine! In the first place, it isn't enough that she won't let me have a red raincoat, when I'm positively the only M.K. that + Continued on page 45

Illustrated by Harper Groff.



NOVEMBER 4 Mom makes Daddy's shirts tucked into my blue jeans.



DECEMBER 27 I raised my hand, just like it was unintentional to fix my hair, and it had Stu's father's ring on it. Marnie's turned green.

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The Humpbacked Moon

by Rebecca Shallit

Illustrated by John Jones

WILKS STRADDLED the hedge that separated their houses and sprawled beside Leonie on the grass. Leonie, her back to the sunset, her long bare legs curled under her, raised dark eyes to Wilks in a young abstracted gaze and then returned to the book in her lap. The tulip tree on the lawn threw a shadow across her face and she brushed the shadow away, as she had brushed away Wilks' glance that was at once elder-brotherly and something else that she never quite let herself think about.

The wicker chair on the porch creaked. Mrs. Reynolds, fanning herself with a magazine,

said, "Don't let her study any more, Wilks. There's not enough light."

Wilks obligingly put his large hand over the page. Leonie went on muttering Latin conjugations and tugged at the book. "Stop it, Wilks. I've got to learn this stuff. Graduation's only a month away."

"Amo, amas, amat. That's all the Latin you'll ever need, Leonie." Wilks' lazy green eyes teased and flattered her. He closed the book and put his arm around her, casually. "You heard what your mother said. Besides, there's a new moon. Here, look at it over your left shoulder for luck."

It was ridiculous and wonderful that they should have chosen each other out of a world full of people . . . that they should have known so quickly this was the way it had to be.

Wilks was old, he was almost 25. Almost every evening he came over and talked inconsequential nonsense that didn't quite match the new look in his eyes. Sometimes, when Wilks teased her as if she were still a child, she wanted to remind him that she was 18 now; but always something in his look kept her from saying it.

Leonie sighed, temporarily giving up the enigma of Wilks. She pushed her dark hair out of her eyes, tucking it into place with her side combs and glanced over her shoulder.

The sunset was spreading its peacock tail over the green + Continued on page 83

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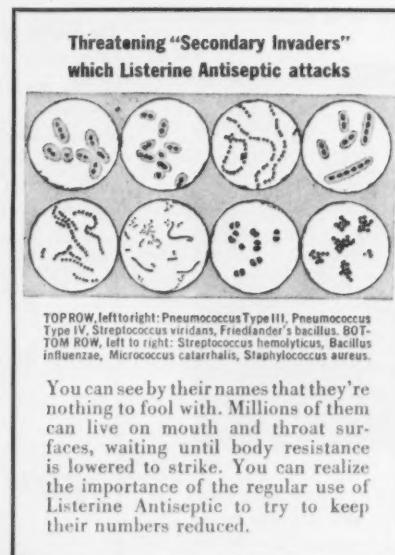
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MADE IN CANADA

Elizabeth Comes of Age

by Helen Cathcart

FOUR HUNDRED magnificent diamonds, worth £20,000, are to be the gift of the South African Government to Princess Elizabeth, heir to the British throne, when she celebrates her twenty-first birthday in Cape Town on April 21. The anniversary will be celebrated with a public holiday and a youth parade, and hundreds of guests will attend a great ball at Government House in the evening.

In Court circles in London officials believe that the Princess will also drop her present name and take a new title on her birthday. Following established custom, King George VI will probably make her a Royal Duchess. Revival of one or the other of the Royal Duchies of Sussex, Cumberland or Albany is favored, but it may be that a Scottish Duchy will be specially created in commemoration of the Queen's ancestry.

With her new status Princess Elizabeth will begin her own independent life. The rumored engagement to Prince Philip of Greece will certainly not be announced until after he is naturalized as a British subject later this year, but the Princess now stands at the threshold of young womanhood and her coming-of-age creates many new problems of precedence and etiquette. As heir-apparent, she will soon require a separate State establishment with her own Court Circular, comptroller, equerries and private secretaries. Kensington Palace and York House, St. James's, have both been suggested.

The 98-room residential wing at Kensington Palace has been unused for seven years, bathrooms are few and inconvenient, and it would cost many thousands of pounds to make the palace a tolerable home, but it was here that the great Queen Victoria first heard the news of her accession and the place has a romantic atmosphere in British eyes. York House, former residence of the Duke of Windsor, is on the other hand modern and conveniently close to Buckingham Palace, but it has been kept in readiness as the London home of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester.

The fourth-floor apartment in Curzon Street, Mayfair, which was prepared for the King and Queen during the war as an alternative to Buckingham Palace, has also been suggested as a suitable home, but there are obvious objections. The Princess herself, I hear, favors the privacy of a country home, with a *pietà-à-terre* in London.

Not long ago, Sunninghill Park, Ascot, a 25-room mansion standing in an



Dorothy Wilding

estate of 770 acres, was bought for the Crown. Formerly the property of Mr. Philip Hill, the financier, it cost him upward of £250,000. It adjoins Windsor Great Park, and, fond as she is of riding, the Princess could ride over to her parents' week-end home at Windsor Lodge in perfect privacy.

Not far from Balmoral, Scottish home of the Royal Family, the Crown has also recently purchased Gordon Castle, with six surrounding villages and 90,000 acres of land. Formerly the home of the wealthy Duke of Richmond and Gordon, the purchase price was £750,000. The property also includes seven grouse moors, nine miles of salmon fishing and certain sea-fishing rights. (Sea fishing, it might be noted, is a hobby of Prince Philip of Greece.)

Naturally, as the Princess grows older, the prospects of her future happiness loom larger. If she were to ascend the British throne tomorrow, the Princess would do so under the Regency Act as Queen Regnant and not as a minor, and the husband of her choice would become Prince Consort. It will be recalled that Queen Victoria married before she was 21, while King George VI married Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon when she was 23.

Princess Elizabeth herself refuses as yet to talk of possible husbands, though she realizes marriage, for her, will be an important and early decision. Many years may pass before she comes to the throne, and the hope is that she may marry and raise a family before shouldering the heavy burdens of the crown. Her circle of friends—which is wide—agrees the Princess takes for granted that she will marry soon and have children. ♦



Bread for breakfast toast makes the centerpiece of this pretty setting of Spode Rosebud Chintz China.

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Your baker's brown-crusted, tender-textured bread looks so *appetizing* when nicely arranged on a pretty plate! And the bread Canada's bakers make for you provides hearty energy-stamina for every meal—food energy that sticks

to your ribs! It's important, too, as a source of protein needed for tissue building and muscle repair.

Serve plenty of good, nourishing baker's bread at every meal... sliced, toasted, cubed for soups, to transform left-overs into real treats!

No meal is really complete until you *put the bread on the table!*



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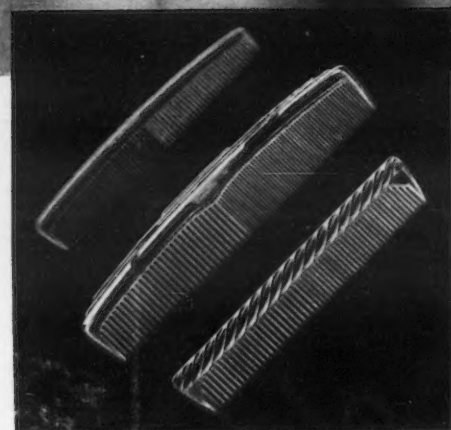


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Daily brushing is a "must" for lovely, shining hair. And no brush can do more for your hair than Jewelite, styled in the loveliest of plastics. Start at the nape of your neck and brush upward all the way around your hairline with short, vibrating strokes until your scalp tingles.



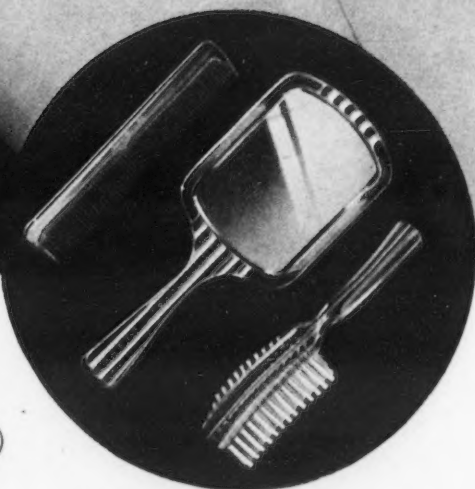
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Part off small sections of hair. Pick up each section separately and work the brush from the roots out to the hair ends with a vibrating motion. Your Jewelite Brush has bristles of long, resilient Proton to help cleanse and stimulate your scalp.

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Jewelite Combs and other lovely Pro-phy-lac-tic Plastic Combs for men and women are smartly styled, scientifically designed for perfect combing.



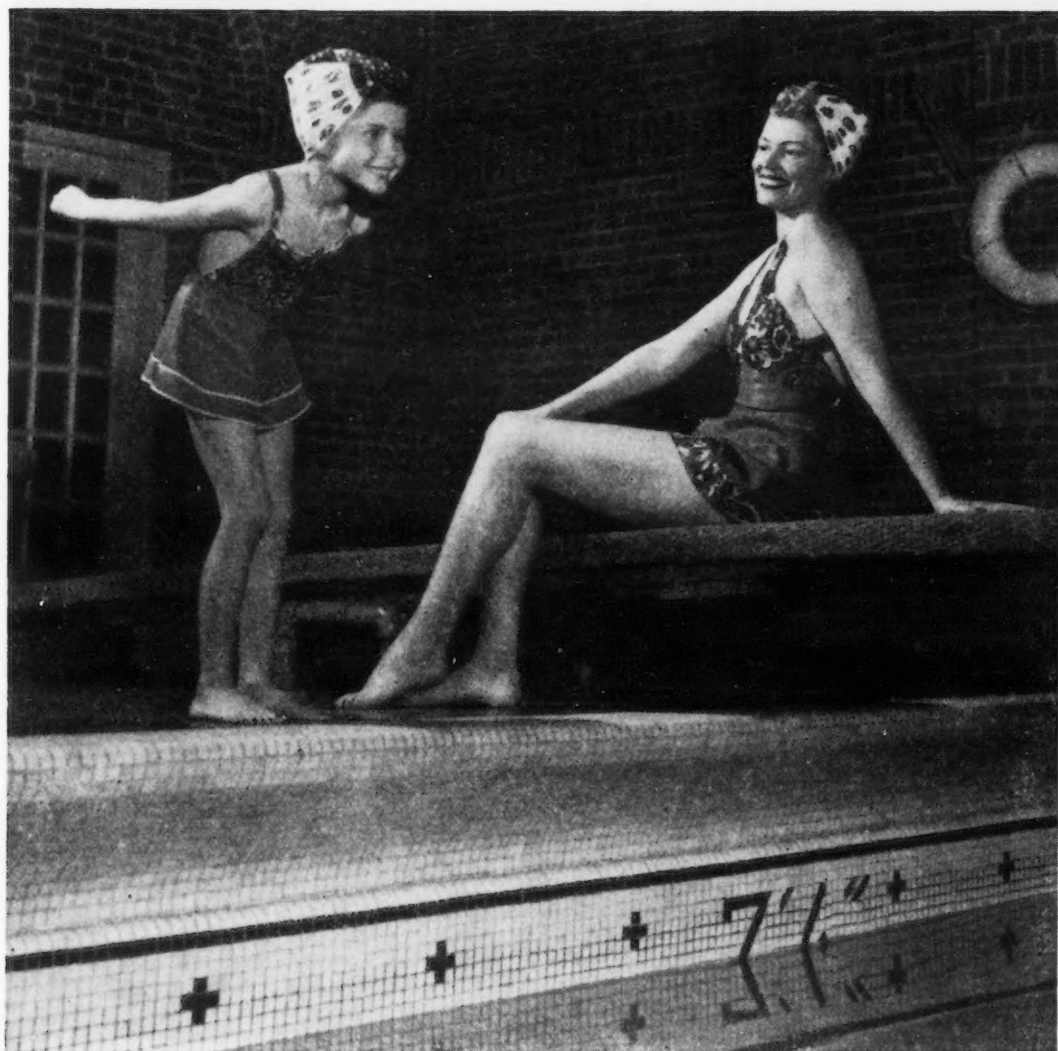
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MADE IN CANADA

Will Daughter take up Model Mother's career?

Ardele's a Brunette — Mother's a Blonde — but both have the same Charming Smile



Swimming is good exercise — and a favourite sport of well-known ornamental-swimmer Alice Kearsley and daughter Ardele. Alice knows that exercise for gums is important, too—knows that today's soft foods often rob gums of exercise needed to keep them firm and healthy.

She makes sure Ardele keeps her gums and teeth in tip-top condition with the regular use of Ipana and gum massage. She knows, too, that the care Ardele gives her teeth and gums now—and the continued practice of correct dental hygiene, will always assure a radiant smile.



Ardele chuckles understandingly as her model mother explains the right way to brush teeth. When brushing's finished, Ardele's learned to rub a little extra Ipana onto her gums. It's fun because Ipana tastes so good—gives her gums a pleasant tingly feeling. And that tingle means circulation is speeding up in lazy gum tissues—helping gums to firmer health.



In schools across Canada youngsters are learning what many grown-ups should know: the importance of gum massage to good dental hygiene. The latest survey shows that 7 out of 10 dentists recommend regular gum massage as an aid to better dental health. Remember, Ipana is especially designed to be used with gum massage.

A VISIT to the modern bungalow home of Toronto model and dress-designer, Alice Kearsley, soon dispels any doubts that models are too interested in glamour to be good mothers. Charming 7-year-old daughter Ardele enjoys the best of up-bringing—and more: she shares the beauty secrets of her fascinating model mother and wants to be a model, too, when she grows up.

Alice knows the importance of teaching Ardele about good poise, posture and grooming—and most of all about the care of her smile. Since old enough to hold a tooth brush, Ardele has followed the same daily dental routine as her mother: regular brushing with Ipana, followed by a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste massaged onto her gums. Model training makes a radiant smile a 'must' for Alice, and she knows that bright, sparkling teeth call for well-exercised, firm, healthy gums.



The length of a skirt is mighty important to a young lady. So is her smile—model mother Alice Kearsley knows that! Knows, too, that dingy tender gums soon spoil a smile, and may tend to "pink tooth brush"—a warning to see your dentist. Alice makes sure Ardele's smile is just as charming as her own—both rely on the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage, each time they brush their teeth.

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**Firmer Gums — Brighter Teeth
with
Ipana and Massage**